DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 258 760 RC 015 329

TITLE	The Indian Reading Series: Stories and Legends of the Northwest. Level III. Books 1-20.
INSTITUTION	Northwest Regional Educational Lab., Portland, Oreg.
SPONS AGENCY	National Inst. of Education (DHEW), Washington, D.C. Educational Equity Group. Multicultural/Bilingual Div.
PUB DATE	78
CONTRACT	400-76-0048
NOTE	606p.; For related documents, see RC 015 326-328.
AVAILABLE FROM	Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, DC 20402 (Stock No. 065-000-00101-2, $27.00).
PUB TYPE	Guides - Classroom Use - Materials (For Learner) (051)
EDRS PRICE	MF03/PC25 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	*American Indian Culture; *American Indian Literature; American Indians; Childhood Interests; *Childrens Literature; Cultural Background; Illustrations; *Legends; Picture Books; Primary Education; *Supplementary Reading Materials; Tribes
IDENTIFIERS	Oral Tradition; *Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Prog; *Pacific Northwest Tribes

ABSTRACT

Designed as supplementary reading materials for Indian and non-Indian children in the primary grades, this series of 20 booklets presents legends and stories of Northwest tribes. Stories in this third level of the six-level series were developed cooperatively by people of the Blackfeet, Kootenai, Jamestown-Clallam, Assiniboine, Sioux, Shoshone-Bannock, Crow, Skokomish, and Salish tribes and the Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon. Booklets range from 13 to 37 pages in length and follow a picture book format with large type and many illustrations. The illustration styles are diverse, including cartoons, pictographs, and traditional Indian designs as well as realistic drawings. Materials were developed to appeal to interests and values held by many Indian children--horses, wildlife, natural phenomena, fishing, hunting, celebrations. "The Blacktail Dance" tells a true story from the early 1900's about this sacred ceremony of the Blackfeet Indians. "The Wild Buffalo Ride" tells another true story about a woman on a hunt that took place about 1850 in Montana. Titles of other stories include "The Beginning of the Earth," "How Marten Got His Spots," "How the Morning and Evening Stars Came to Be," "Coyote and Trout," and "How the Milky Way Got Into the Sky." (JHZ)

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The Indian Reading Series

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Story of the Seasons

RC015329

Level III Book 1

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Story of the Seasons

Level III Book 1

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Ada Sooksoit
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

Illustrated by Carol Allison

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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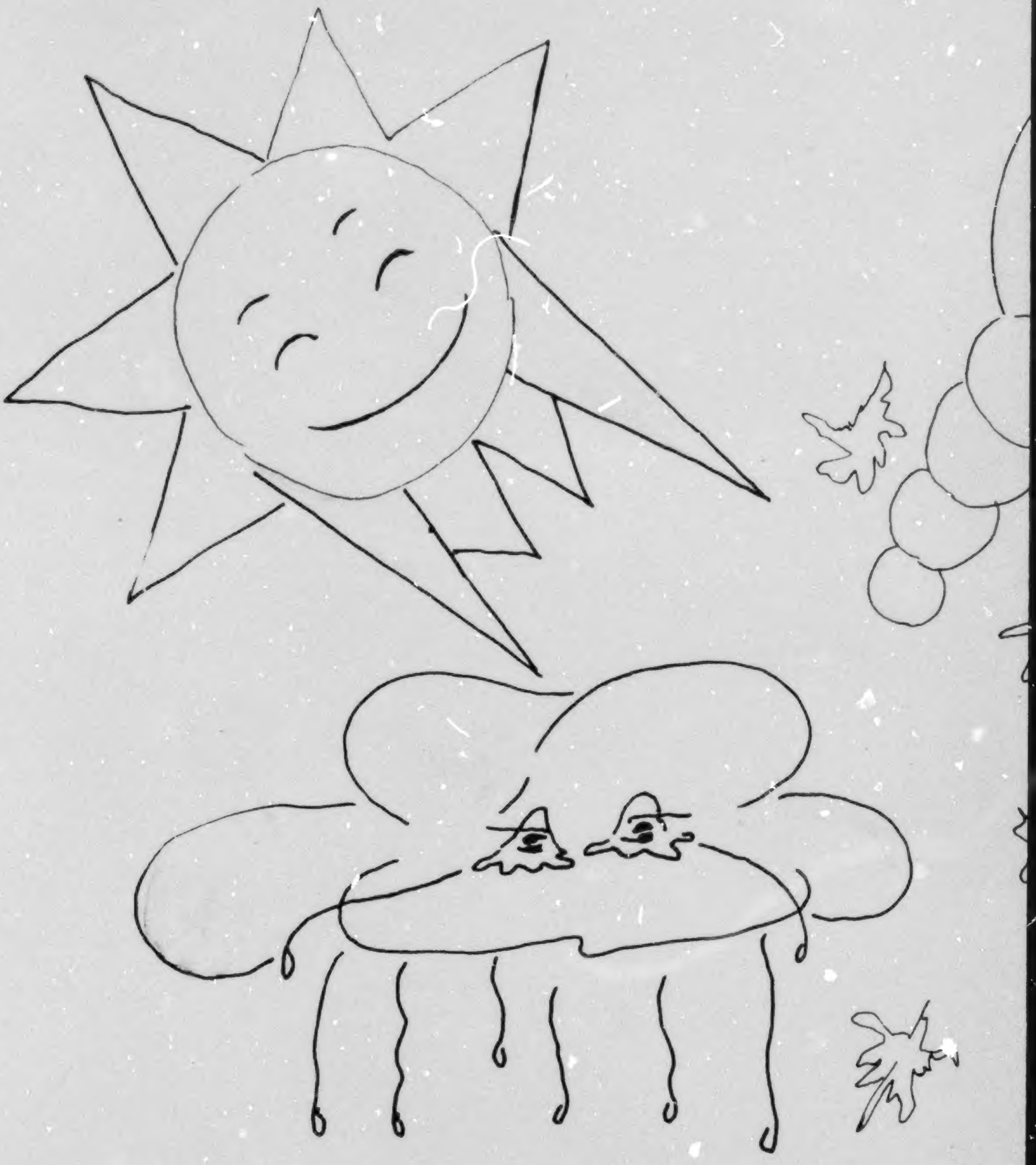
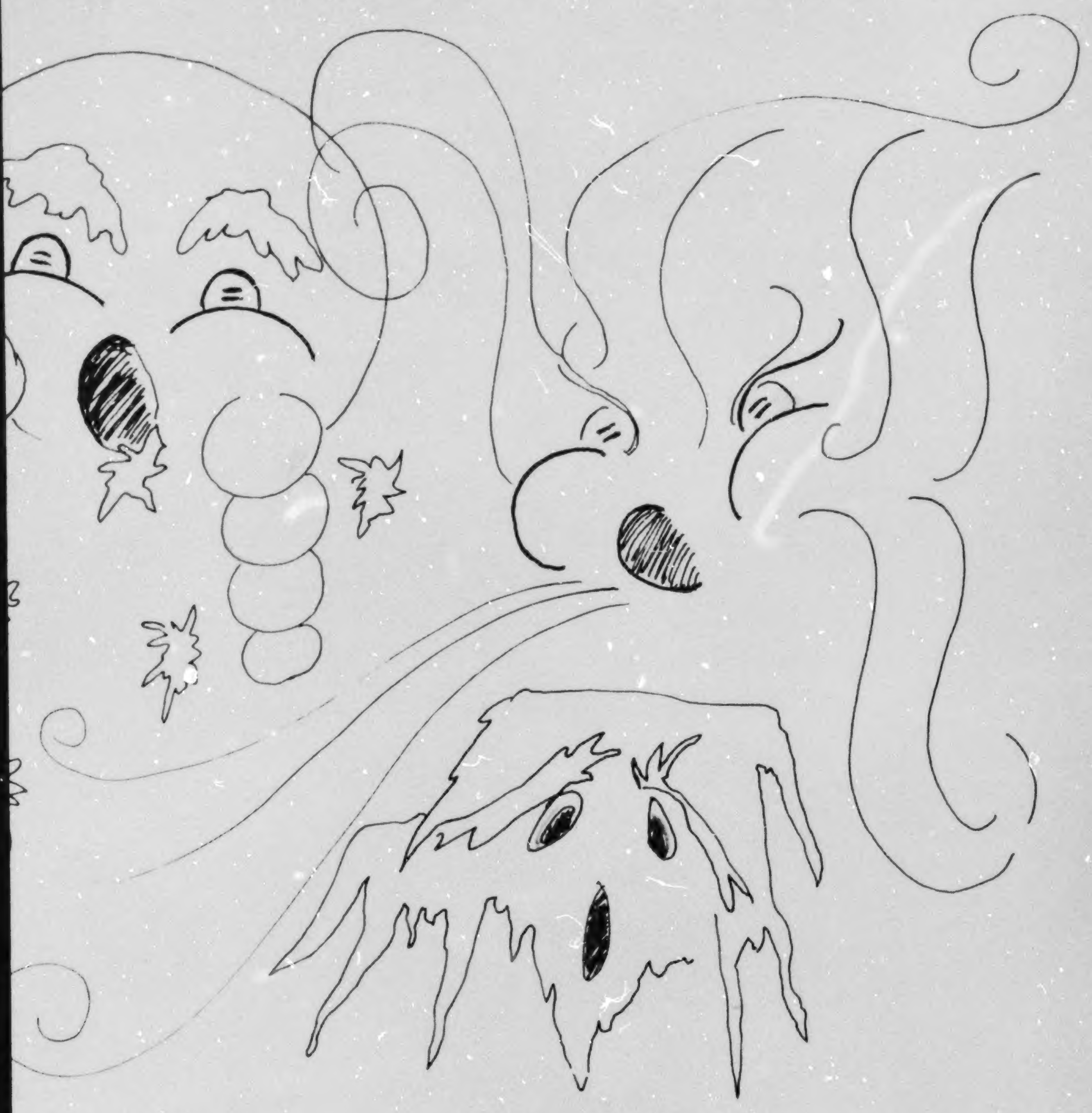
Printed and bound in the United Stcates of America

Story of the Seasons

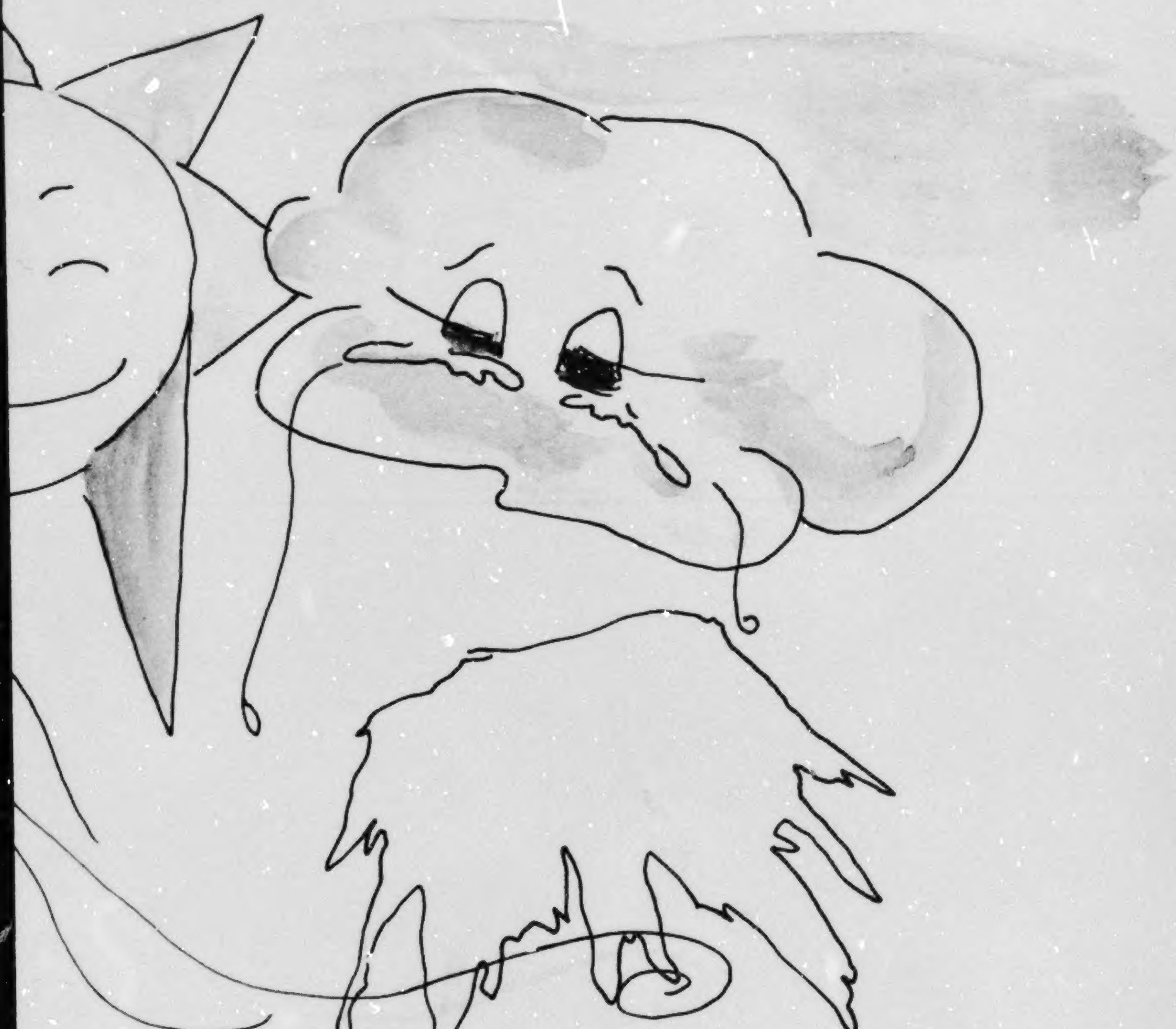


Long, long ago there were many kinds of Seasons.
They were very much like people.

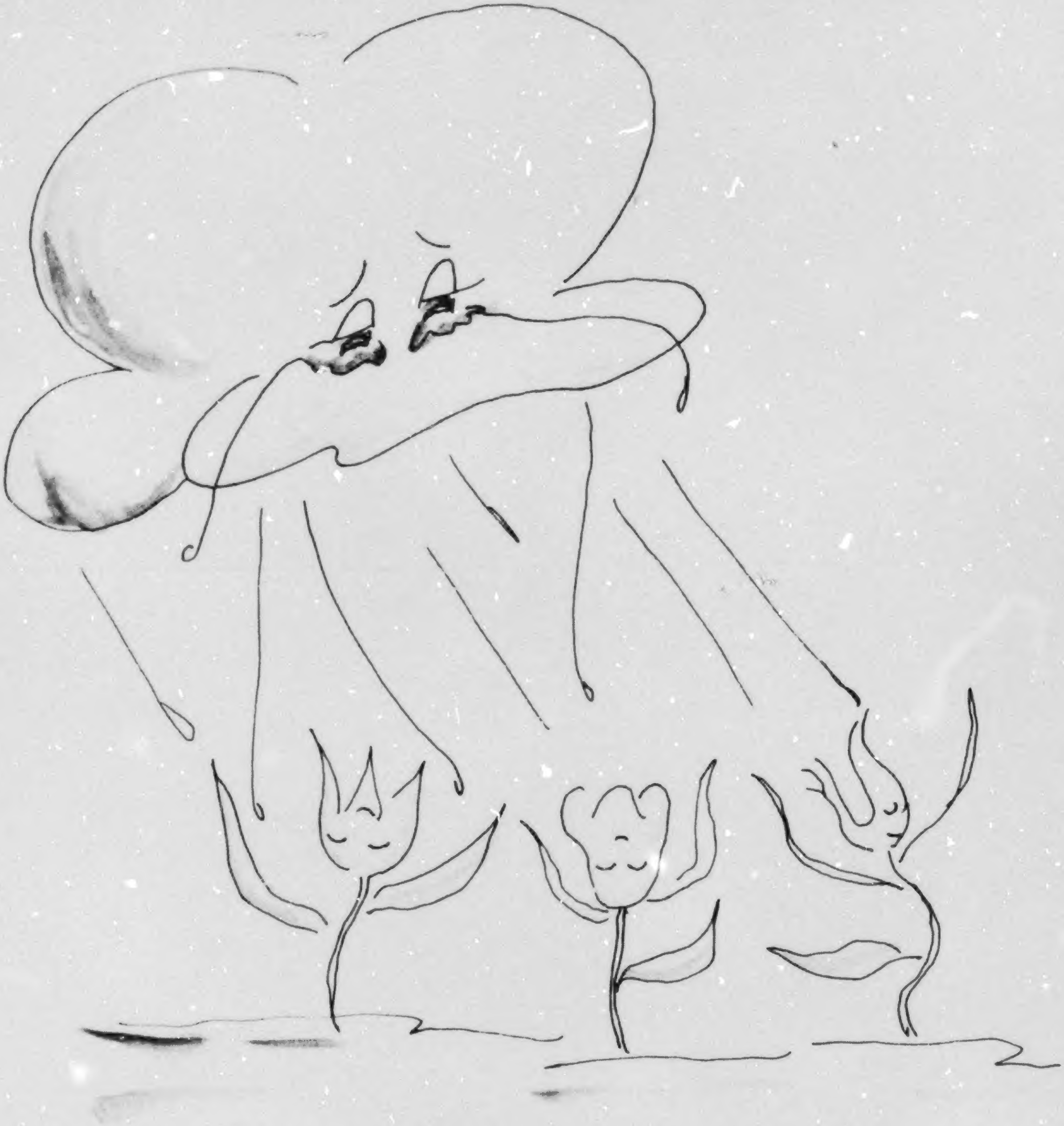


They could talk and laugh.
They played games.
They even worked.

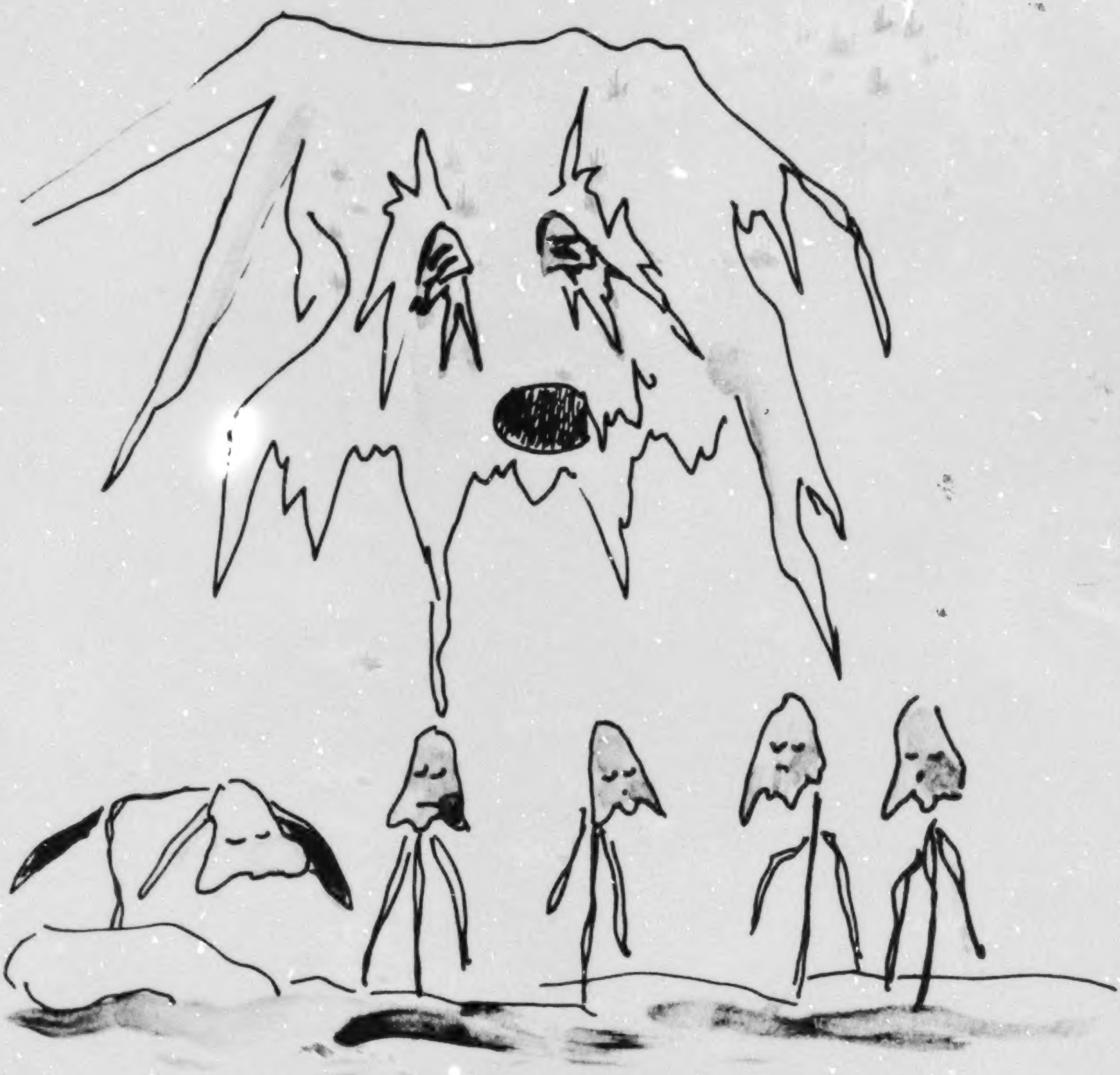
They had many council meetings.
They would meet together and make many rules.



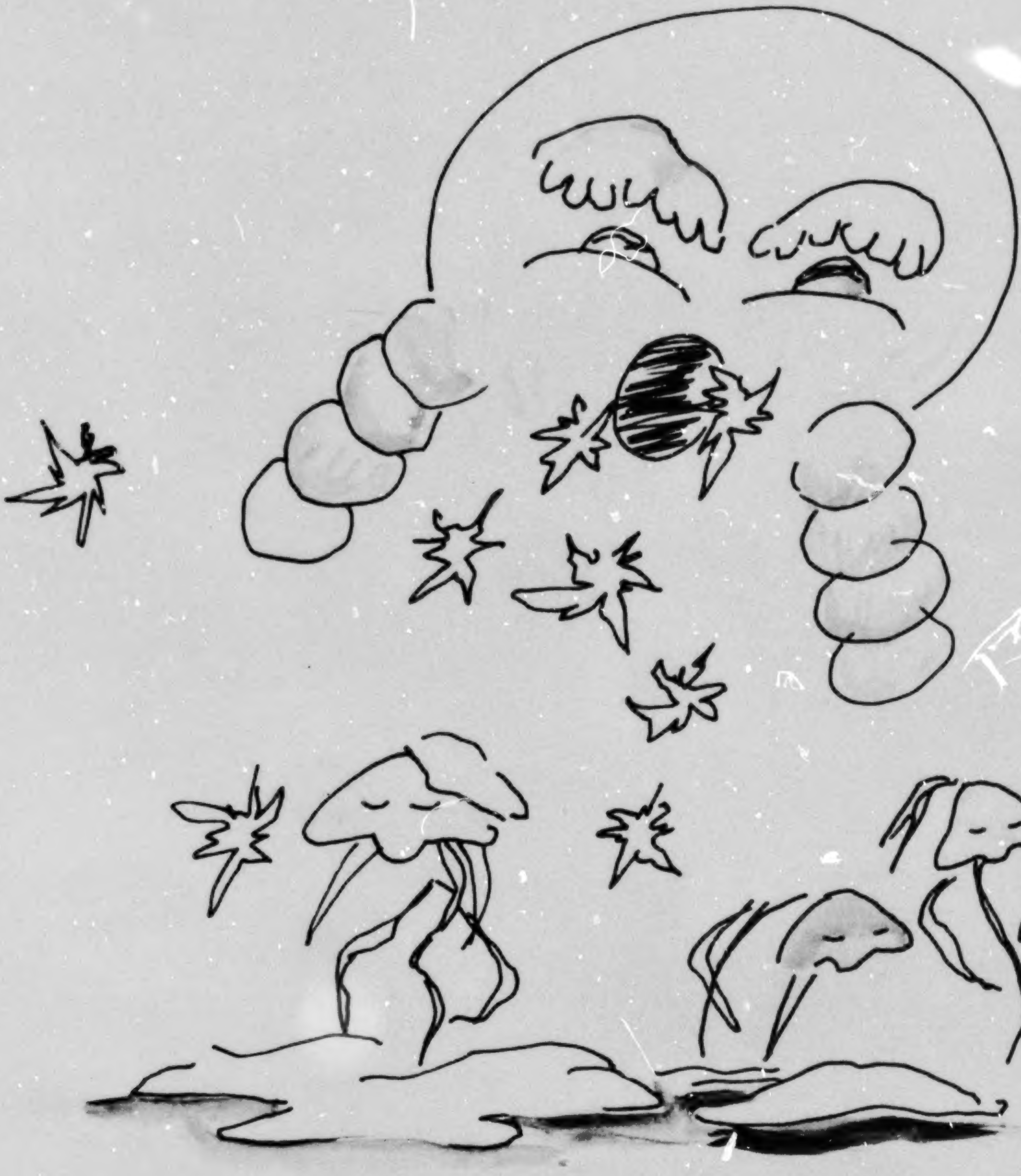
They changed their rules all the time.



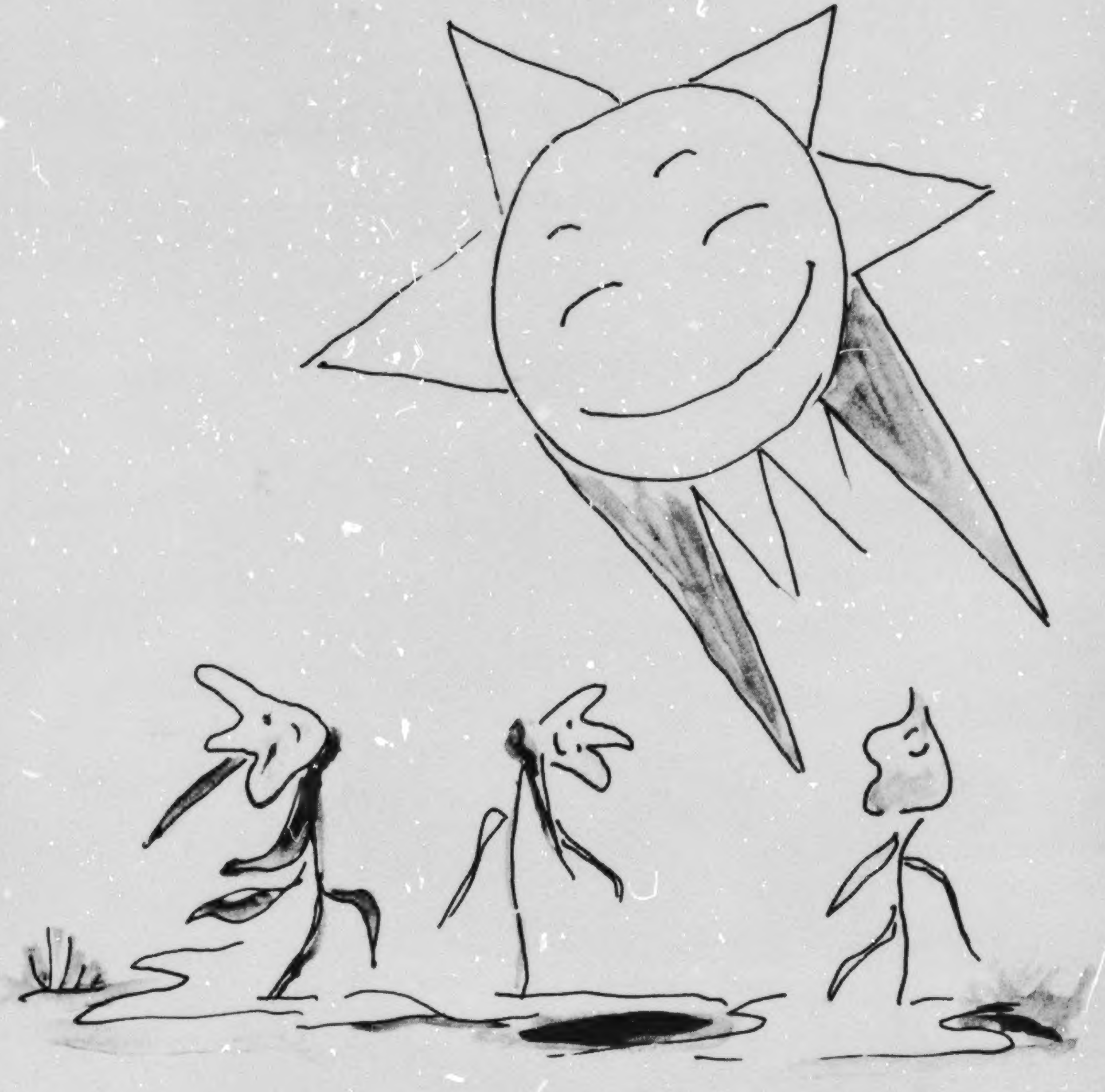
When it was time to work,
each Season did what he wanted to do.



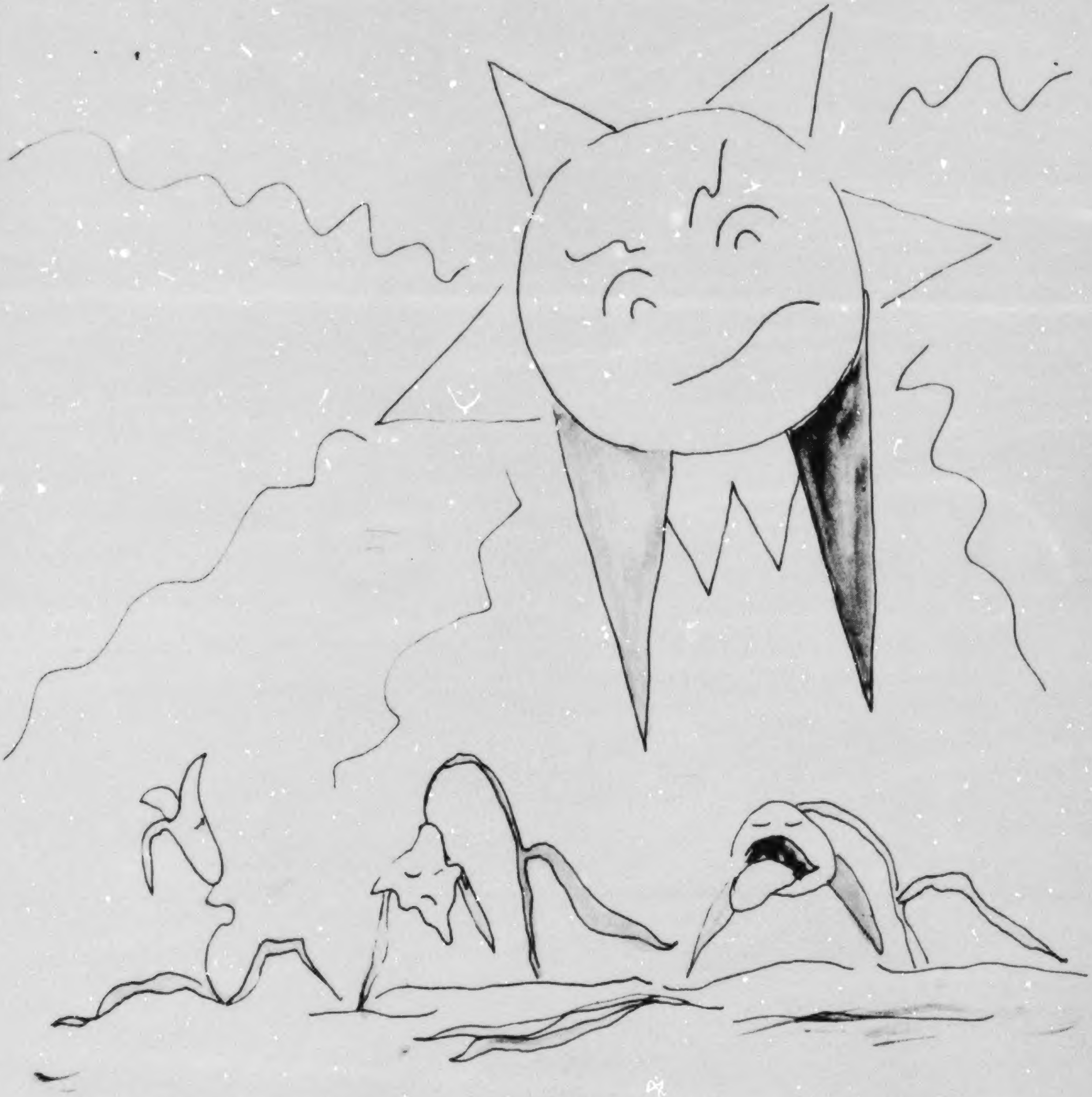
The Frost would come and all the Earth would freeze.



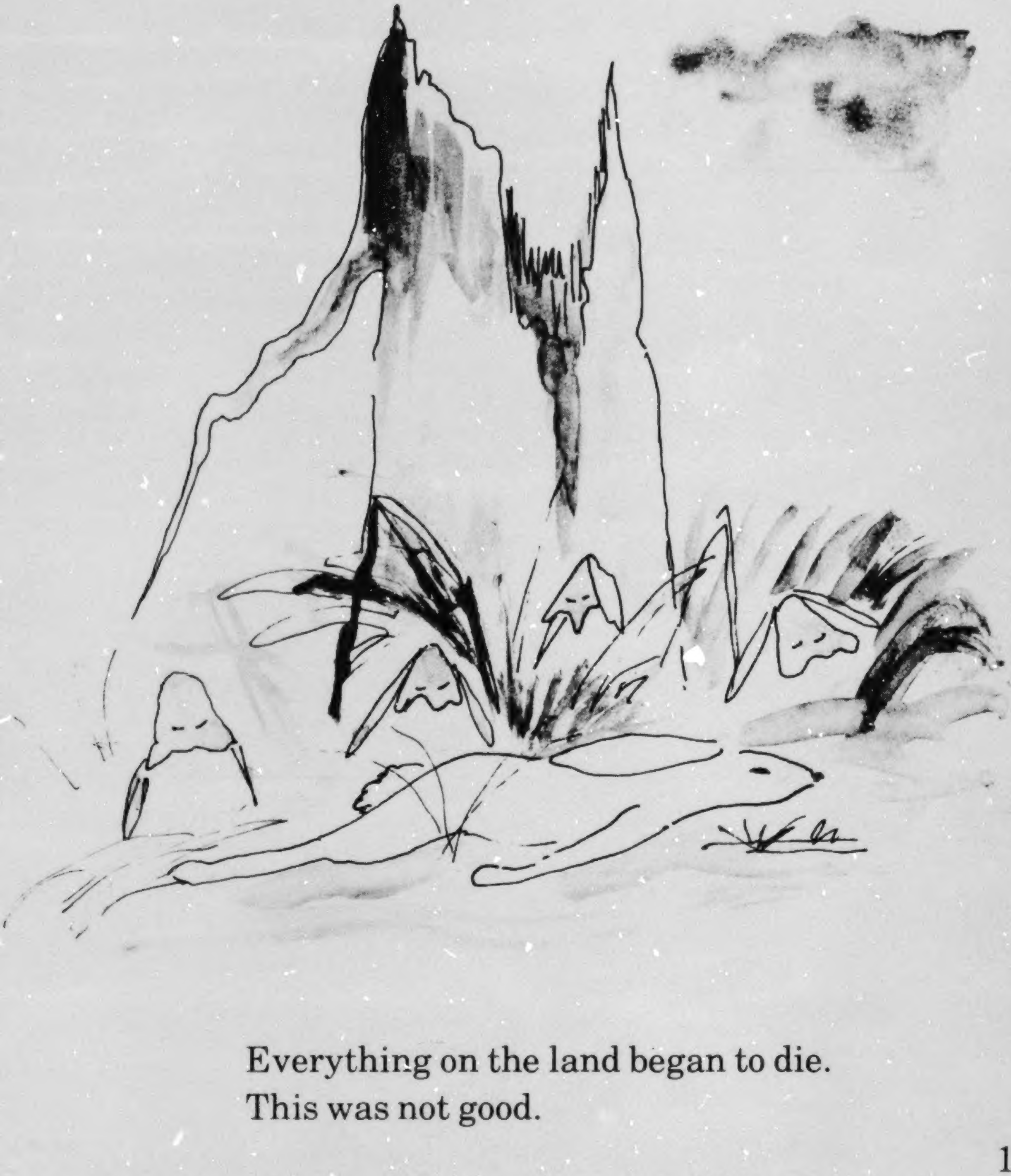
Sometimes the Snow came and it was cold.



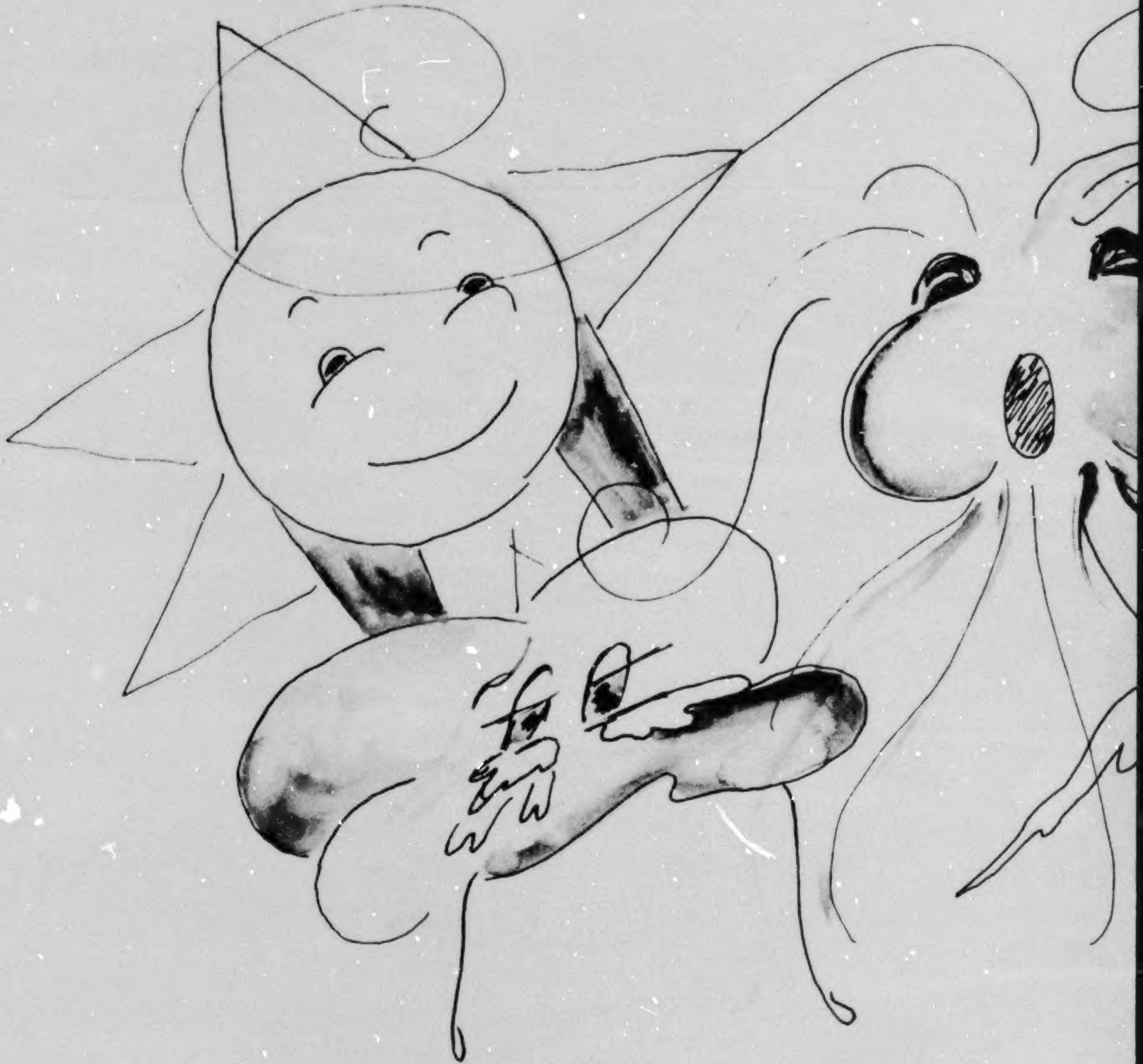
Then the Sun would shine and melt all the Snow away.



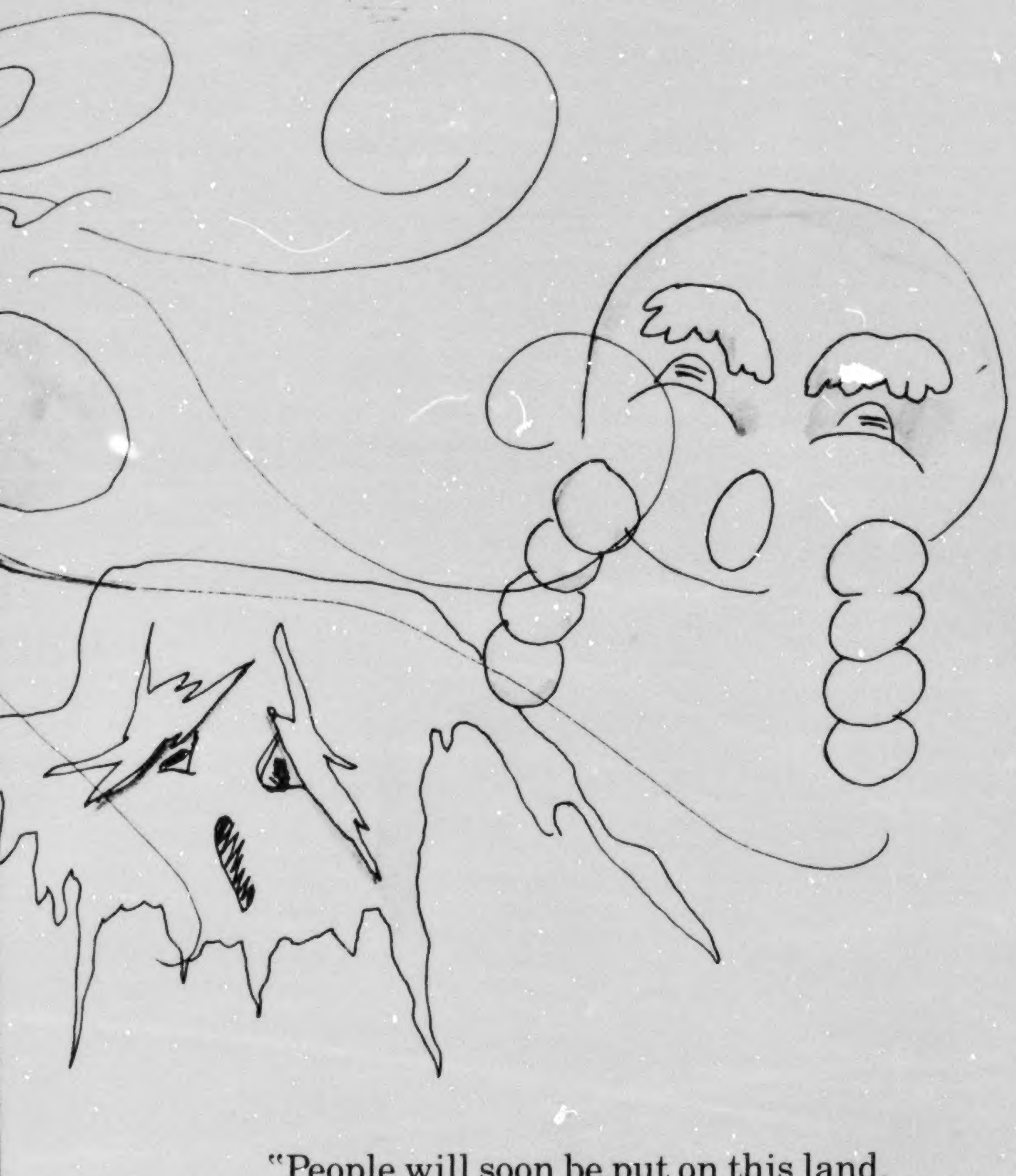
Sometimes the Sun was very hot.
The Earth would turn brown and dry up.



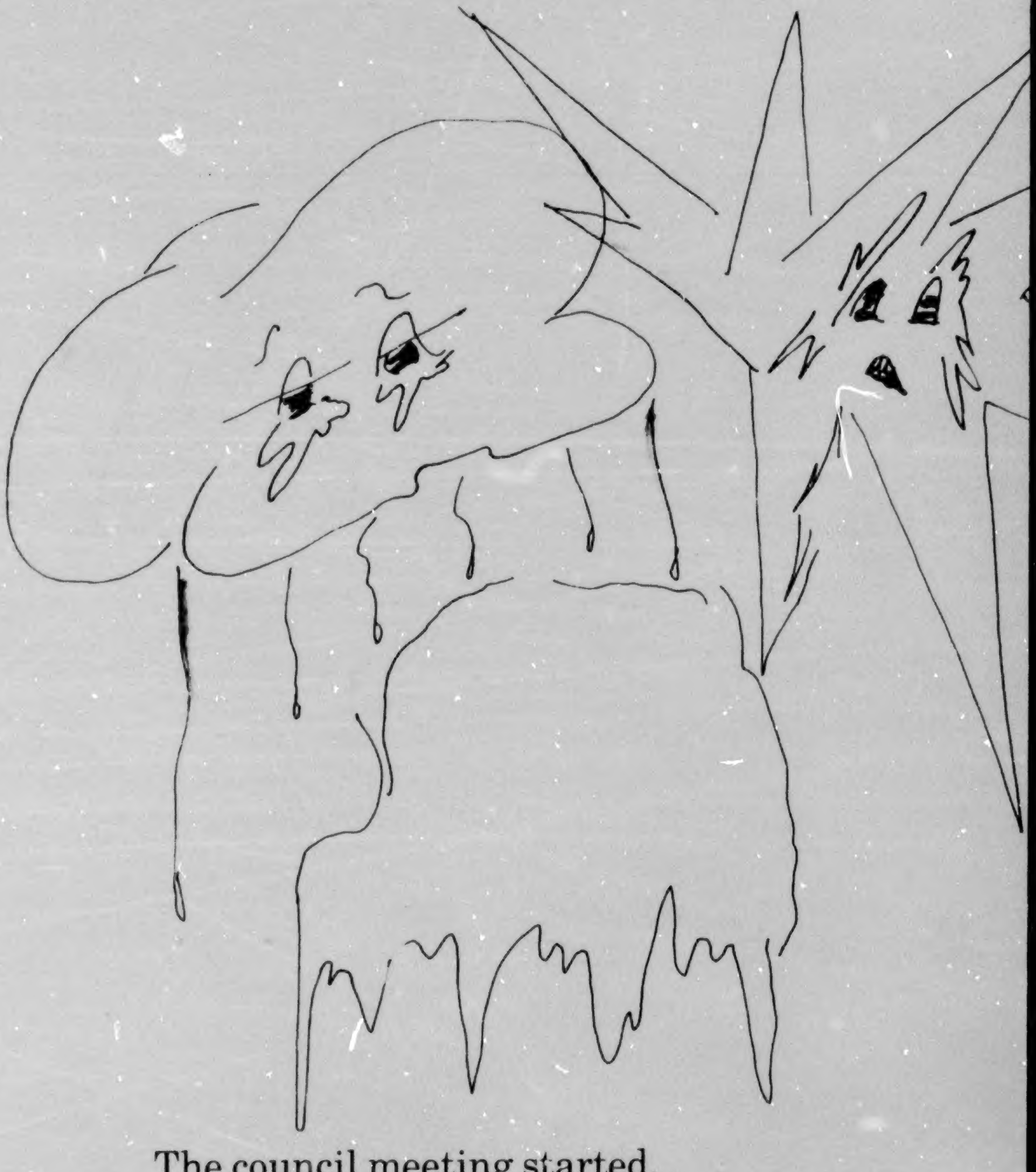
Everything on the land began to die.
This was not good.



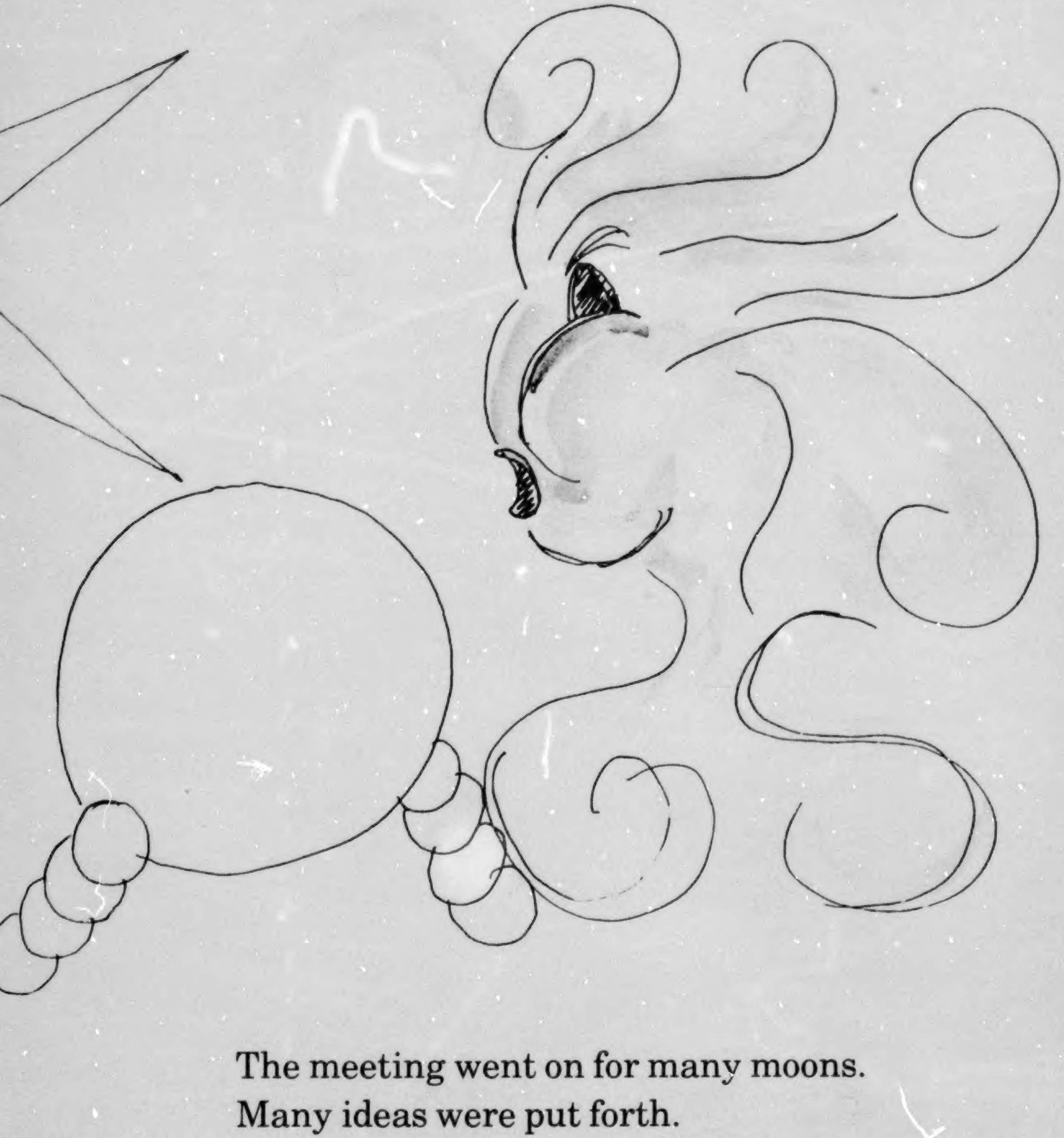
"We will make a rule to work together,"
said the Seasons.



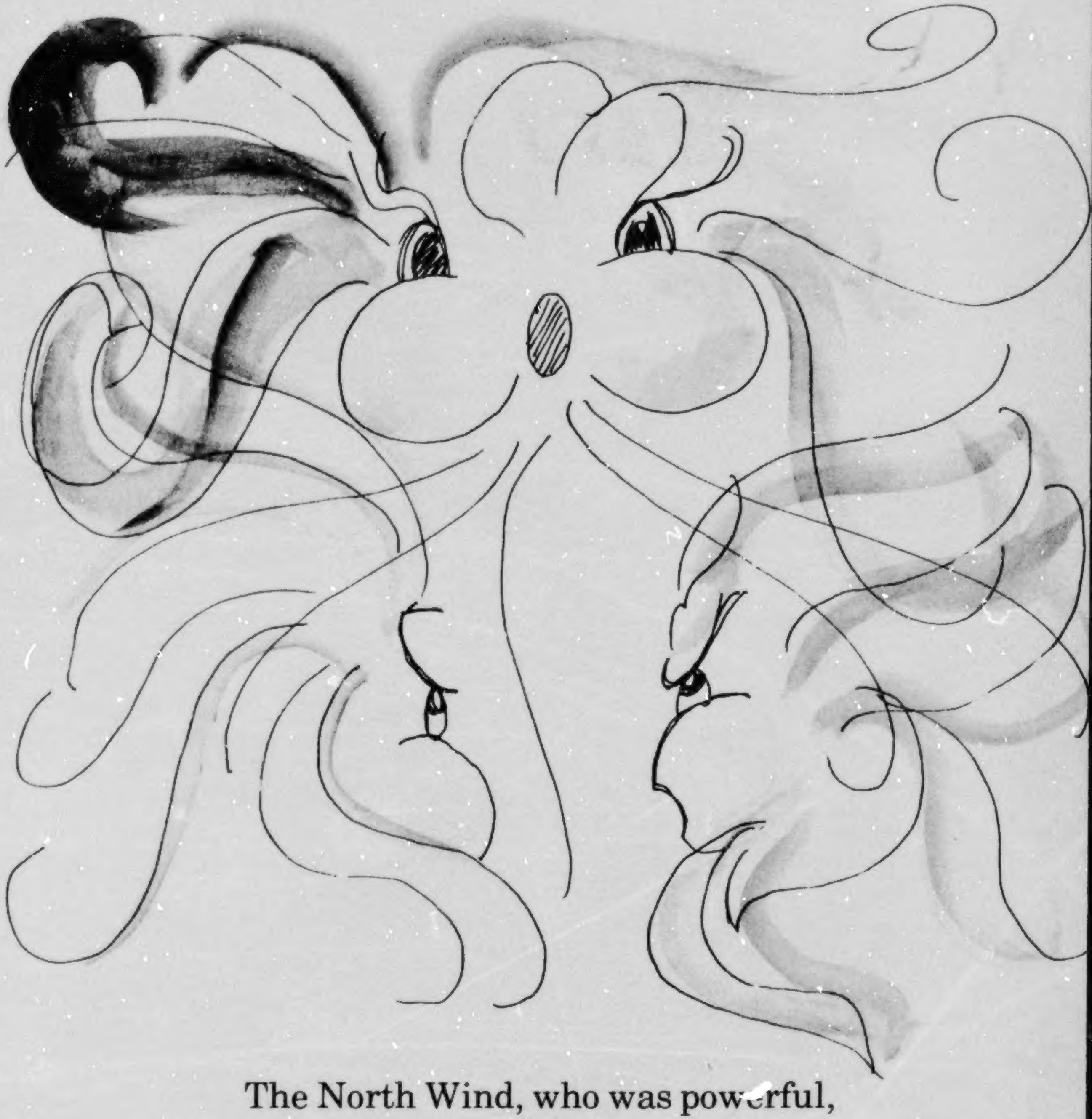
"People will soon be put on this land.
We must get ready for them."



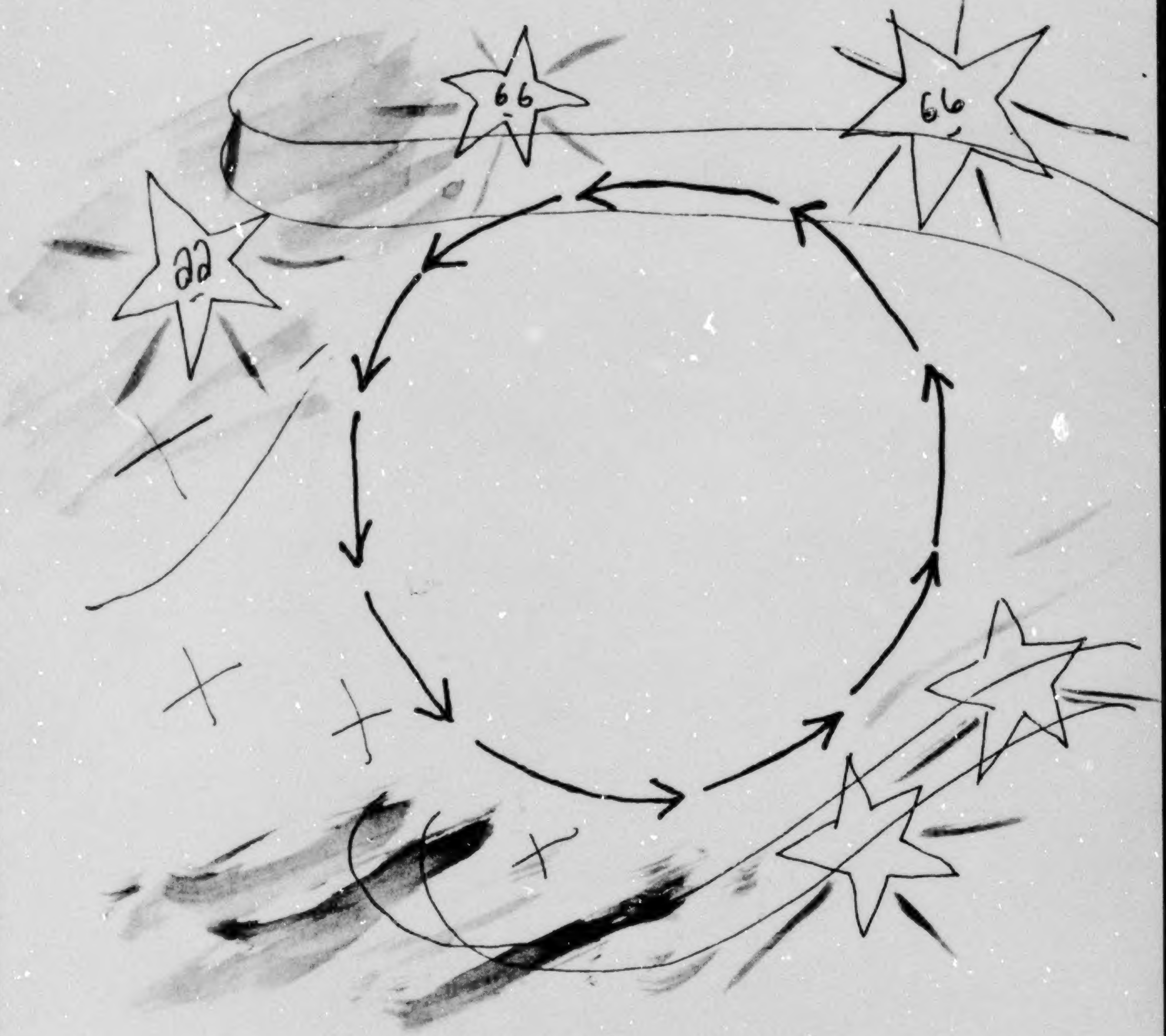
The council meeting started.
All the Seasons came together.



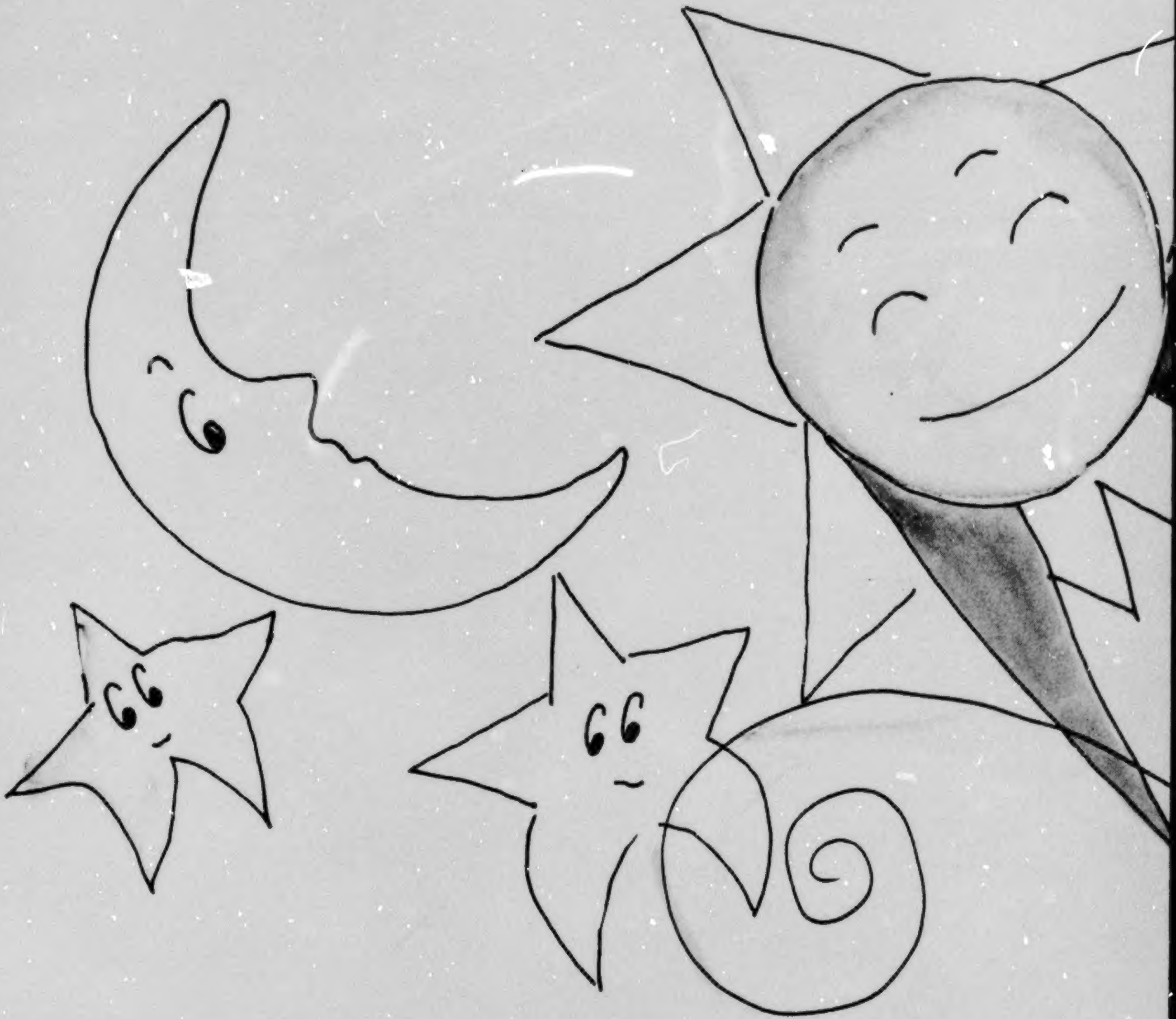
The meeting went on for many moons.
Many ideas were put forth.



The North Wind, who was powerful,
wanted to be the leader.
All the other Winds said, "No!"

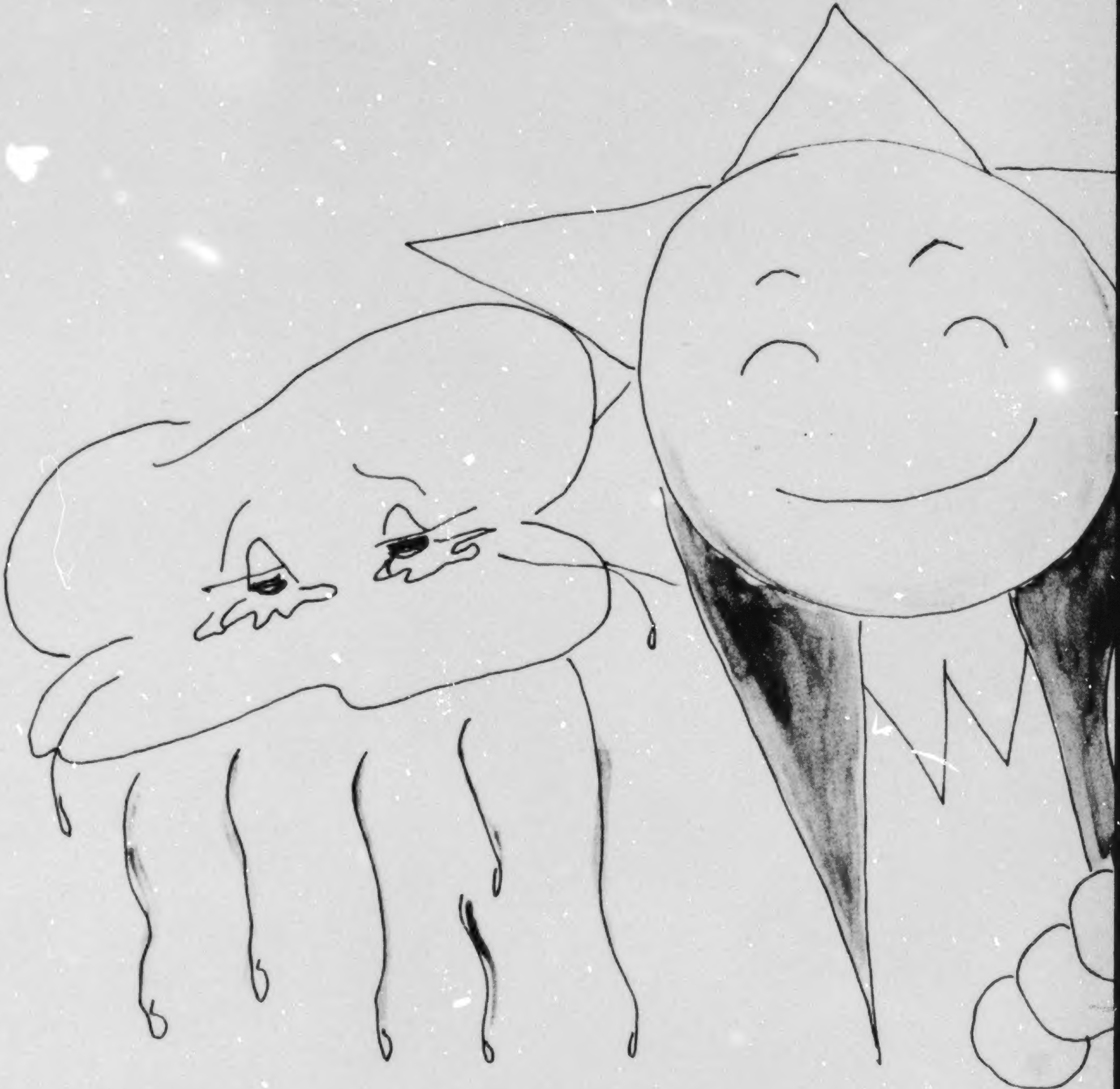


"Let us make a big circle so everyone will have a voice
and make an equal stand.
We want no beginning or end — just a big, round circle."

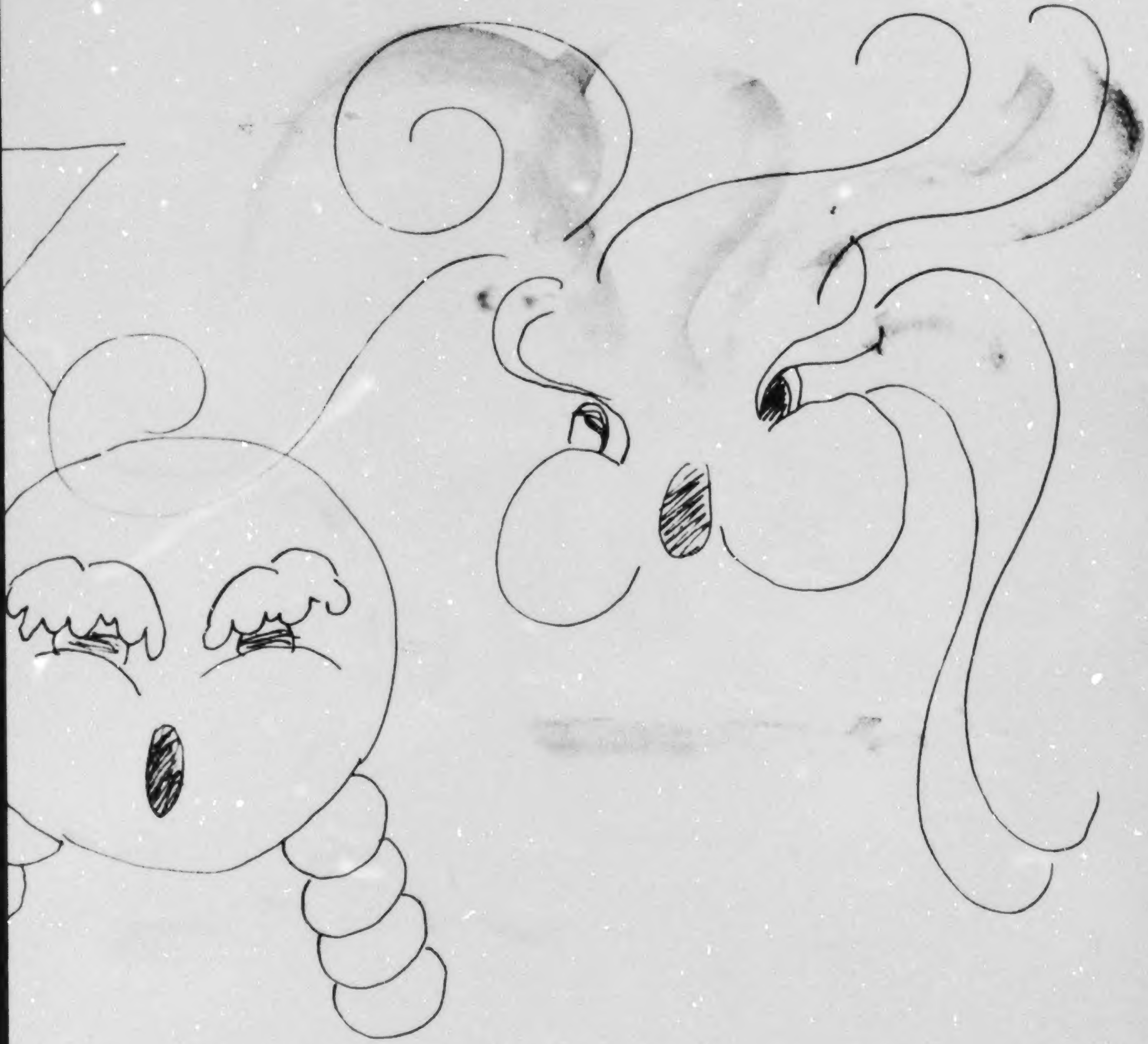


Finally, the Sun, Moon and Stars were called
to the big council fire.

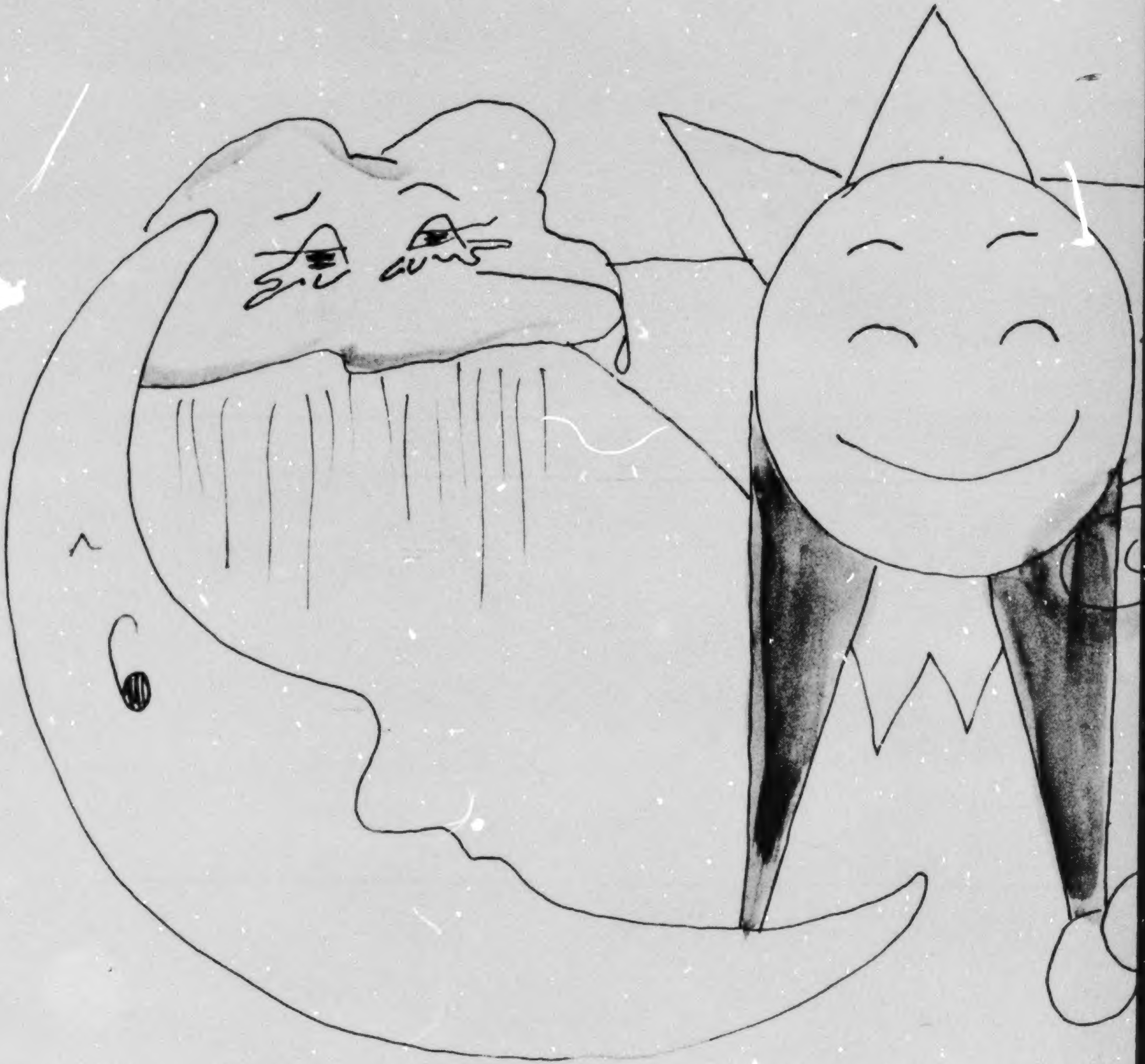
"You shall decide for us," said the Seasons.
"How can we be placed in the big circle?
We don't want to harm anyone."



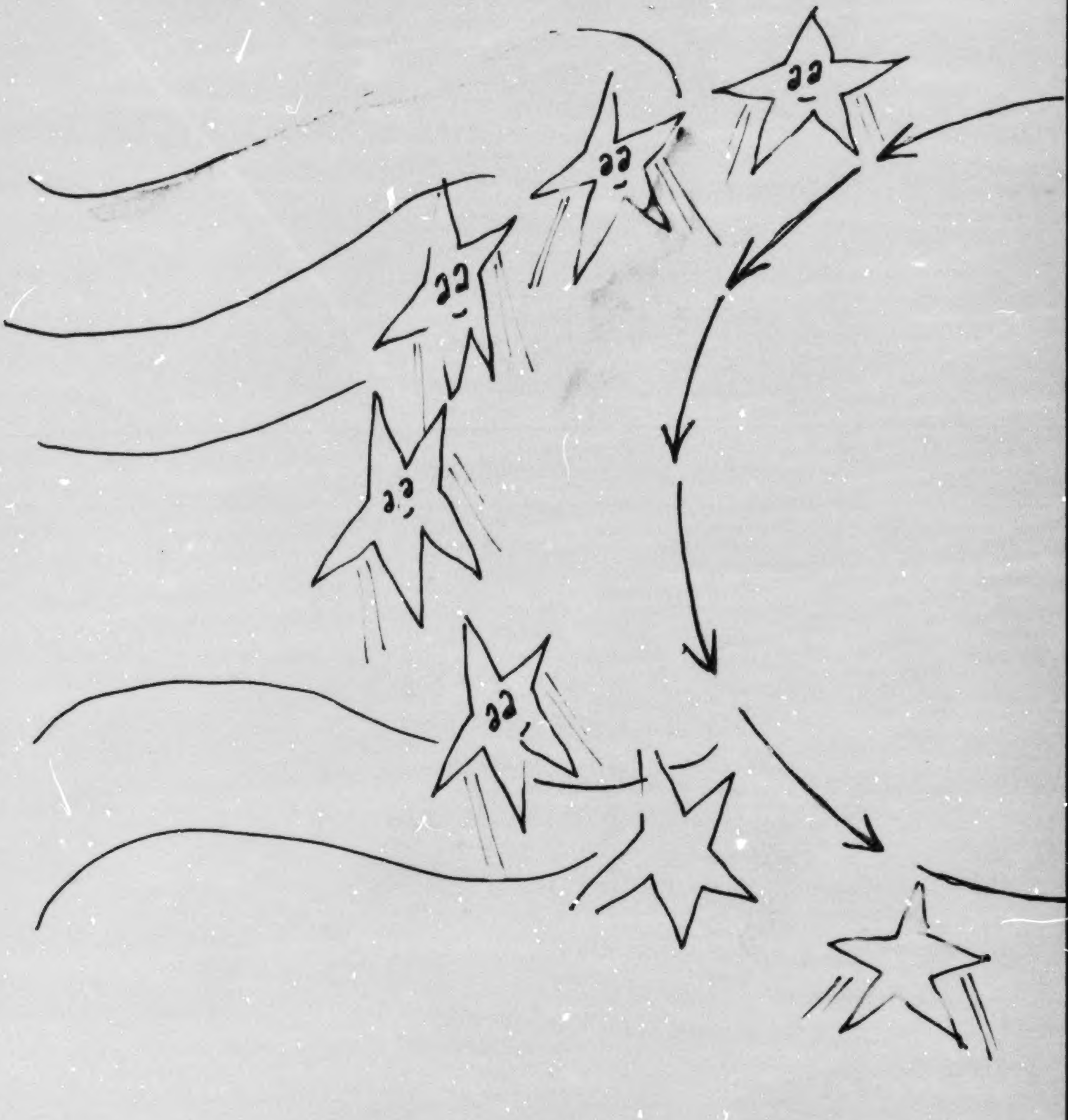
The Sun, Moon and Stars lined up the Seasons.

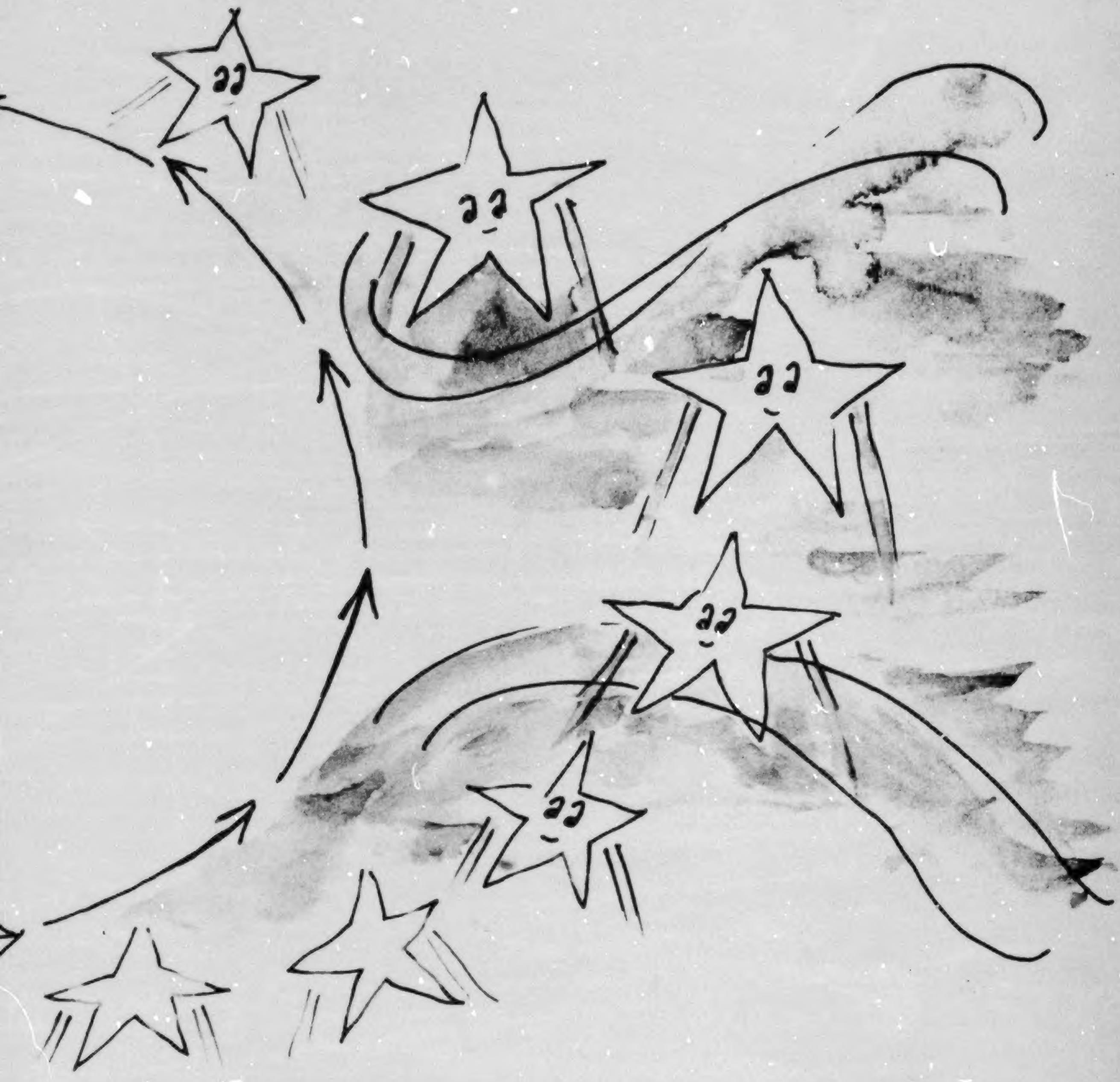


"There shall be four main Seasons in one circle," said the Sun.

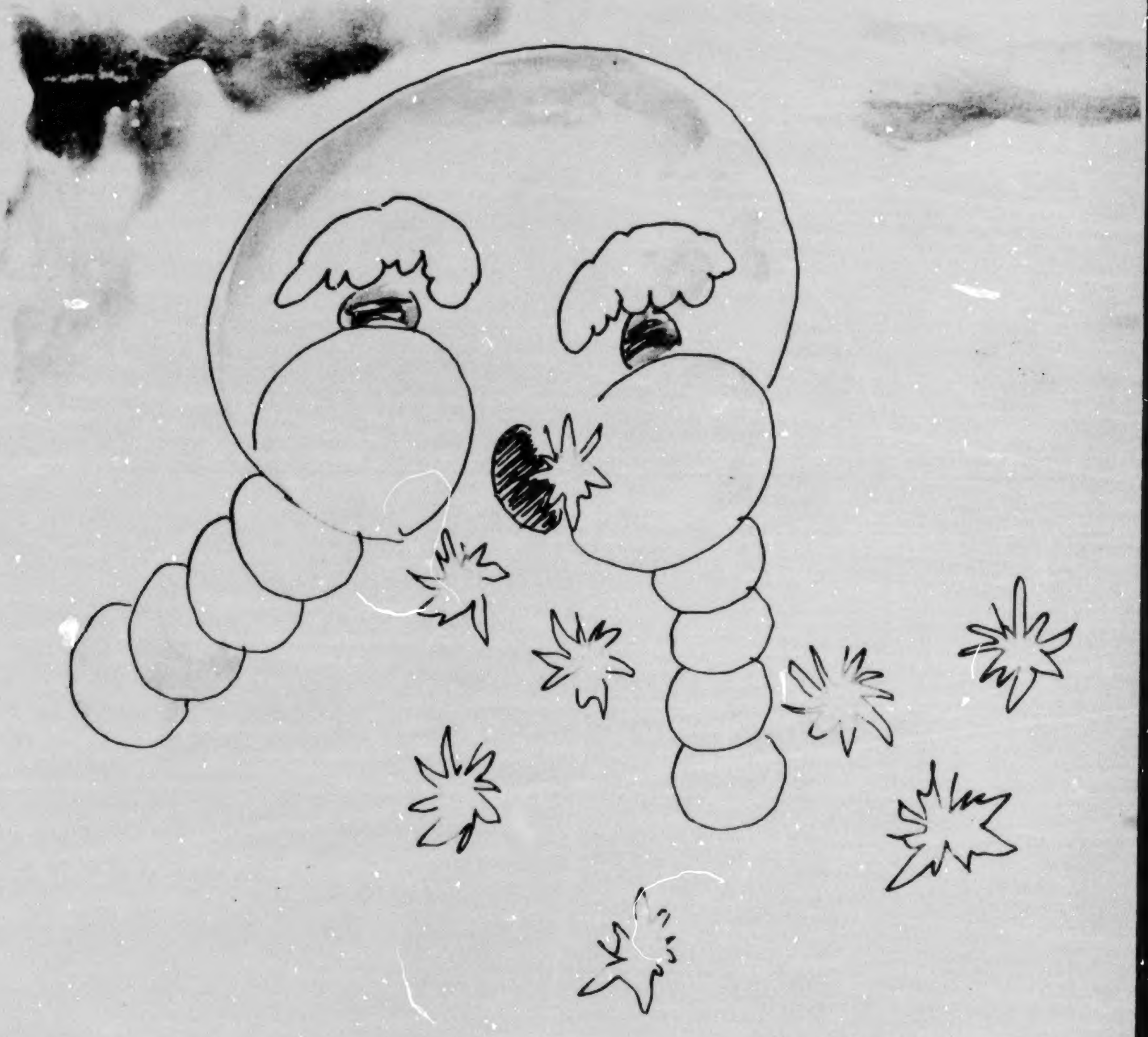


The Moon then placed the smaller Seasons
between the big Seasons.

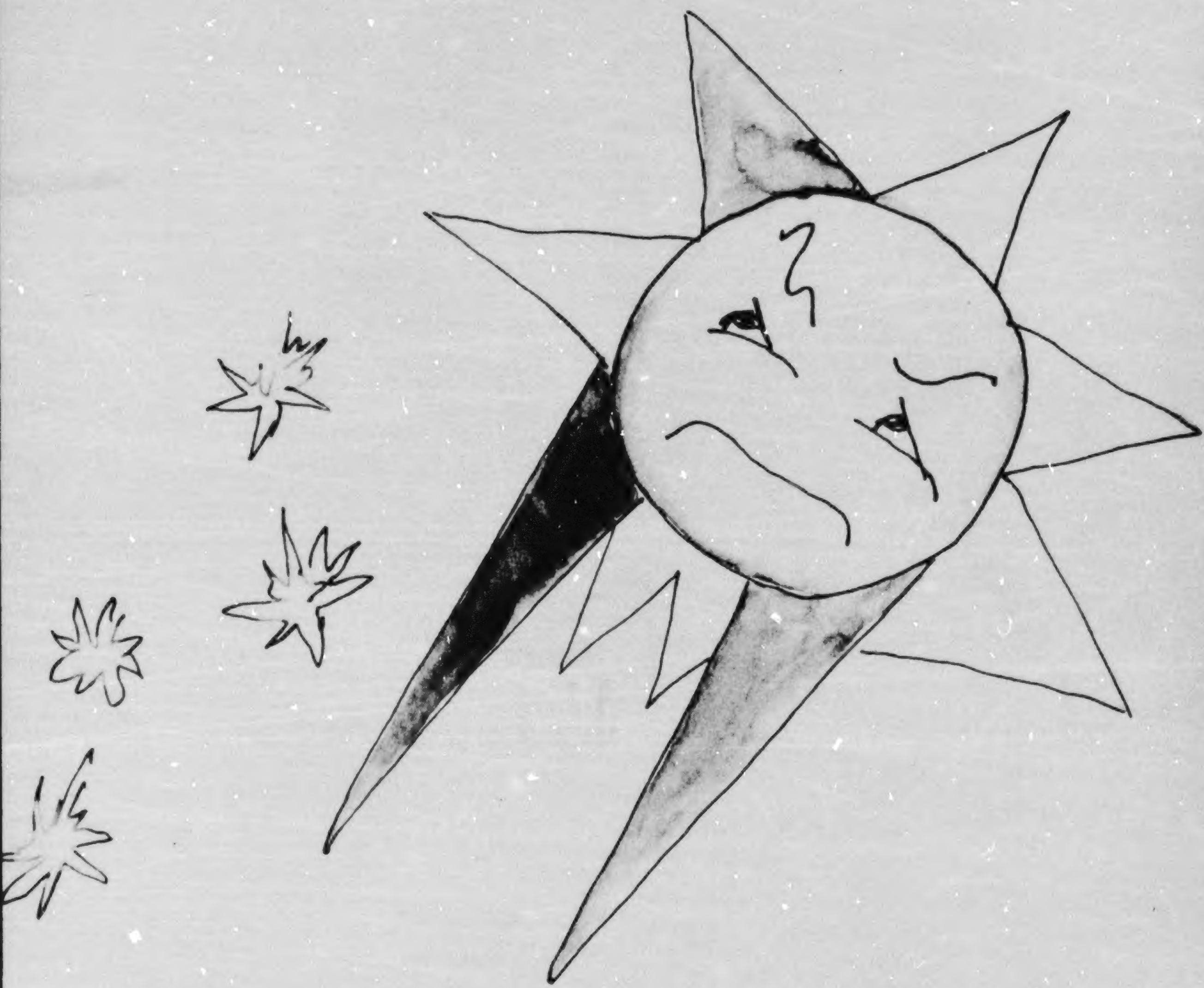




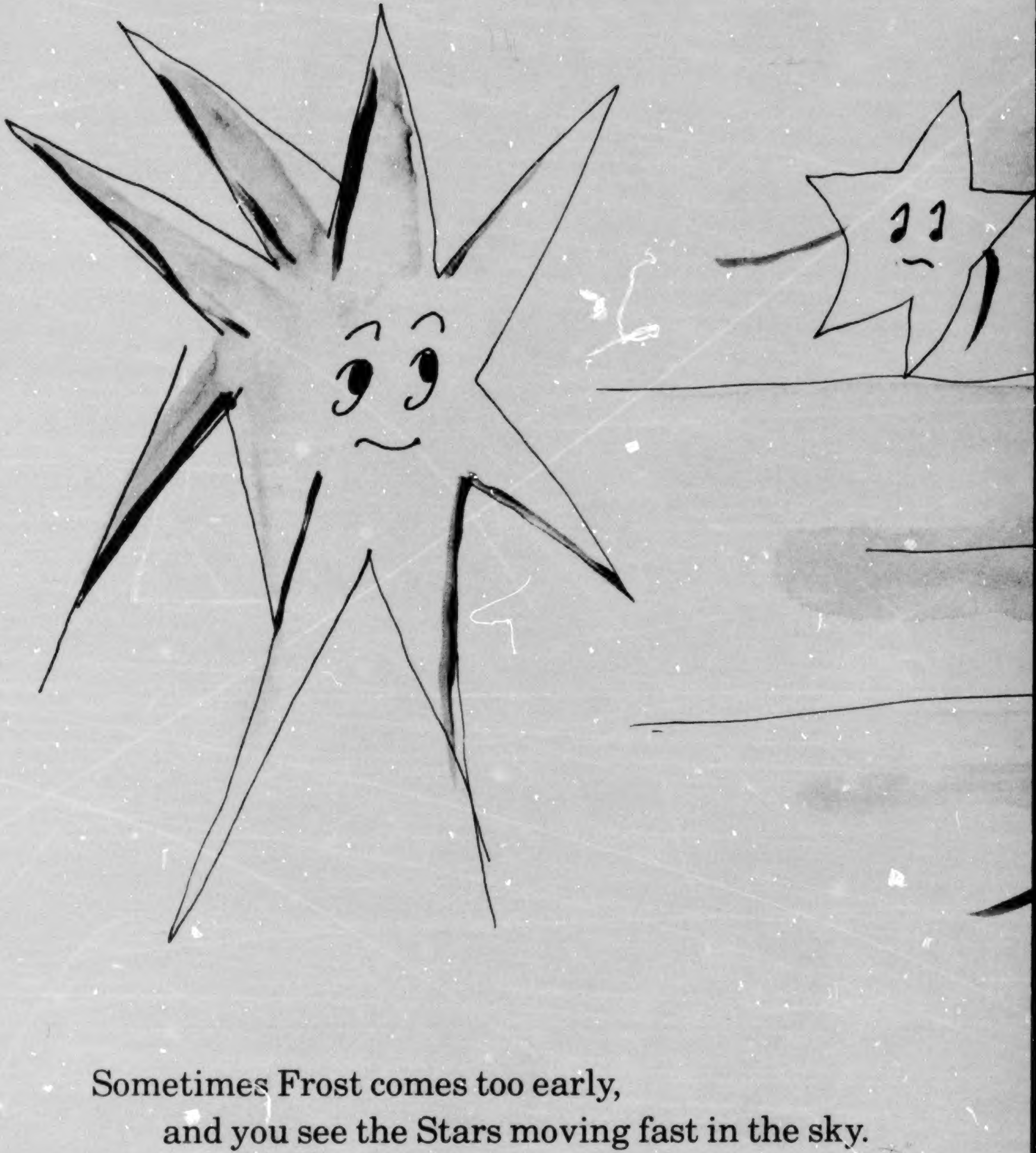
The Stars had all the Seasons promise
they would never try to leave their places.



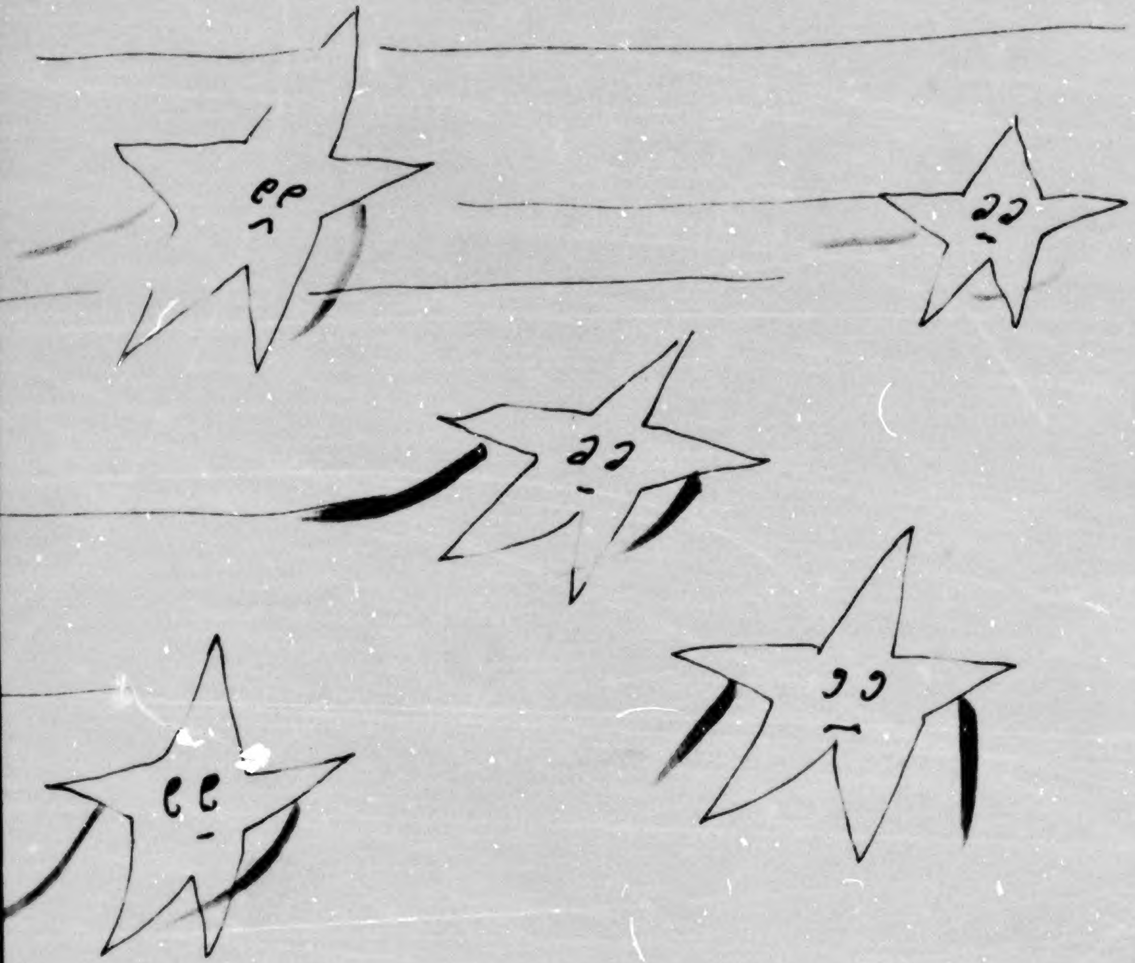
That is the way the Seasons were put in order.
But once in awhile they get out of order.



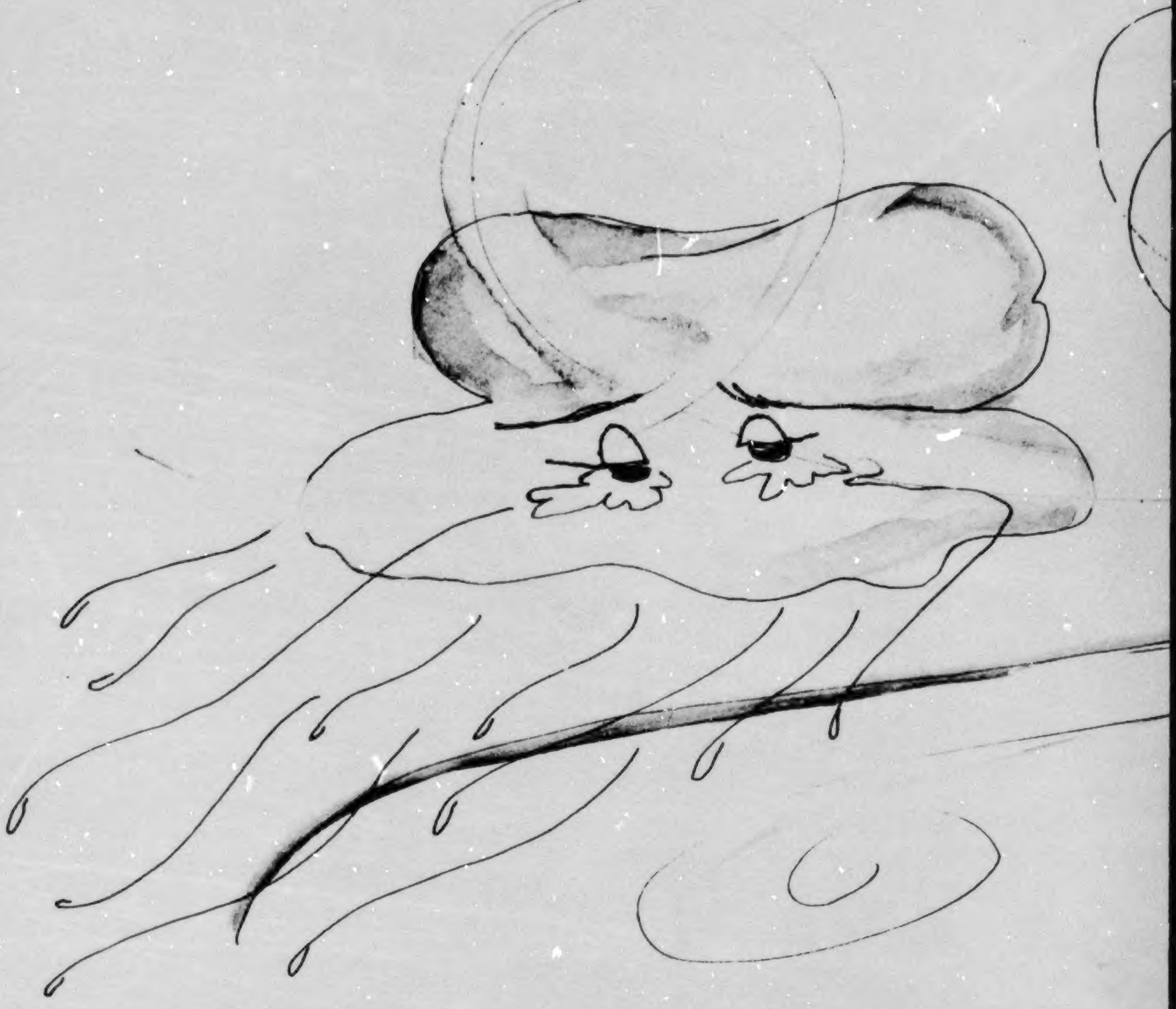
It might Rain, Hail or Snow in the summertime.

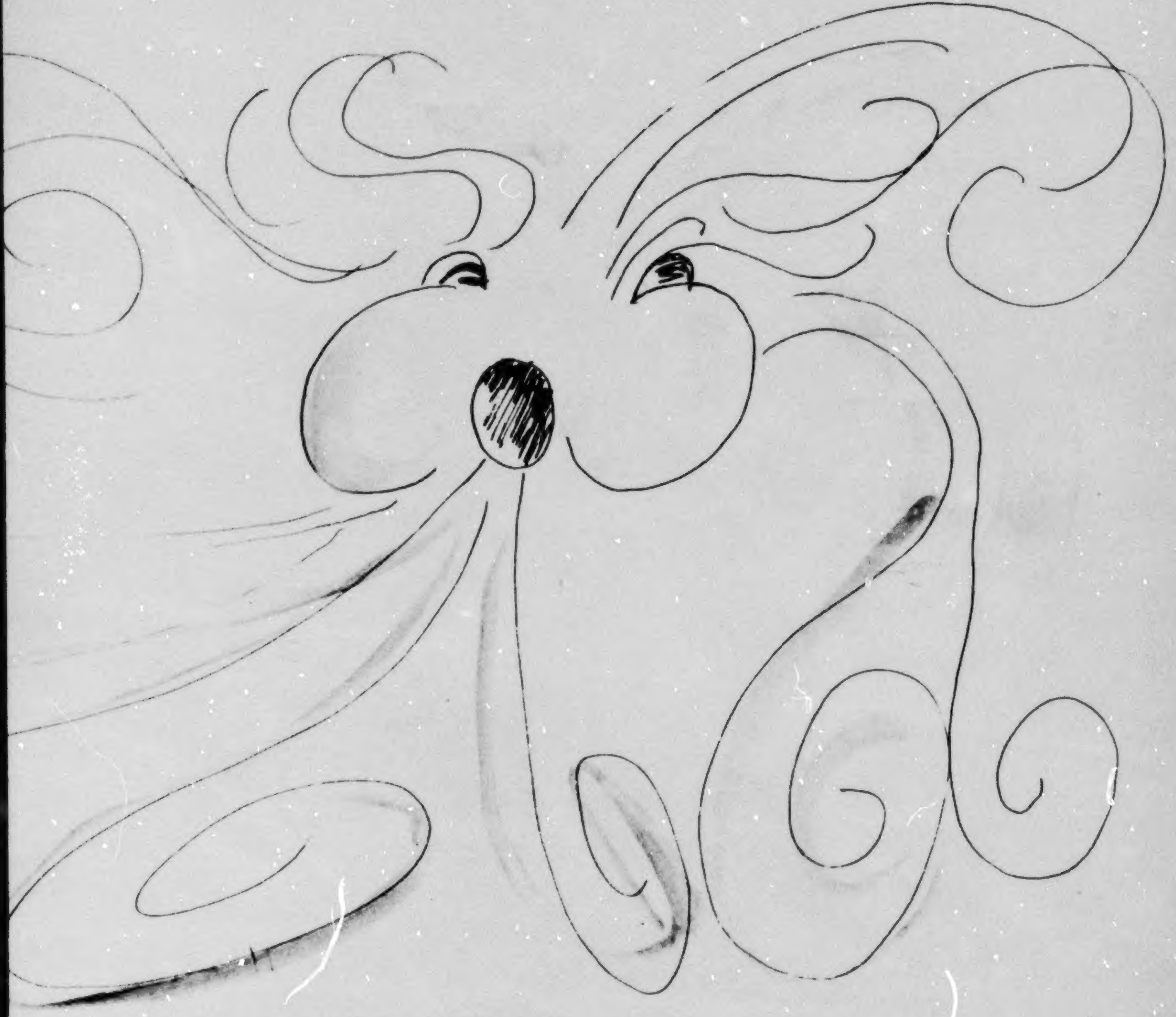


Sometimes Frost comes too early,
and you see the Stars moving fast in the sky.



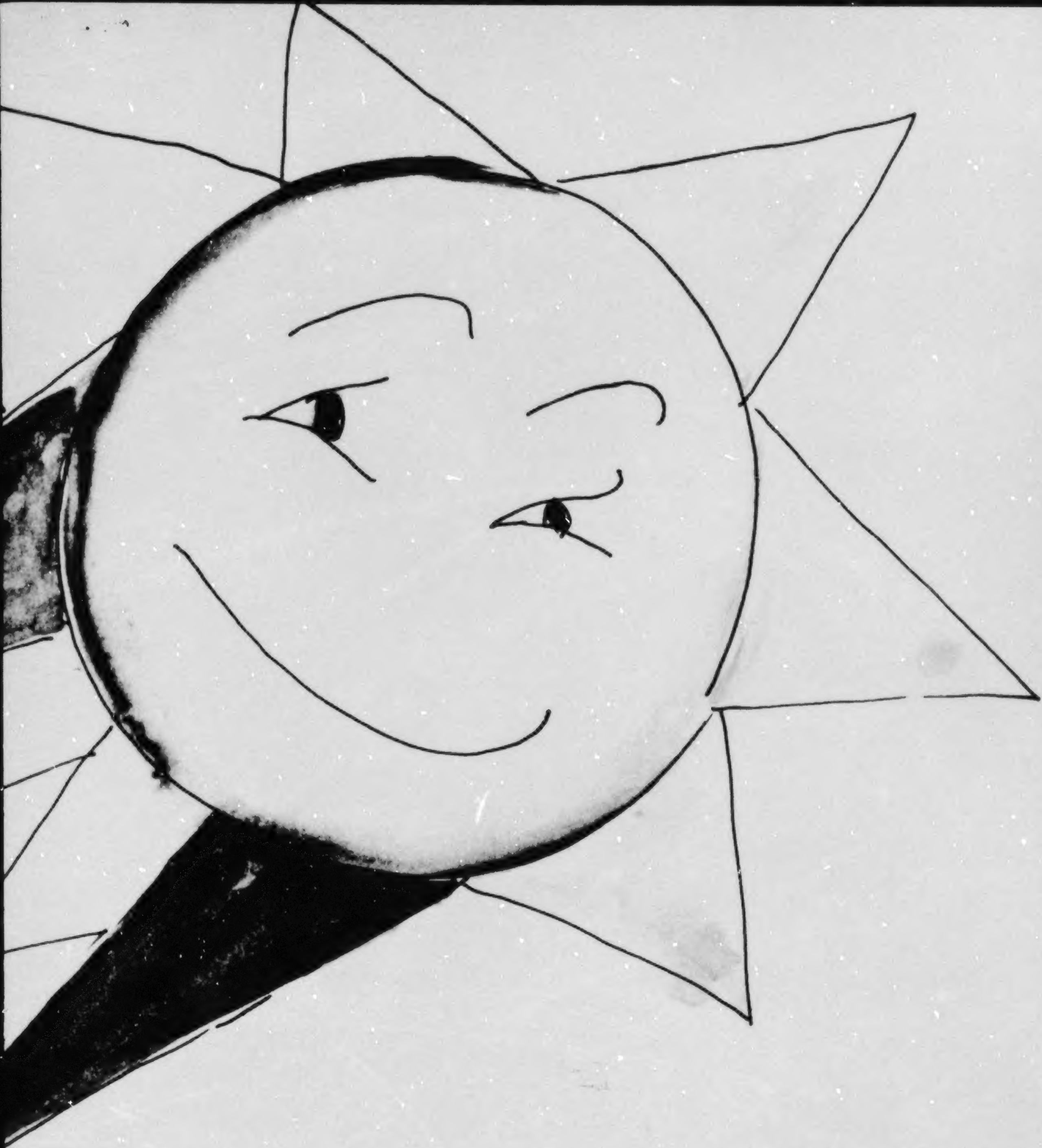
The Stars are trying to keep Frost from coming too soon.
The Stars work hard to keep the Seasons in order.





The Winds help bring Rain, Hail, Snow,
Fog and Clouds to the Earth
at different times of the year.

And so it goes.
The Sun is still ruler over all the Seasons.



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Booklets available in the Level III sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the planned sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I and II sequences.

1 *Story of the Seasons*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

2 *The Beginning of the Earth*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

3 *The Blacktail Dance*
Blackfeet Tribe

4 *How Marten Got His Spots*
Kootenai Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

5 *Lost in the Fog*
Jamestown-Clallam Tribe

6 *How to Be a Friend*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

7 *How the Morning and Evening Stars Came to Be*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

8 *Raccoon's Black Eyes and Ringed Tail*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

9 *Coyote and Old Lady*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

10 *Coyote and Trout*
Kootenai Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

11 *How the Milky Way Got into the Sky*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

12 *Inkdomi and the Buffalo*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

13 *Medicine Horse*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

14 *The Good Hunter and Fisherman*
Jamestown-Clallam Tribe

15 *The Wild Buffalo Ride*
Blackfeet Tribe

16 *I Am a Rock*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural
Commission

17 *The Man Who Loved Shell Money*
Skokomish Tribe

18 *Old Man Napi*
Blackfeet Tribe

19 *The Turtle Who Went to War*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

20 *Coyote and the Mean Mountain Sheep*
Salish Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

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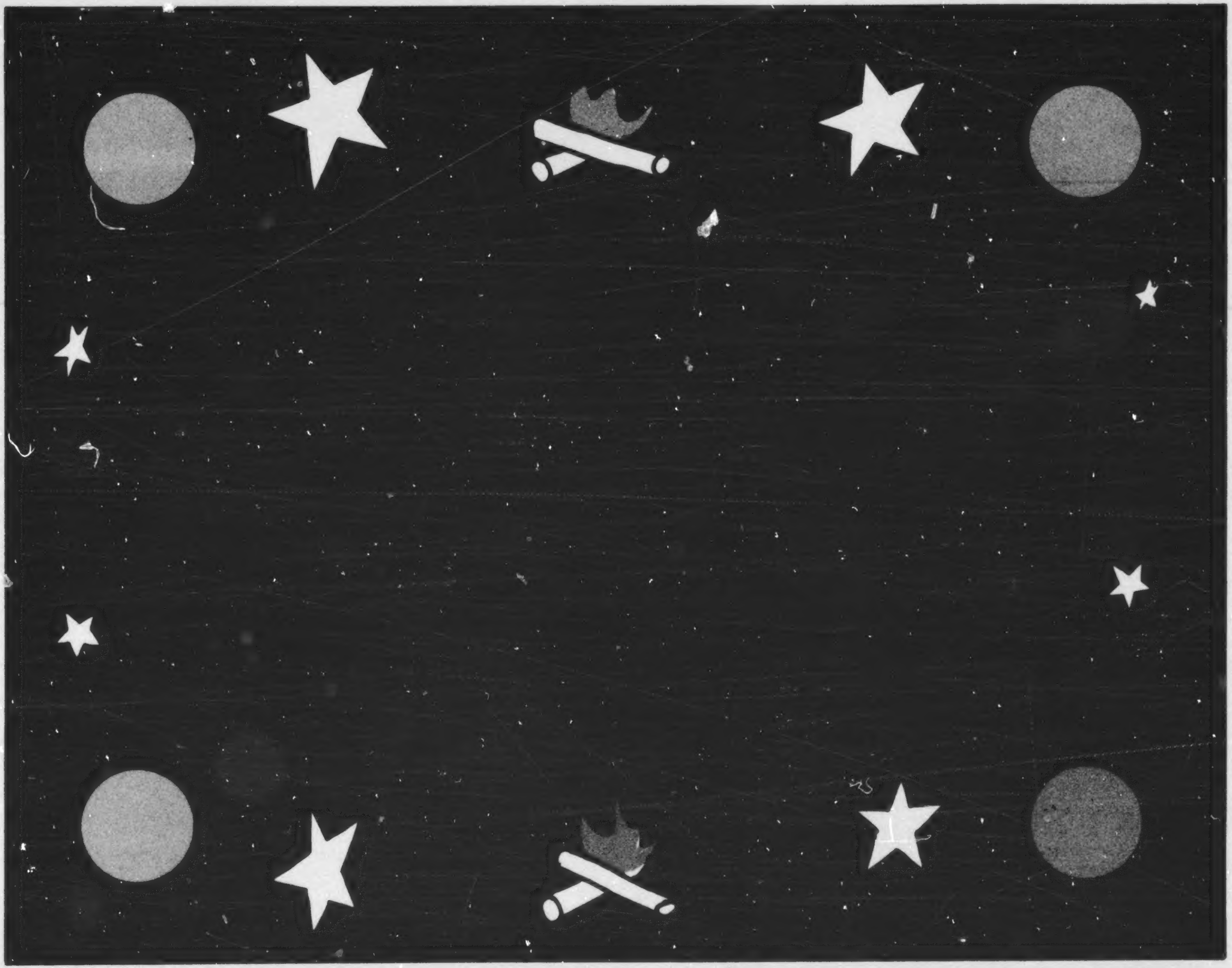

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Beginning of the Earth
(Paiute Version)
Level III Book 2

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

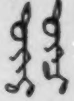
Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Isabelle Keo
Matilda Mitchell
Stella McKinley
Debbie Smith, *Illustrator*
Ada Sooksoit
Christine Tom
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

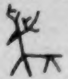
Illustrated by Carol Allison

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Long ago there was a great flood.
This land was all 〰 except for one small island.
On this island lived old Sage Hen in a tule mat house.

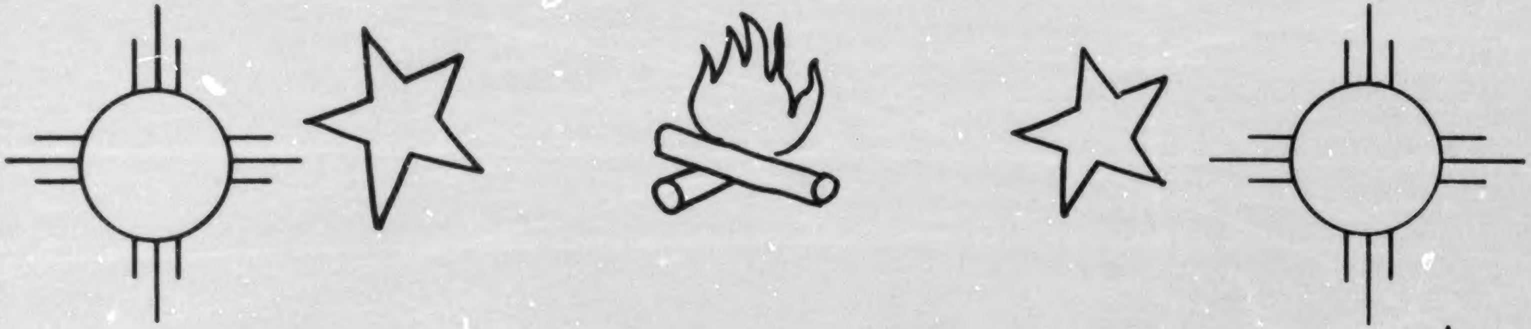
One day a spark jumped out of Sage Hen's fire
and went into the sky and stayed there.
The spark became a ☆.

When ☆ was going up into the sky he said,
"It is too bad the flood left my 
without anything to eat.
They are going to starve!"

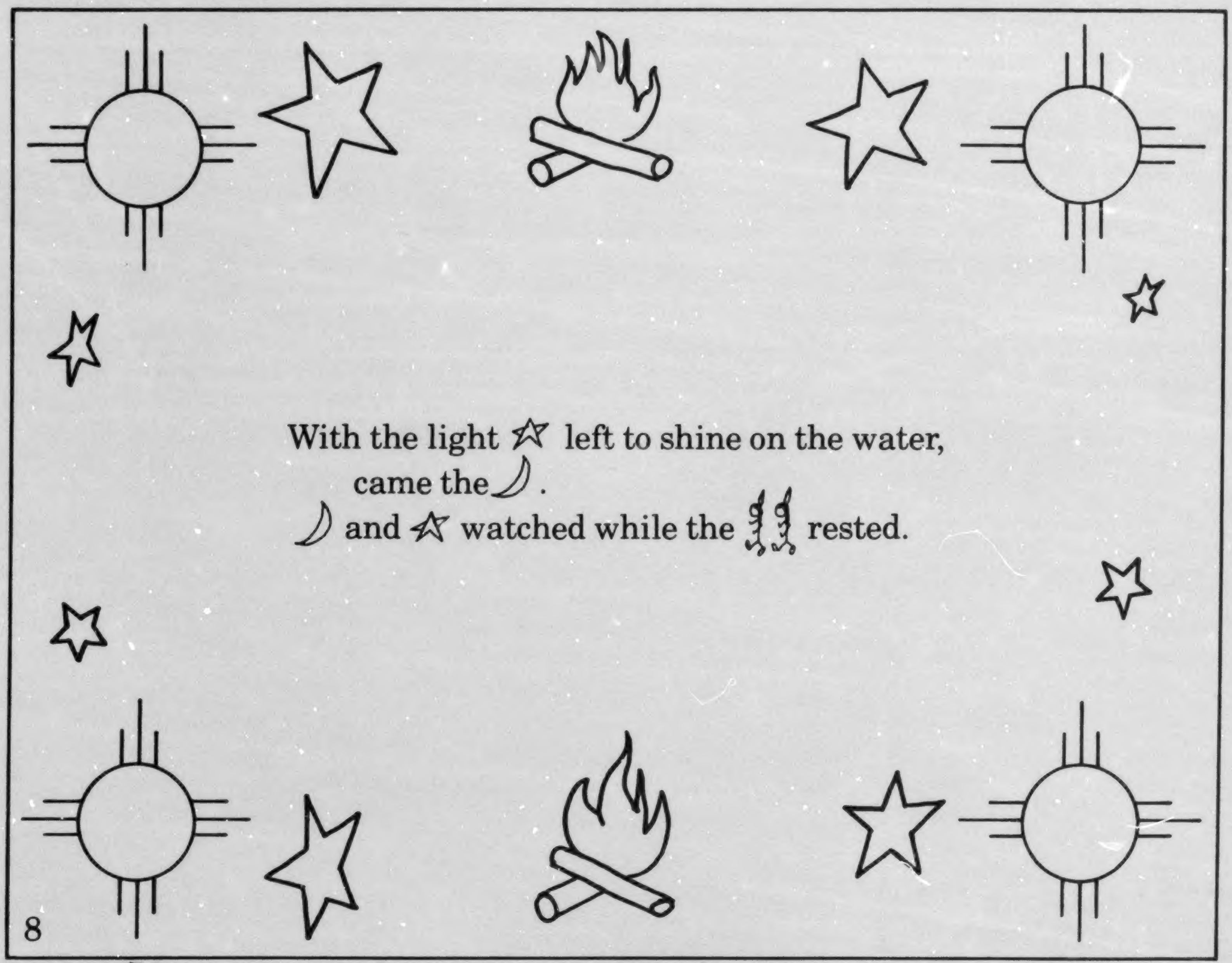
Then ☆ said, "So my people won't starve,
I shall give them the , antelope,
elk and all other kinds of animals."

After the 👥 came, they sang songs for light.
The Indian Doctor of the 👥 looked into the 〰
and saw the reflection of ☆ in the sky.

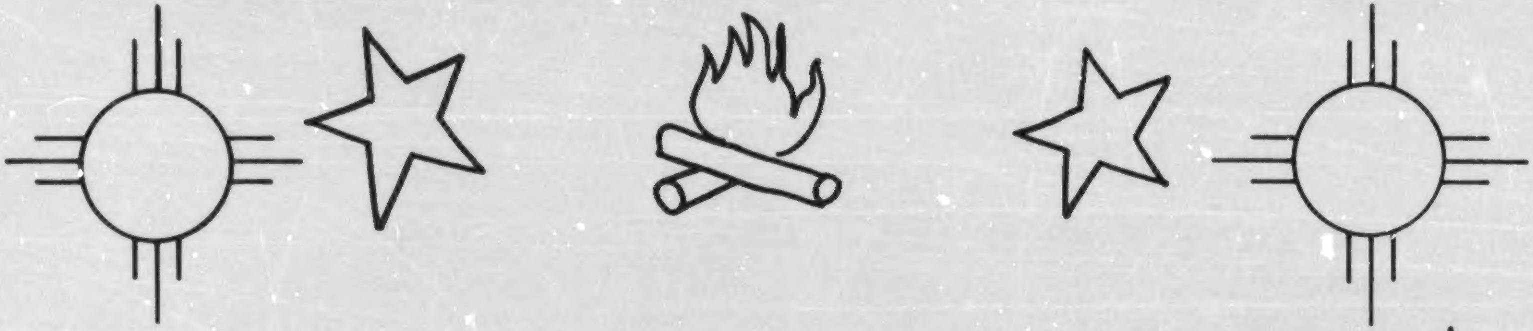
The Indian Doctor told his 👥
that a bigger and brighter light was coming.
After awhile ☼ came out of the 〰.
It was made from ☆ 's reflection.

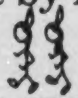


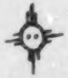
One day ☼ got very hot while working,
so he asked ☆ if he could go back to the 〰.
☆ agreed, but he told ☼ to come back every day.

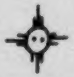
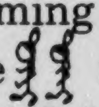


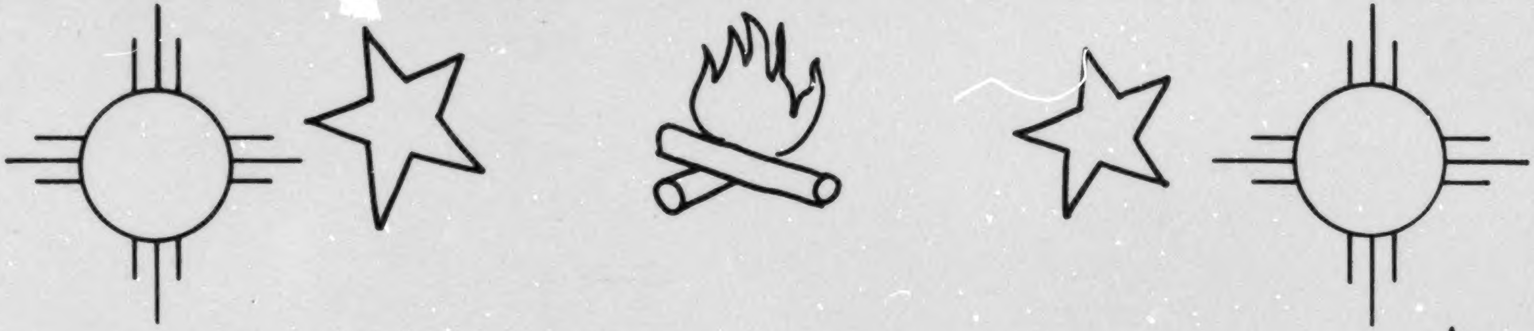
With the light ☆ left to shine on the water,
came the ☽.
☽ and ☆ watched while the 👥 rested.

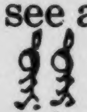


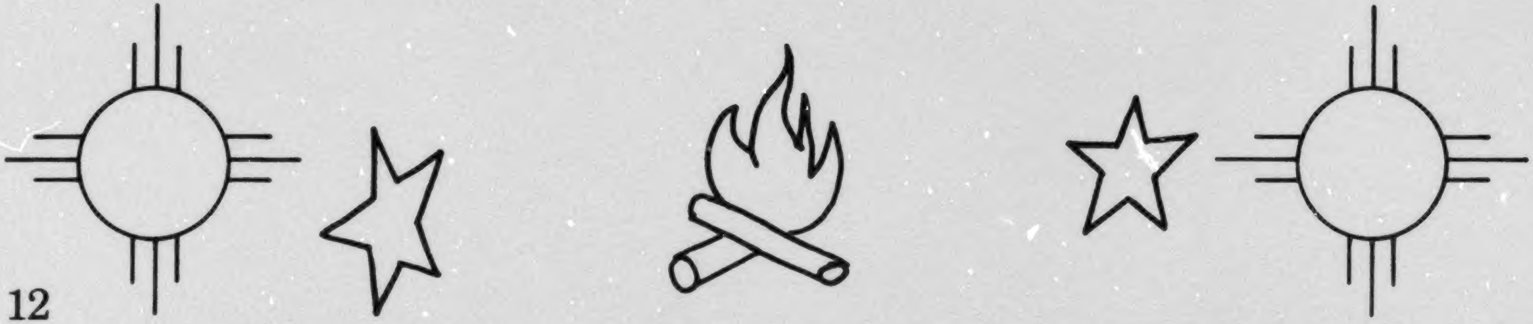
Since ☆ was the only ☆,
he asked the Creator to make others
to dance by his side.
So while the  slept, he created more ☆ ☆
from the sparks of their fires.

When  returned, the Creator was finished.
The next night the other sparks tried to get into the sky,
but they could not jump high enough.

With the coming of , the land dried
and the  moved out upon the land.
All the animals began to roam about too.



When night came they stopped.
It became too dark to see any further.
And that is why the  and the animals
are where they are today.



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The Blacktail Dance

The Indian Reading Series

MELVIN TAILFEATHERS

Level III Book 3

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Blacktail Dance

Level III Book 3

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

Written by Joan Kennerly, Carmen Marceau, Doris Old Person, June Tatsey

Illustrated by Melvin Tailfeathers

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
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Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
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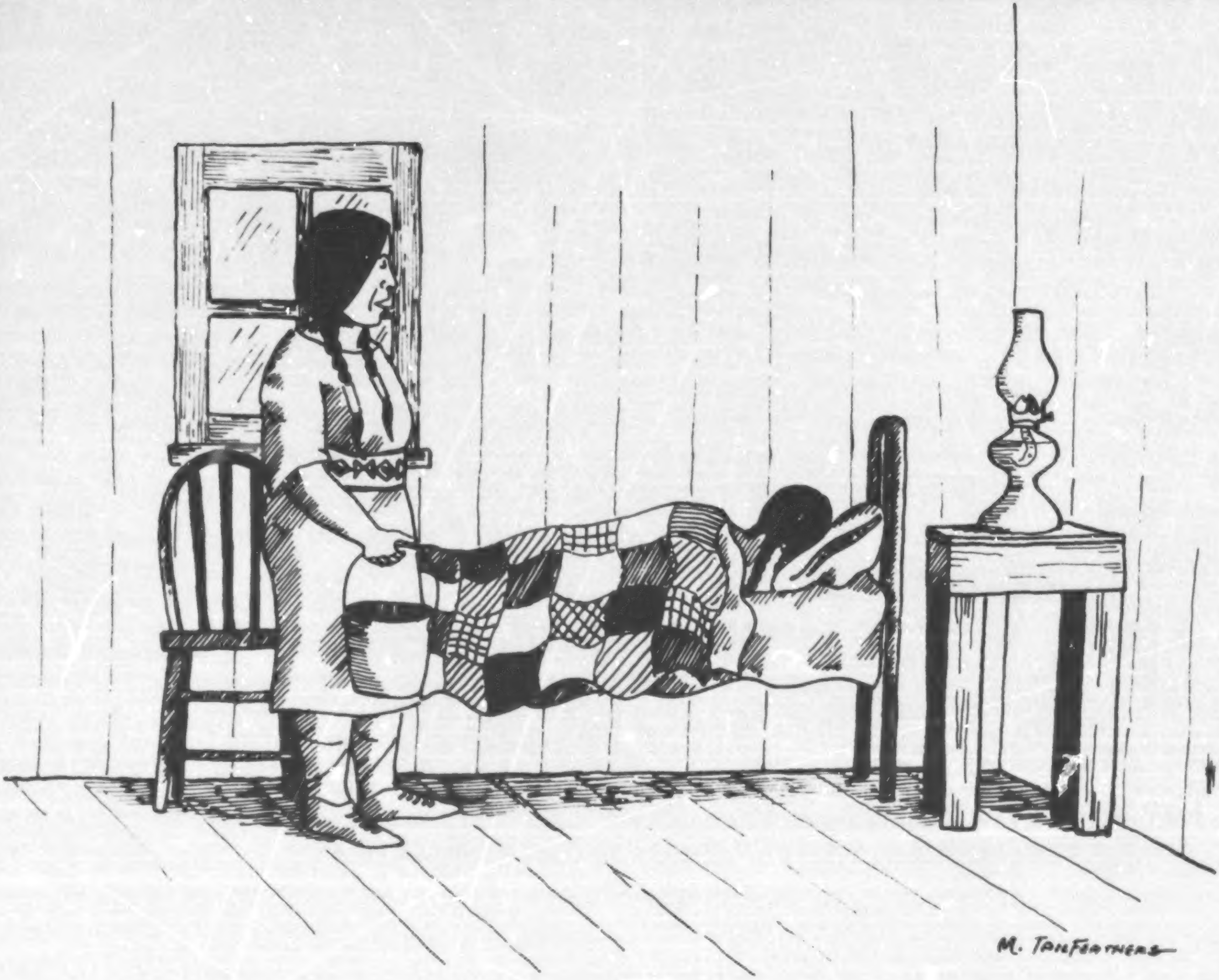
Printed and bound in the United States of America

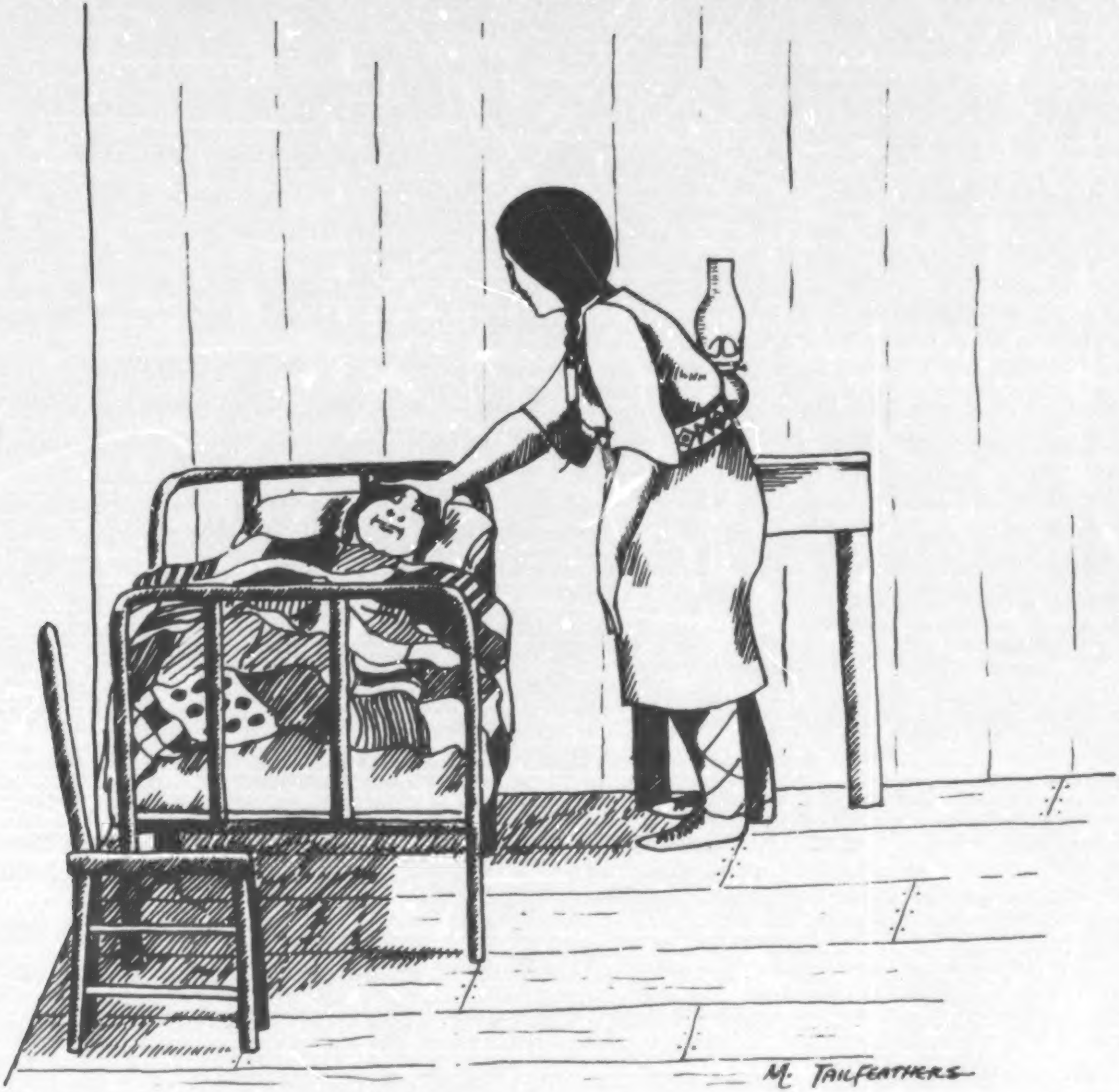
This story took place in the early nineteen hundreds. It is about the Blacktail Dance, one of the sacred ceremonies of the Blackfeet Indians which is still performed today by some people. The Blacktail Dance ceremony is given to honor a promise made to the Great Spirit, to show gratitude for a promise fulfilled by him or to show thankfulness. It is believed that bad luck will come if the ceremony is not performed as promised.

The Blacktail Dance originated in a dream of a Blackfeet Indian many years ago. In the dream, the person met a deer who told him how to perform this ceremony for good luck. The person was also taught a song for the ceremony.

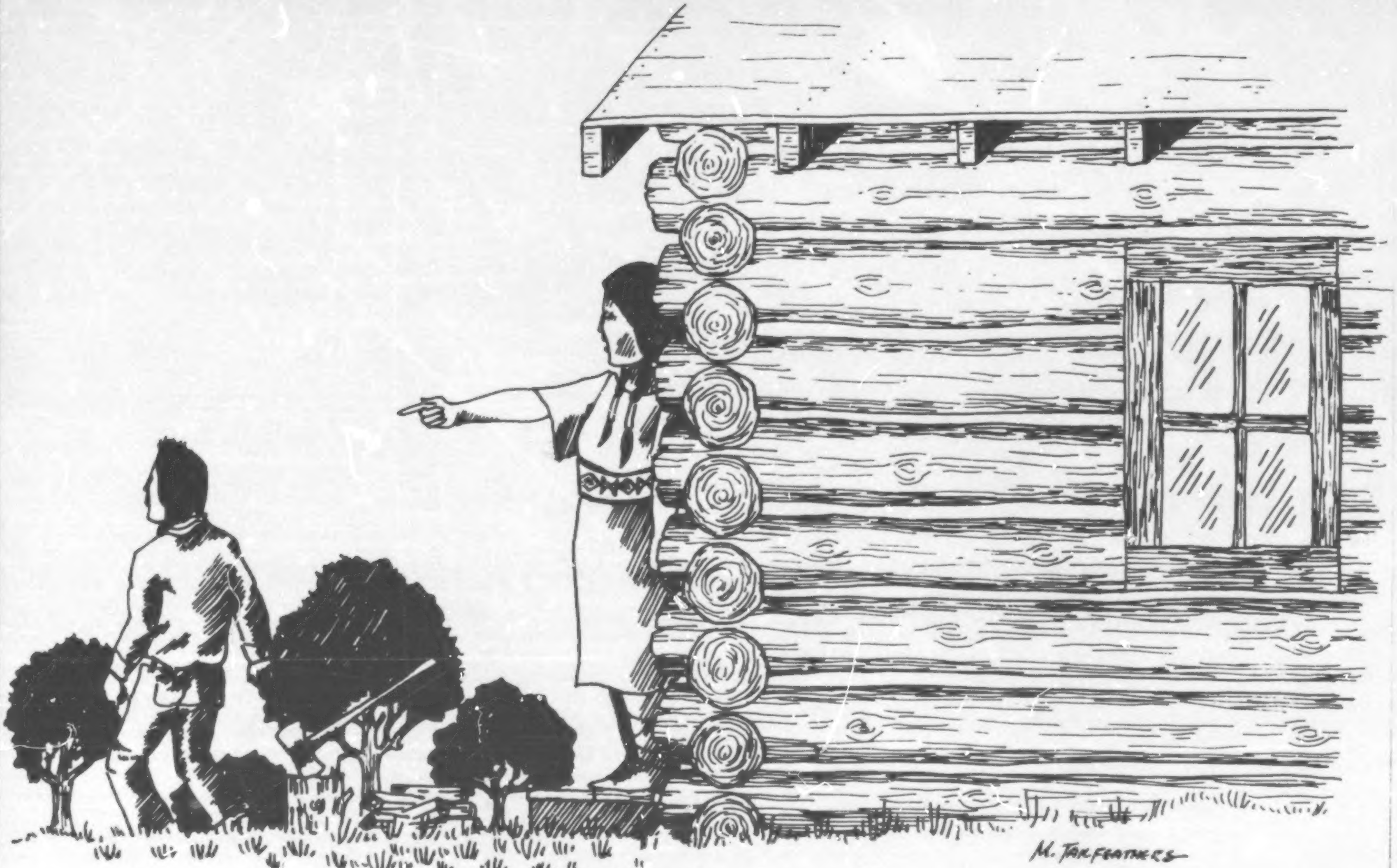
The Blackfeet Indian people have been great believers in dreams and visions. Many people still have Indian songs which have been handed down from generation to generation in their families. Only the family owners of the songs can start singing them in ceremonies.


M. TAILFEATHERS

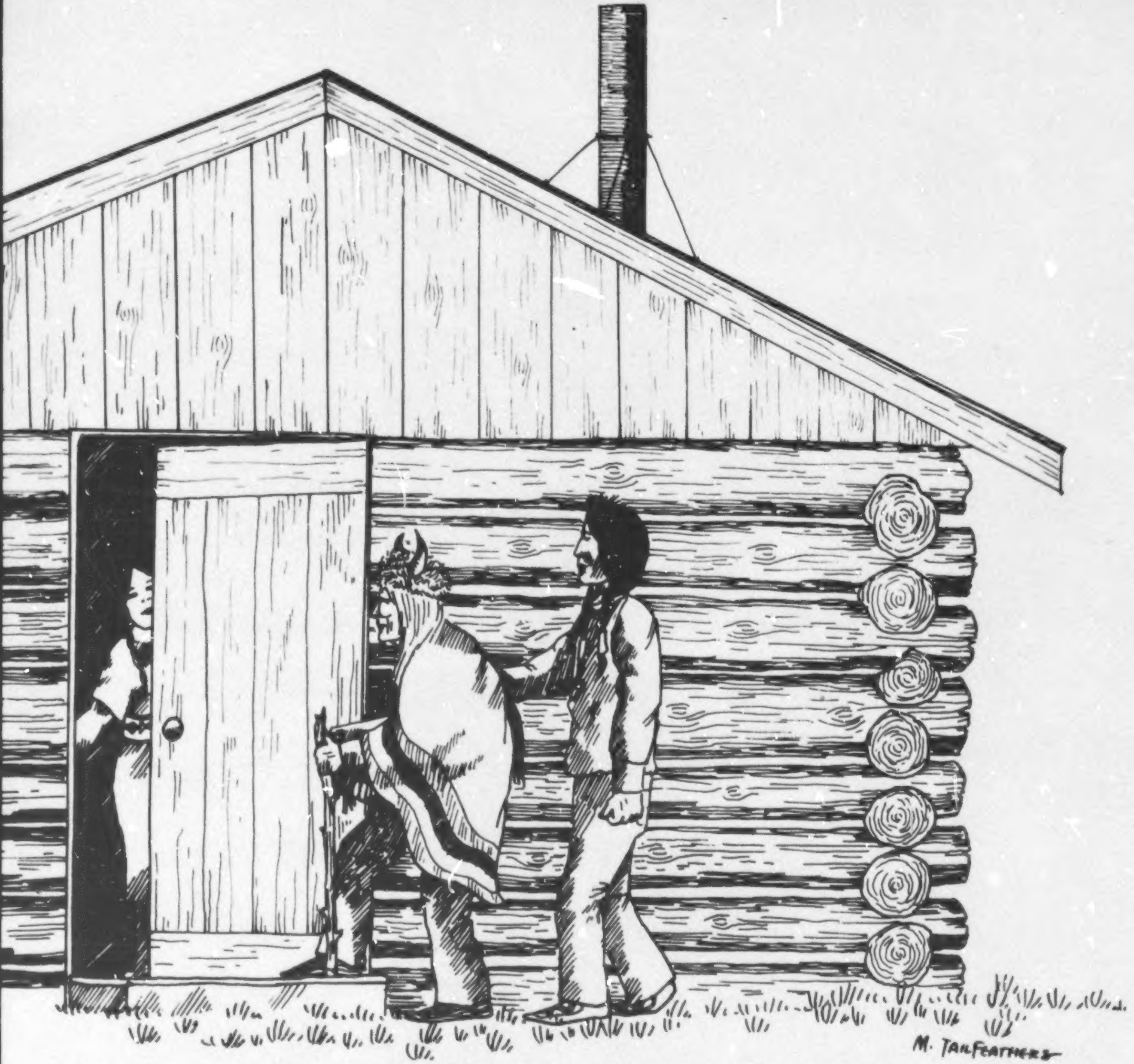
One day, Lone Star Woman called to Eagle Boy,
"Get up, my son, and get some water."
Eagle Boy did not move or answer.


M. TAILFEATHERS

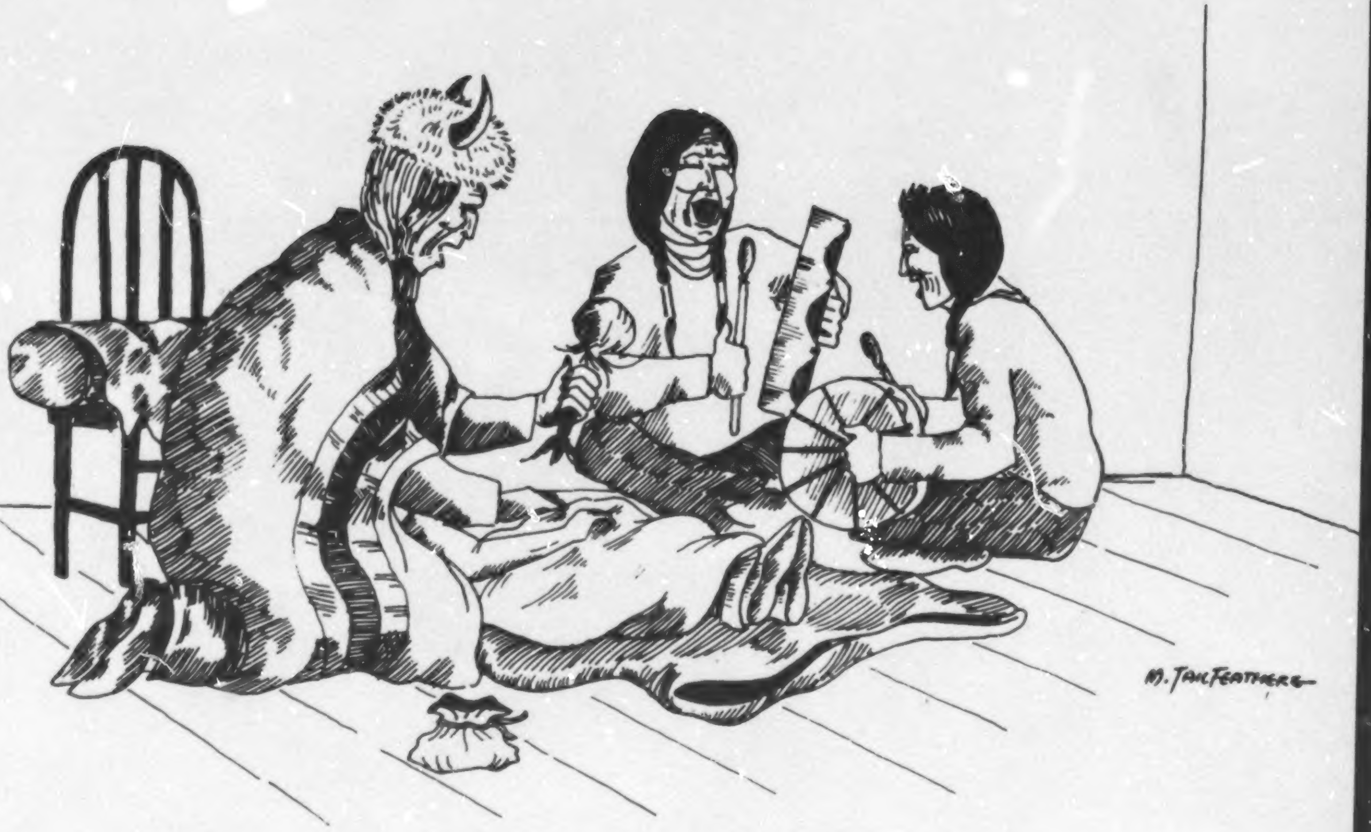
She walked over to him to see what was wrong.
He was very sick!


M. TARFEATHERS

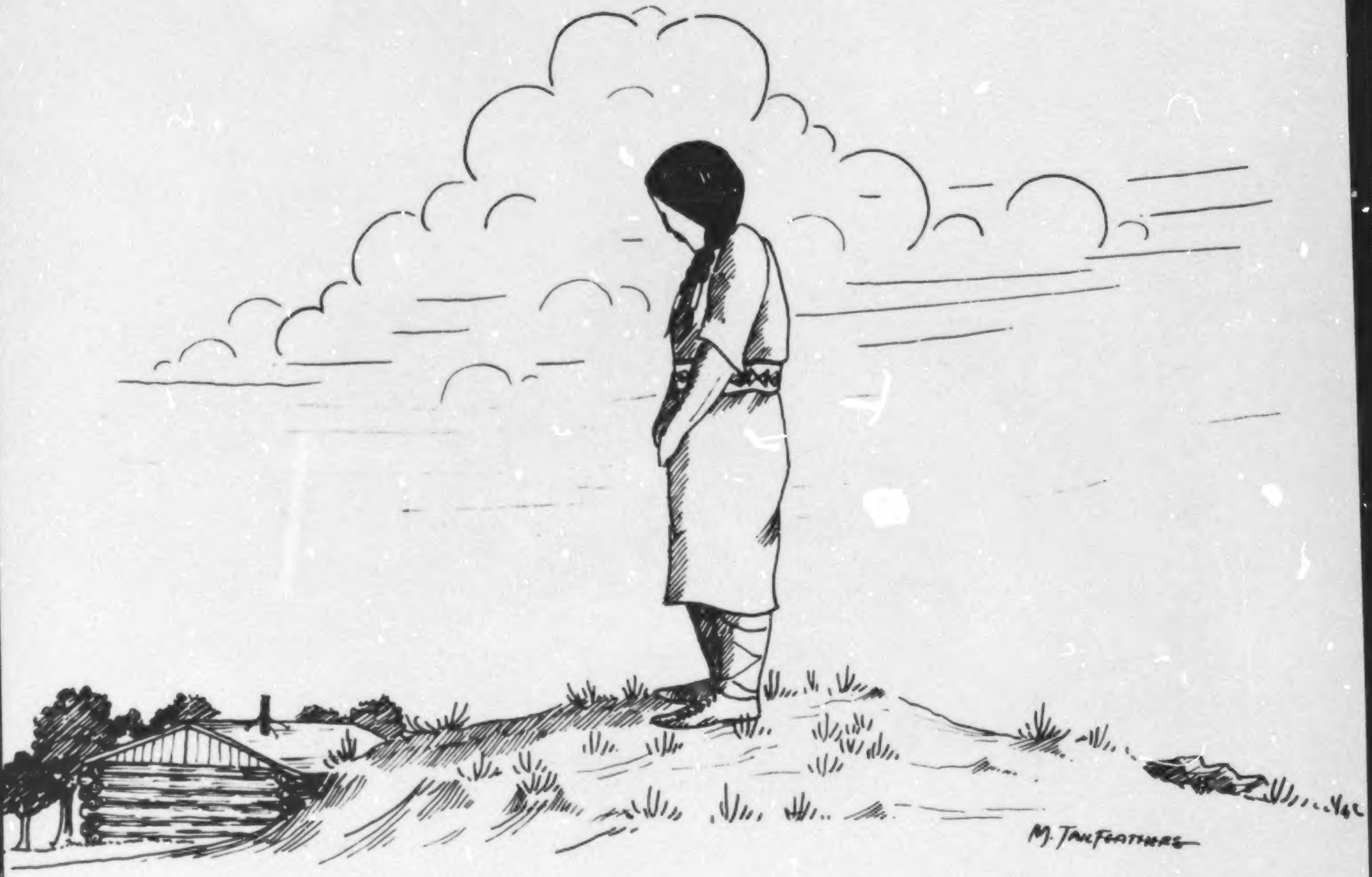
She called to her husband,
"Eagle Plume, get the Medicine Man.
Eagle Boy is very sick!"


M. TAILFEATHERS

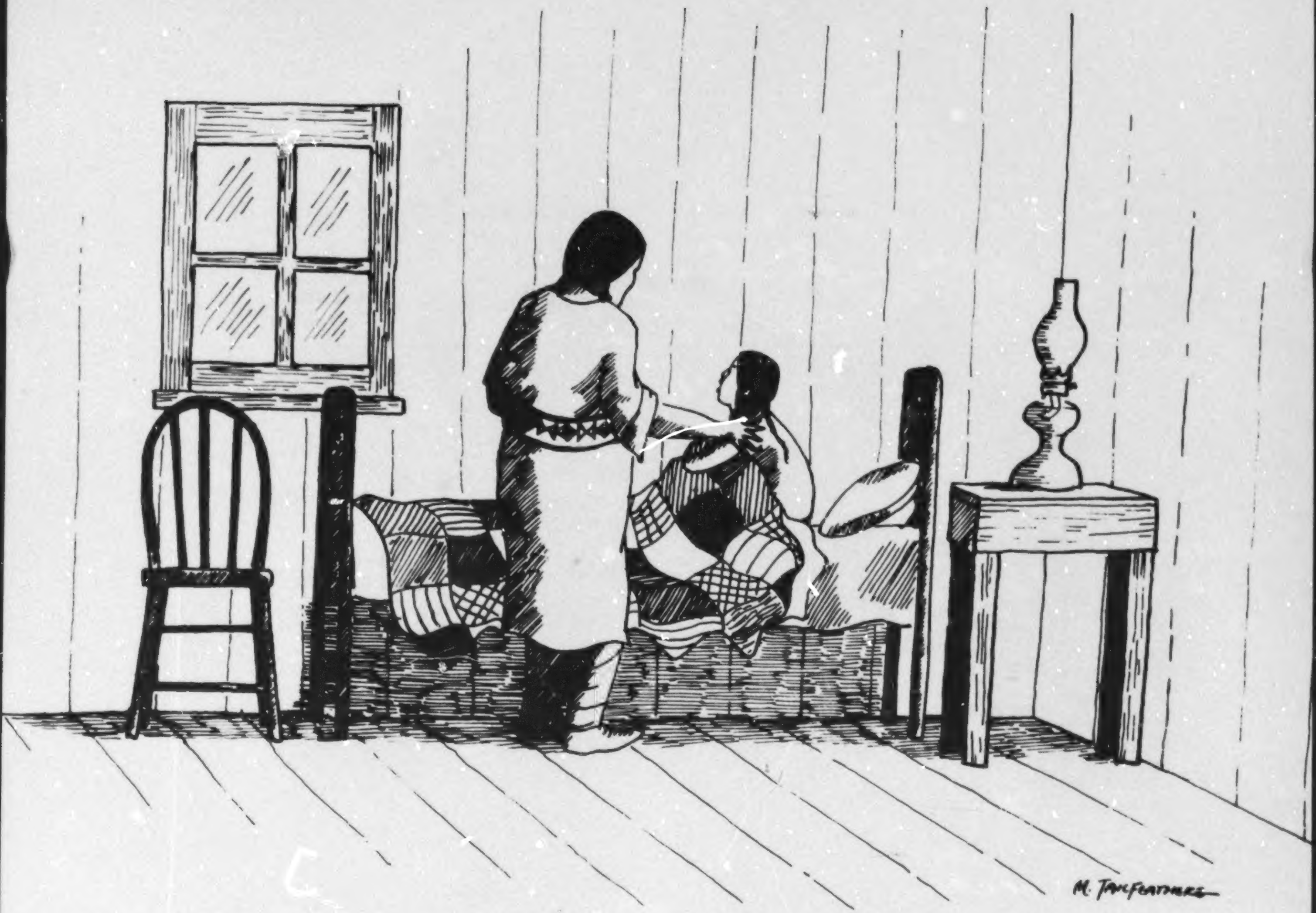
Soon Eagle Plume was back with the Medicine Man.


M. TALLFEATHERS

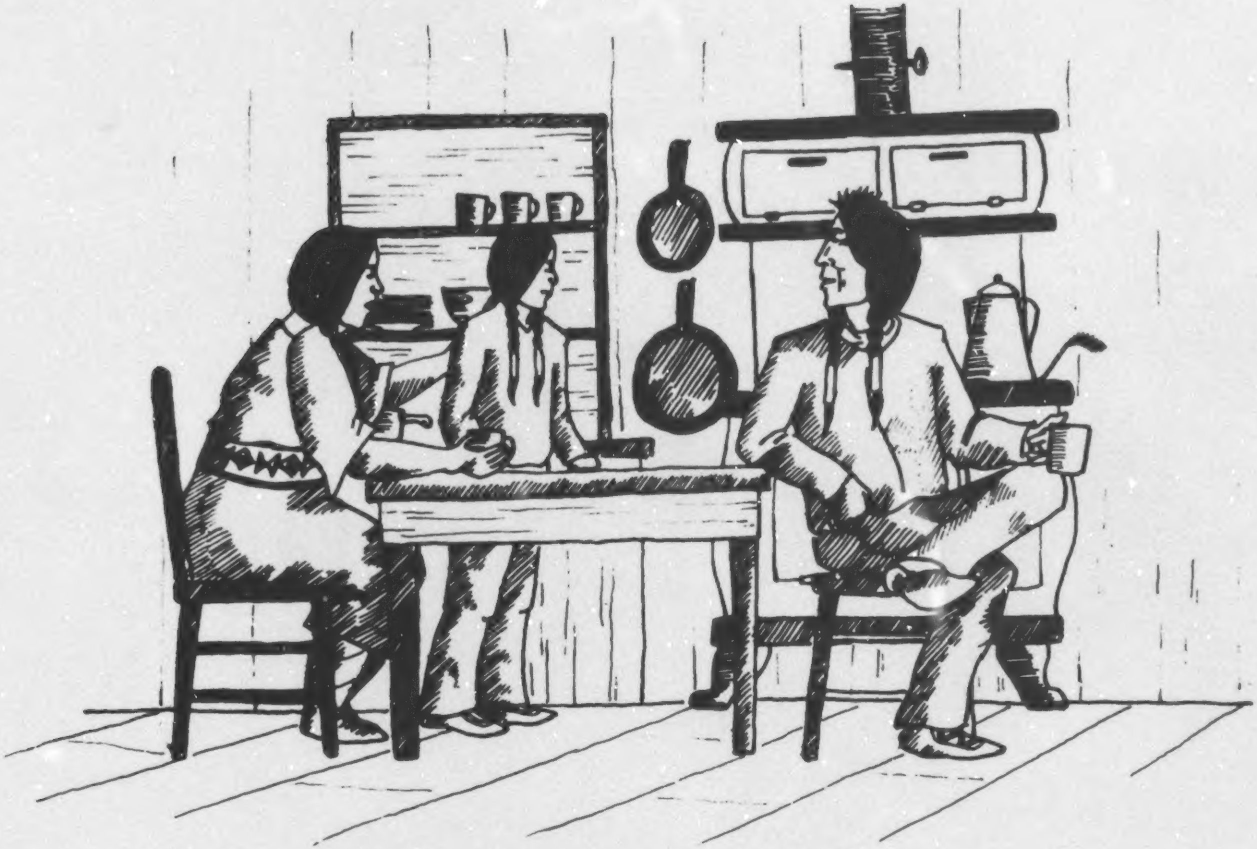
The Medicine Man started doctoring Eagle Boy
while the drummers sang medicine songs.


M. TAILFEATHERS

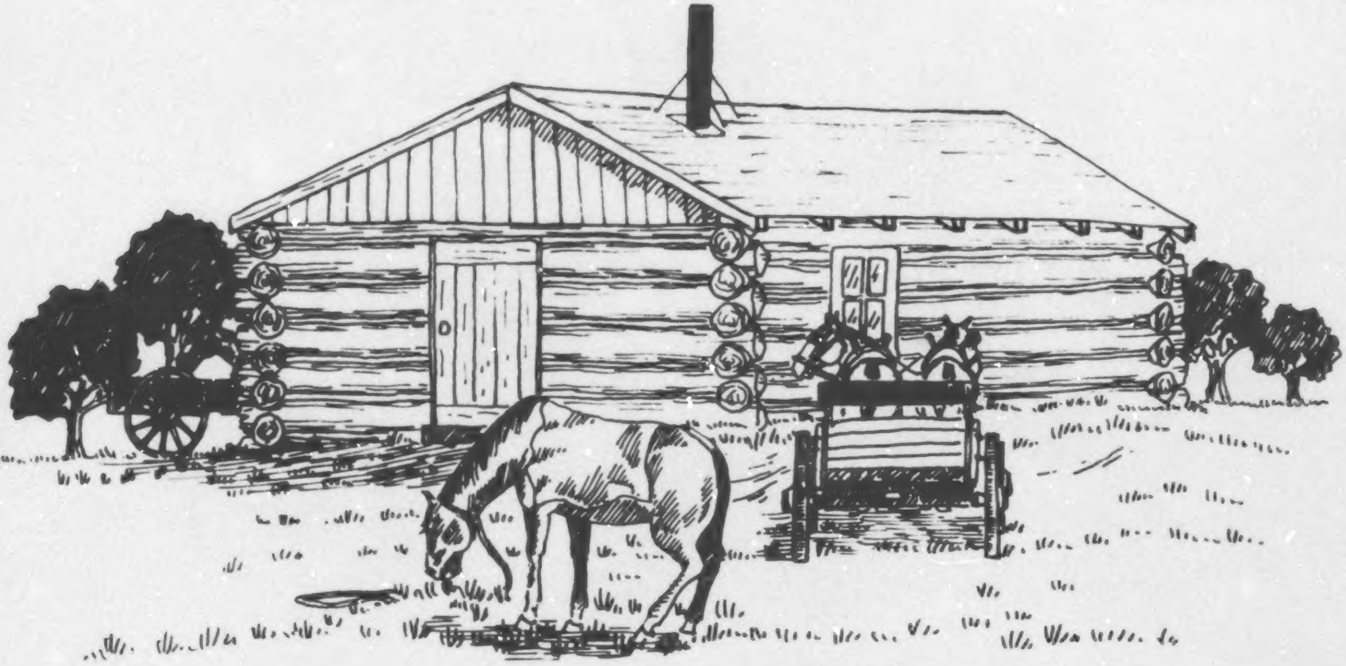
Lone Star Woman made a promise to the Great Spirit.
"If my boy gets well, I will give a Blacktail Dance
in his honor."


M. TAILFEATHERS

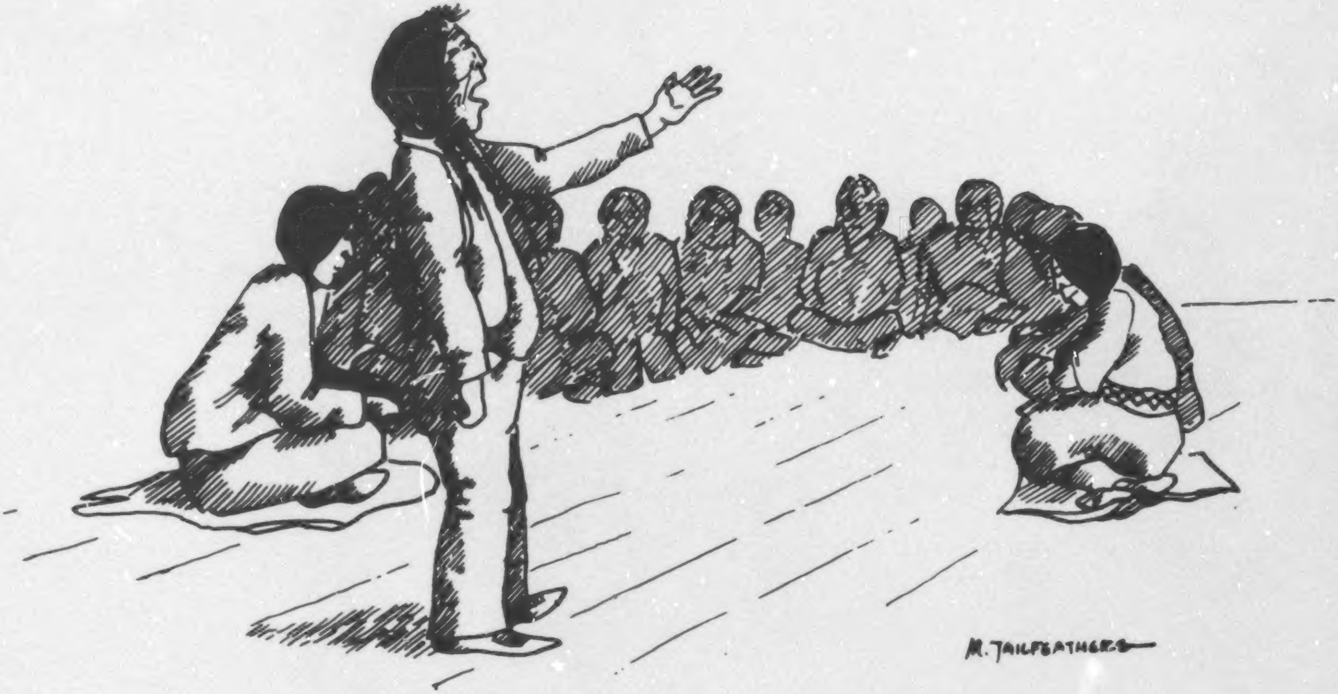
After a few days had passed, Eagle Boy sat up
and asked his mother for something to eat.
Soon he was up and around.



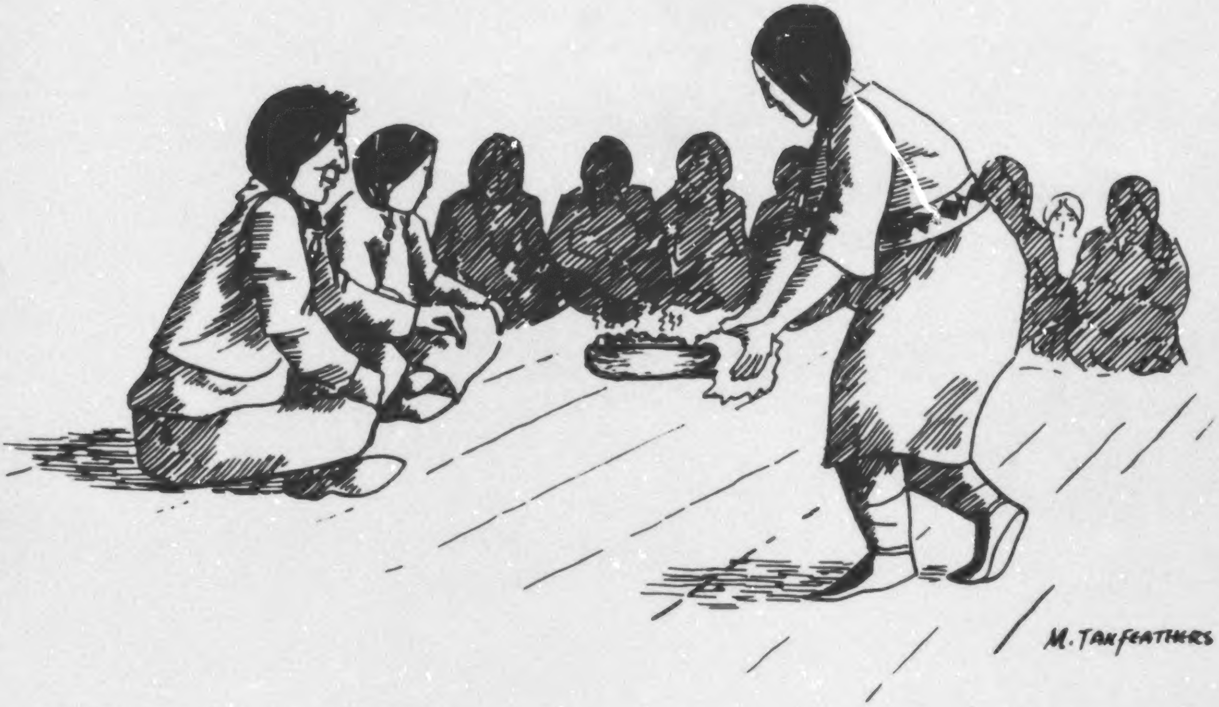
"Eagle Plume, now it is time to give the Blacktail Dance
to give thanks for our son getting well,"
said Lone Star Woman.



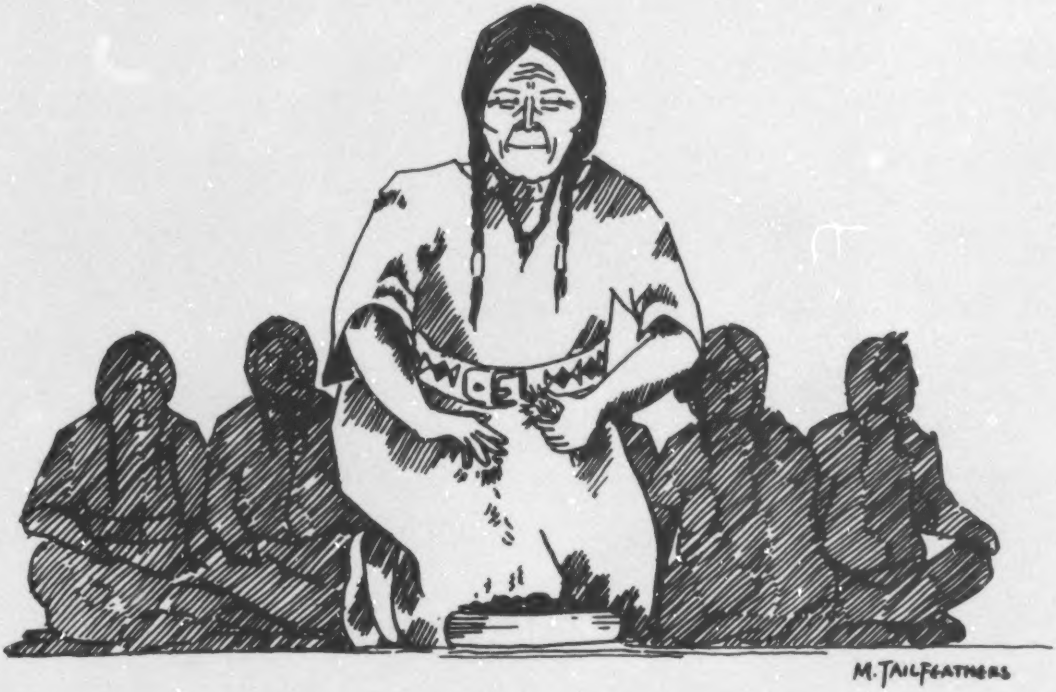
Eagle Plume invited the people.
They gathered that evening at his house.



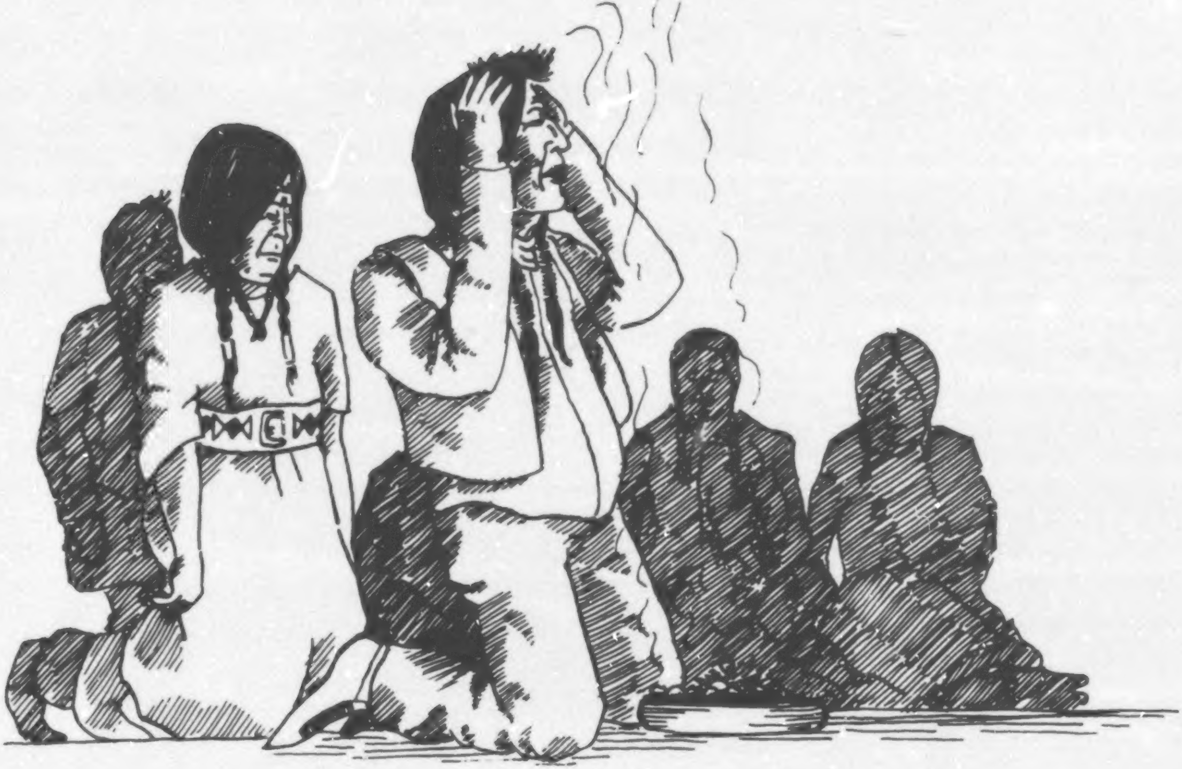
When everyone was there, the Blacktail Dance began.
Eagle Plume started praying.
Then he sang two Blacktail songs.
These songs had been given to him by his mother and father.


M. TANFEATHERS

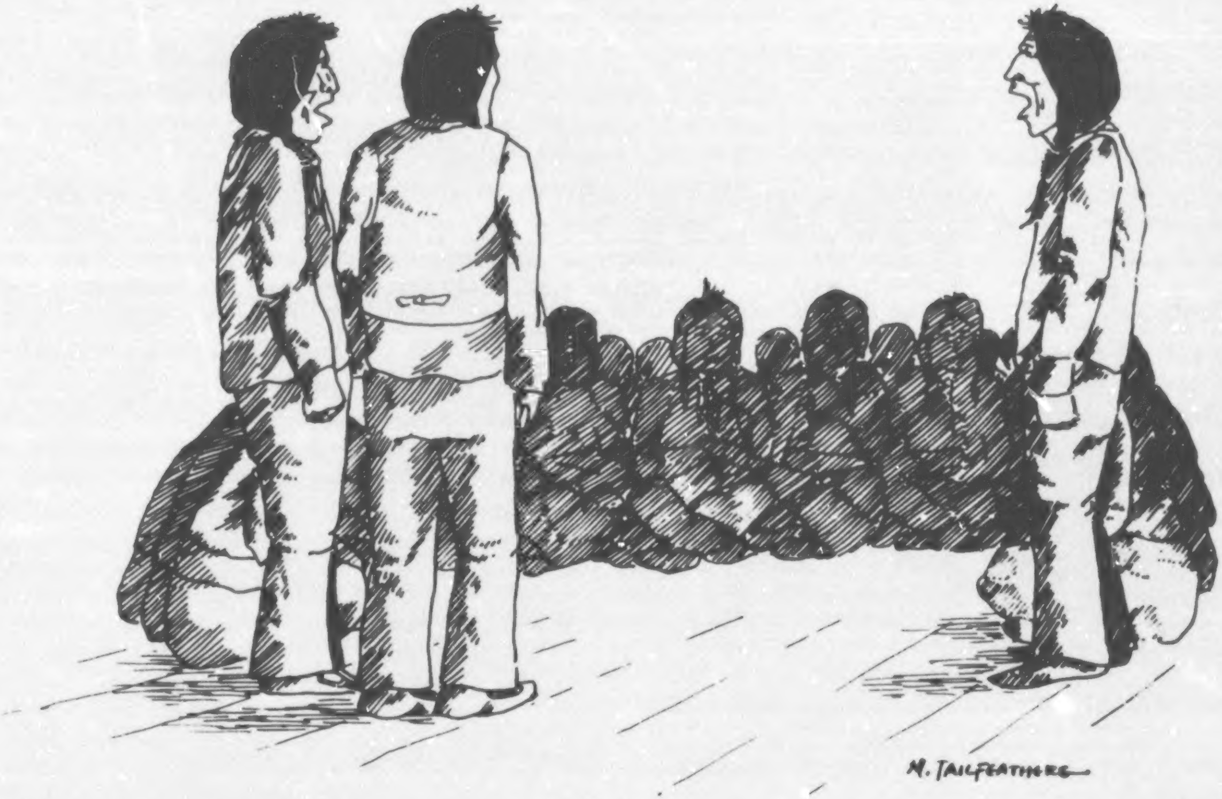
Next the fire was made.
Lone Star Woman placed a hollow rock filled with hot coals
in the middle of the room.


M. TAILFEATHERS

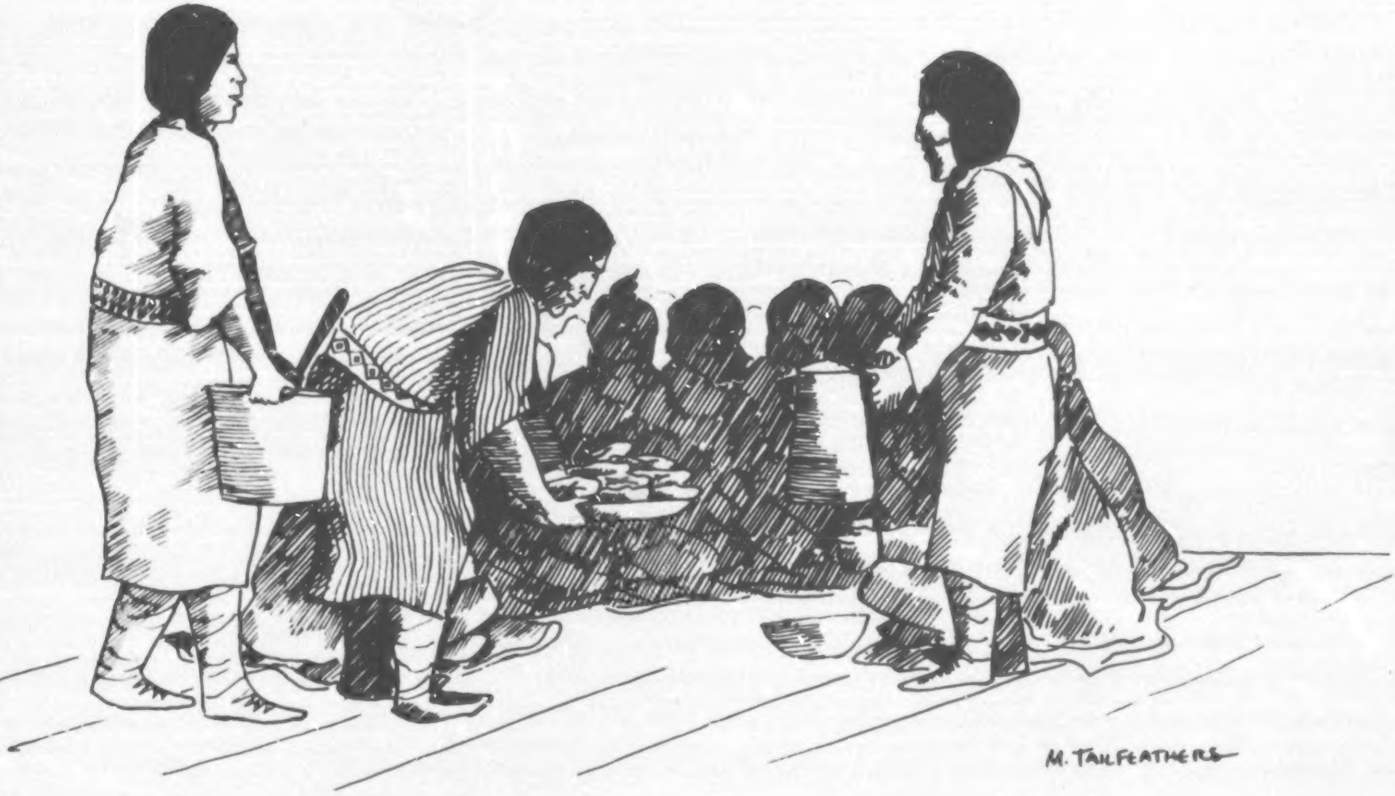
She put sweet grass on the coals to make it smoke.
The smell of the sweet grass filled the room.



One by one the people went up to get blessed with the smudge.
This would cleanse their minds and bodies for the ceremony.

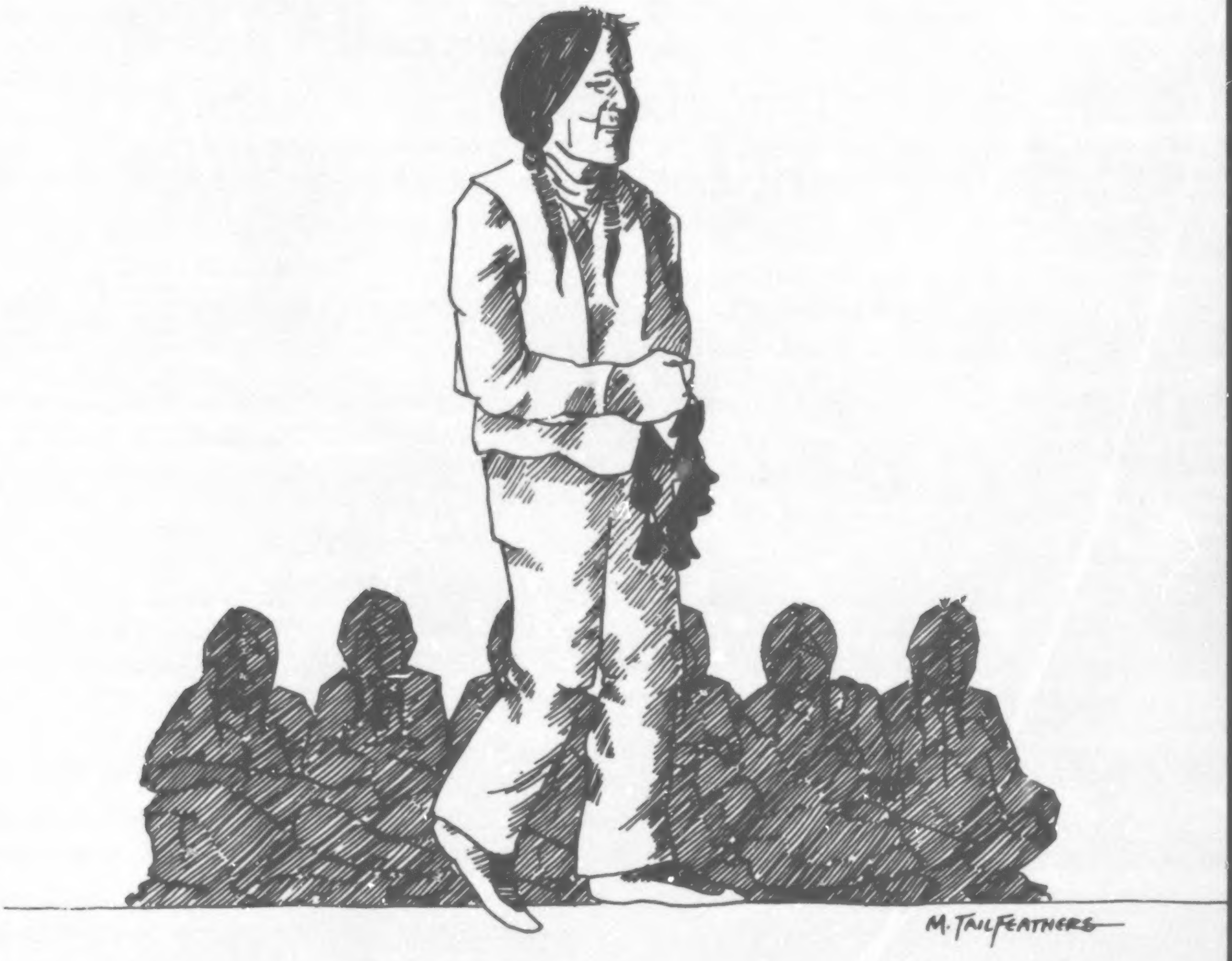

M. TAILFEATHERS

Eagle Plume and his helpers sang four Blacktail songs.
Then it was time to eat.



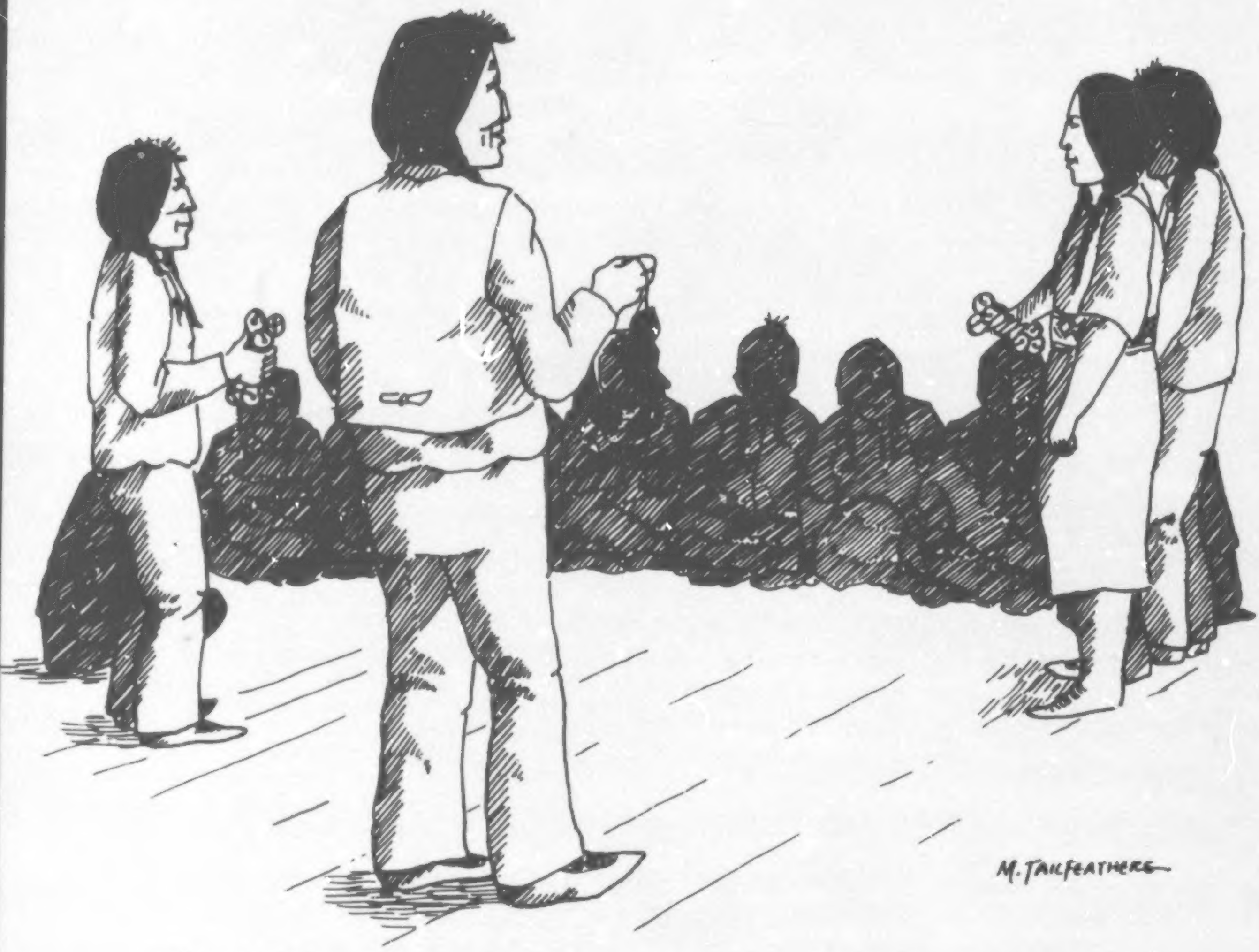
M. TAILFEATHERS

The women brought in the food.
There was Indian fry bread, berry soup, boiled dried meat,
pemmican and peppermint tea.

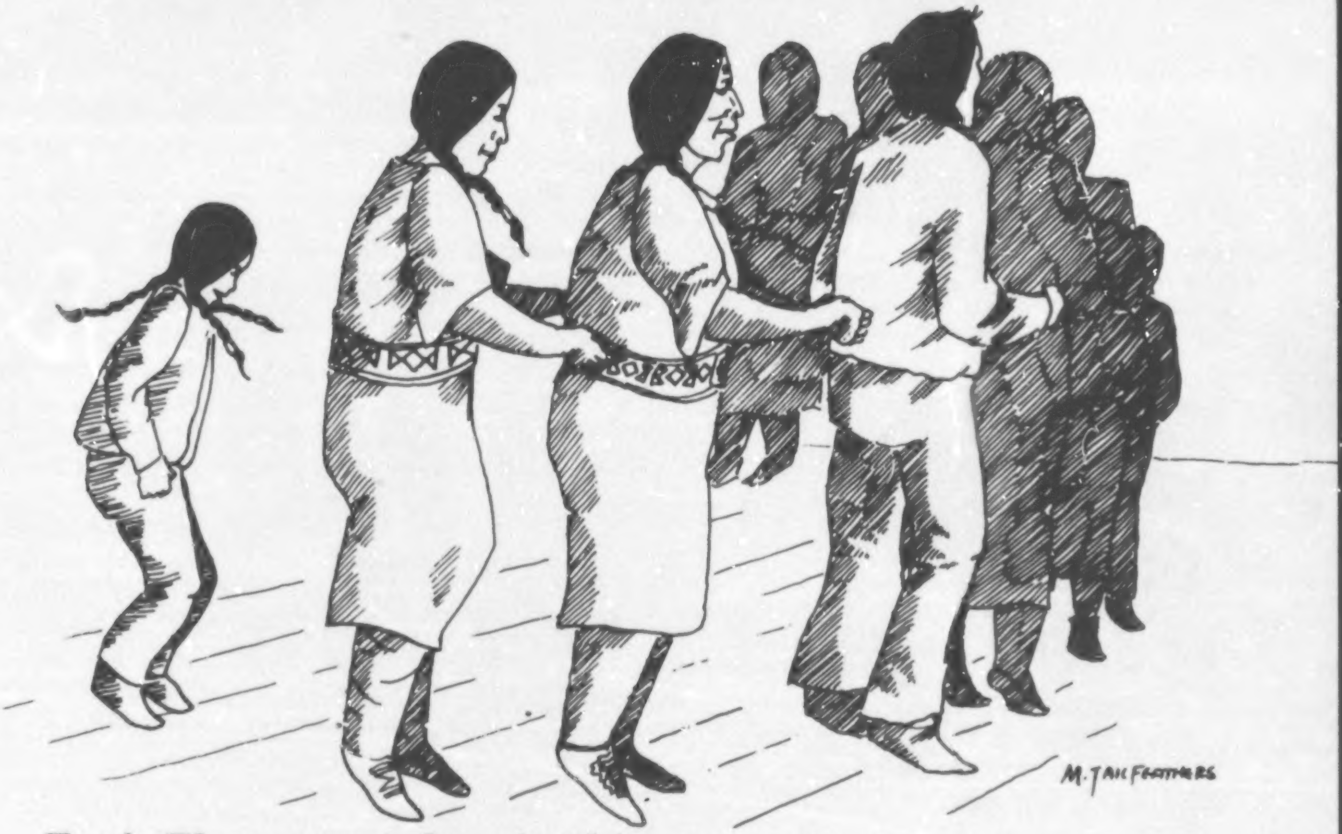


M. TAILFEATHERS

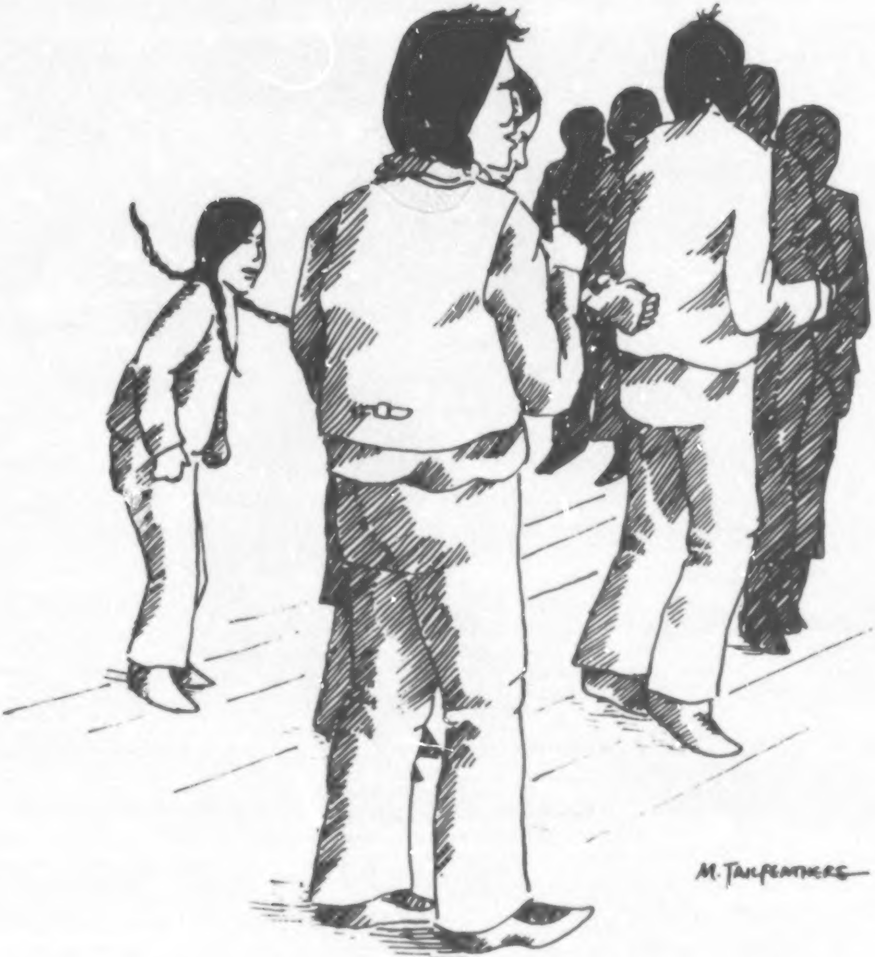
After the feast, Eagle Plume went to the middle of the floor. He held some sacred deer hoofs in his hands.



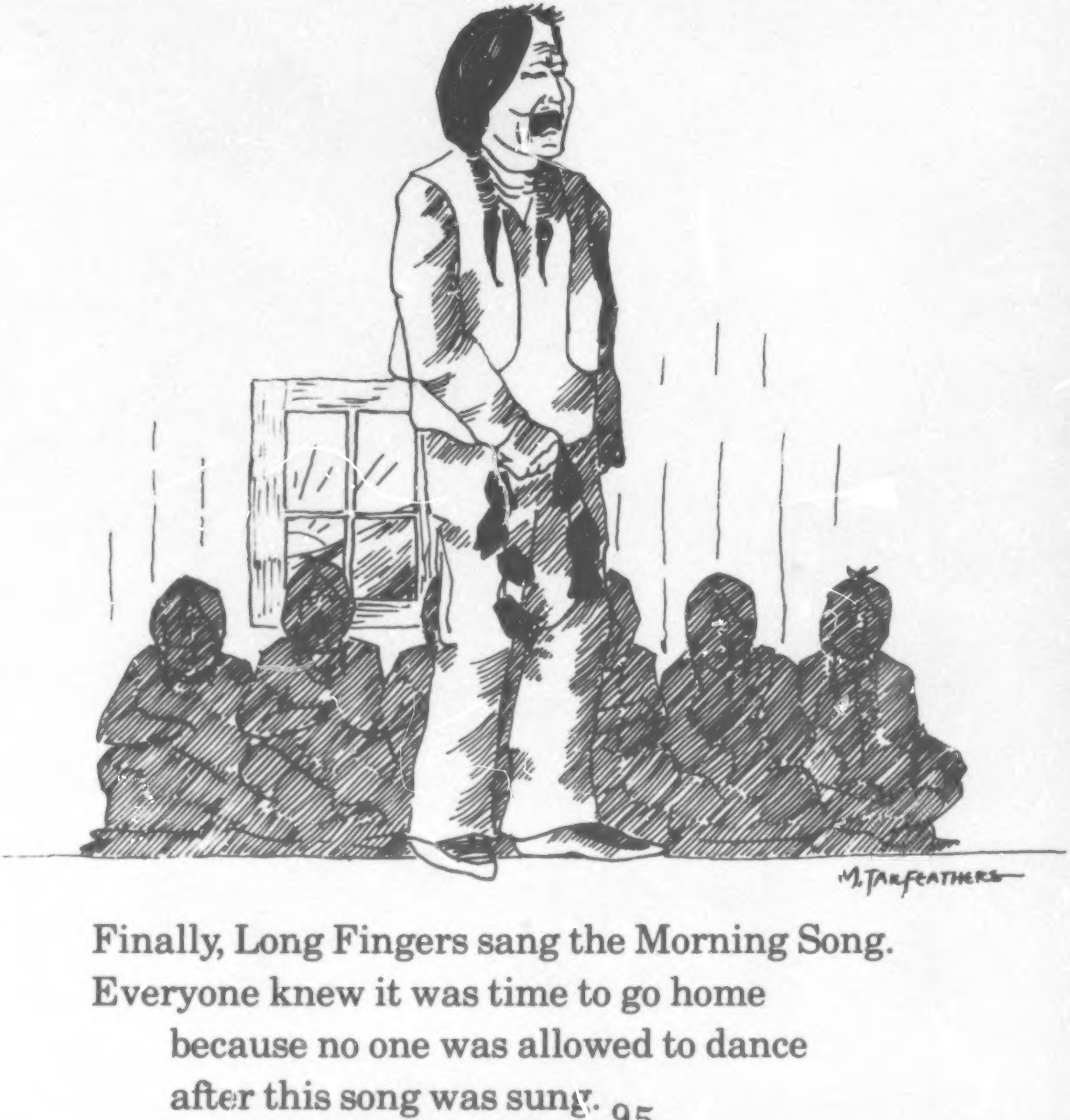
Eagle Plume shook the hoofs as his helpers shook bells.
The people felt the sacred meaning of the dance
in their hearts.
They wanted to dance.



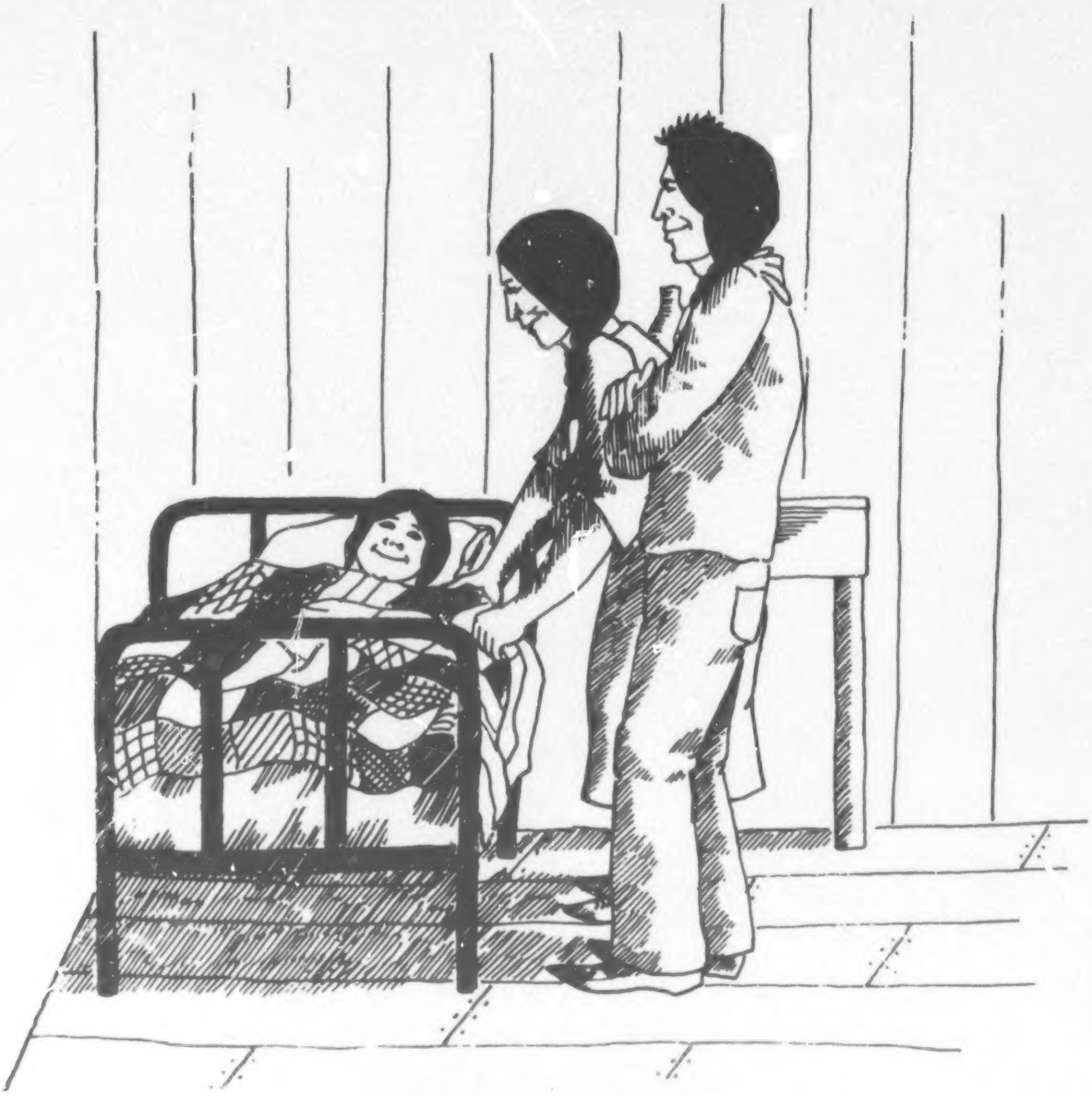
Eagle Plume started to sing his song.
Everyone stood and danced in a circle.
They moved up and down like deer to the beat of the song.
After Eagle Plume had finished his song,
Aimsback stood up, prayed and sang his song.
The people danced.
This went on and on as each person who had a song of his own
took his turn.


M. TAILFEATHERS

Eagle Plume warned, "Do not fall down, my friends,
or bad luck will fall upon you."
The dancing went on until early morning.



Finally, Long Fingers sang the Morning Song.
Everyone knew it was time to go home
because no one was allowed to dance
after this song was sung.



Lone Star Woman put a happy Eagle Boy to bed.
The Indian parents were thankful that Eagle Boy was well
and their promise had been fulfilled.

JOAN BULLSHOE KENNERLY

Mrs. Kennerly has twenty years of teaching experience in the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne public school systems and was the first runnerup for the 1972 Montana Teacher of the Year. She received her B.A. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She was responsible for establishing Native American Day for the State, and was appointed by the Governor of Montana to serve on the Commission on Post Secondary Education. She also was the Chairperson of House Joint Resolution 60, which established the Master Plan for Indian Education for the State of Montana. She has two children.

JUNE BULLSHOE TATSEY

Mrs. Tatsey is a Blackfeet Indian with sixteen years experience in teaching grades one through eight and pre-school in the public school system on the Blackfeet Reservation. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana. She was the reading supervisor and is now vice-principal at K.W. Bergen Elementary School in Browning, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

CARMEN BULLSHOE MARCEAU

Mrs. Marceau is a Blackfeet Indian with eighteen years teaching experience. She has had one year experience in guidance and counseling on the Blackfeet Reservation and is principal of Browning Elementary School. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana.

DORIS BULLSHOE OLD PERSON

Mrs. Old Person has eighteen years experience teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System. She has specialized in remedial reading and has been Head Start Director-Supervisor for ESEA Title I and Director of the Native Song and Dance Program. She received her B.A. from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She has five children.

Mrs. Kennerly, Mrs. Tatsey, Mrs Marceau, and Mrs. Old Person are the daughters of Lillian and Francis Bullshoe. They were raised on a ranch near Badger Creek in the Blackfeet Reservation countryside.

All four women had similar educational backgrounds. They attended Mad Plume School (a one room rural school), the Blackfeet Indian Boarding School, and all but Mrs. Tatsey attended Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. They all graduated from Browning High School. At the present time the four women are teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System in Browning, Montana.

MELVIN TAILFEATHERS

Mr. Tailfeathers is a self-taught artist who has lived on the Blackfeet Reservation all his life. His grandmother was a Blackfeet medicine woman. Mr. Tailfeathers prefers to do pen and ink sketches of Blackfeet life although he sometimes works with ceramic figurines.

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How Marten Got His Spots

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How Marten Got His Spots

Level III Book 4

Developed by the Kootenai Cultural Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

Mary Andrews, *Consultant*
Joe Antiste, *Consultant*
Susan Blixt
Sarah Bufton
Glenda Burke, *Illustrator*
Madeline Couture
Debbie Joseph, *Illustrator*
Alex Lefthand, *Consultant*
Basil Lefthand, *Consultant*
Naida Lefthand, *Coordinator*
Adeline Mathias, *Consultant*

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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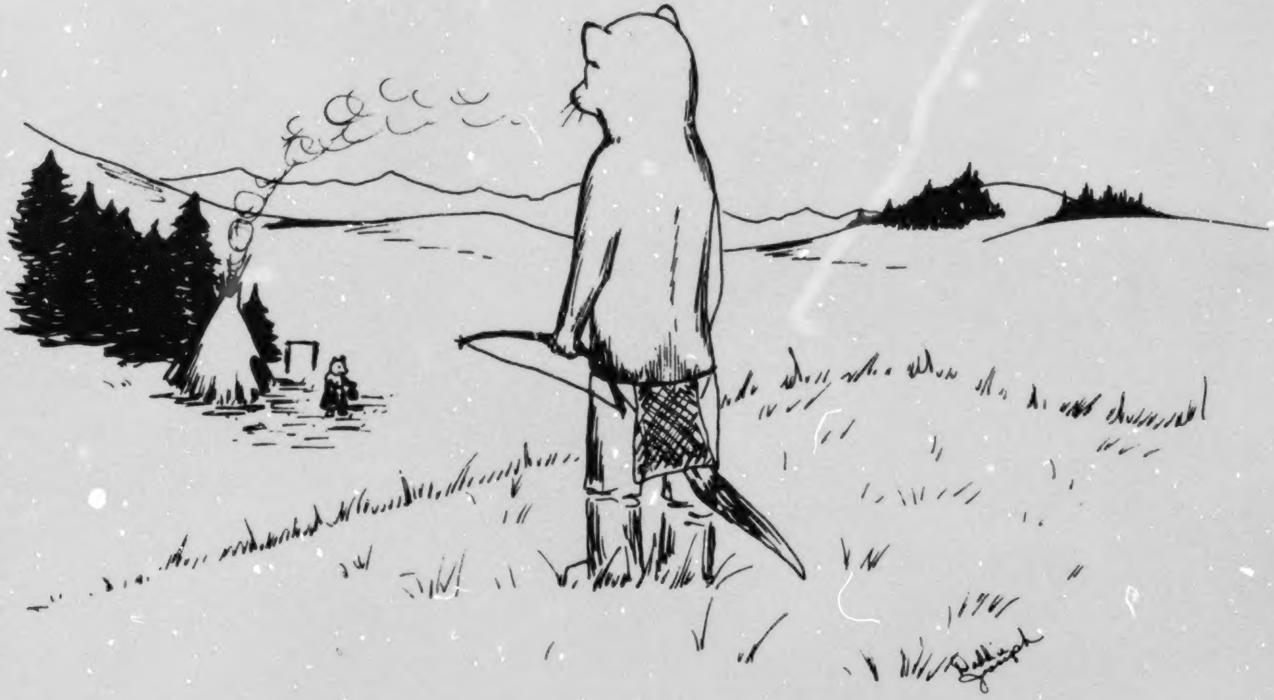
Marten and Mink were brothers.
Since Mink was the oldest,
he took care of his younger brother, Marten.
Mink gave strict orders to Marten.
"Whatever you do, never go over the hill," he said.
"Always stay close to home."

Marten would look up at the hill
    and wonder why he wasn't allowed
    to play on the other side.
One day his curiosity got the best of him.
He went to the top of the hill.
Down in the valley was a tepee.
Marten wondered who lived there.
As he got closer, he saw Bear working in the yard.



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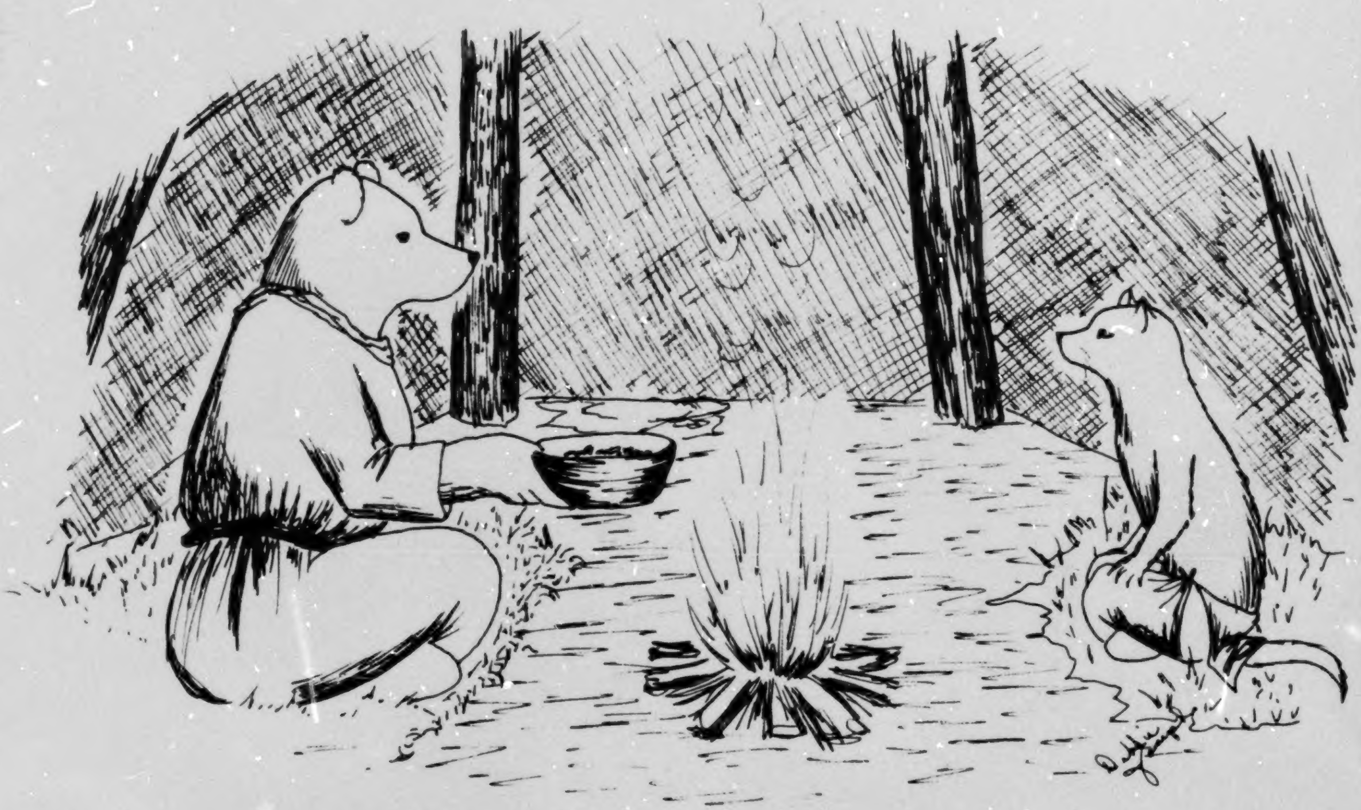
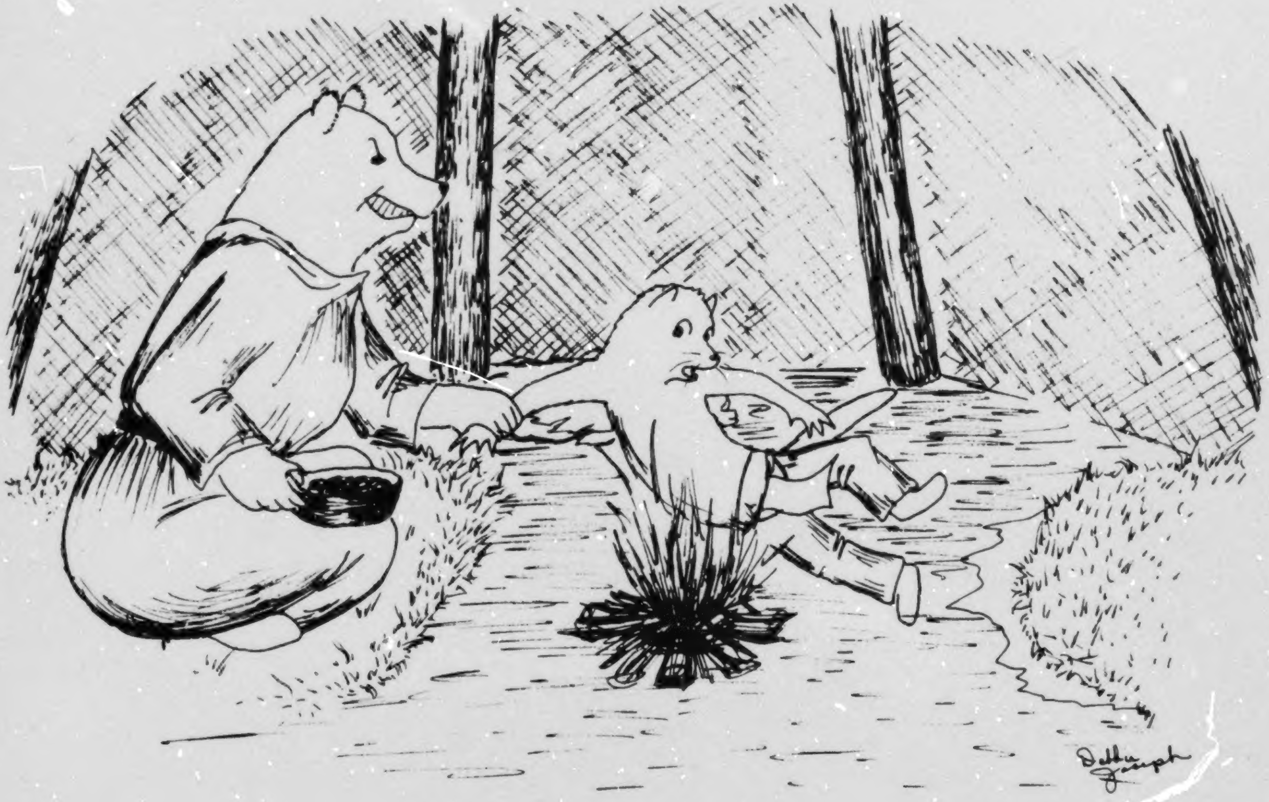
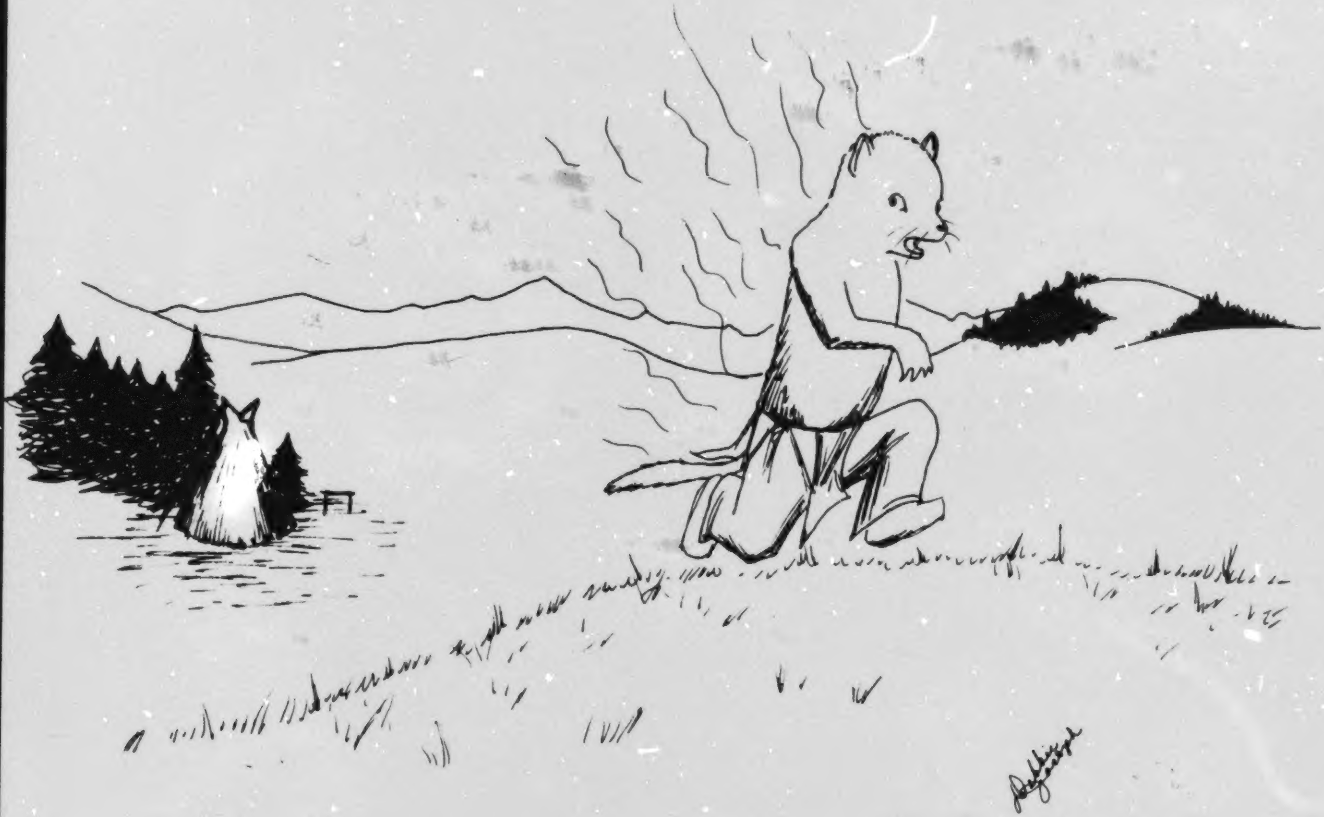


When Bear went back into the tepee,
Marten followed her in
and sat down across from her.
Bear offered Marten a wooden dish full of pemmican.



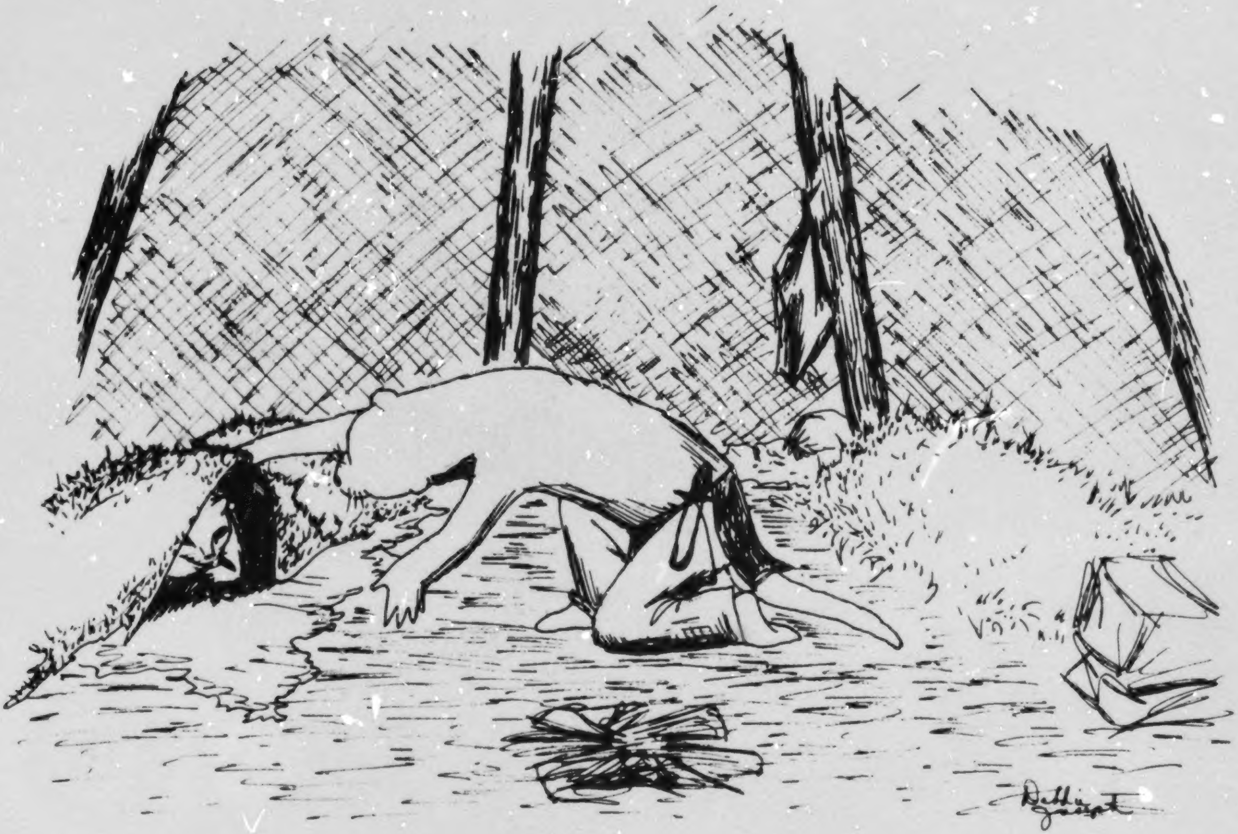
As Marten reached across the fire to take the dish,
Bear grabbed his arm and pulled him into the fire!

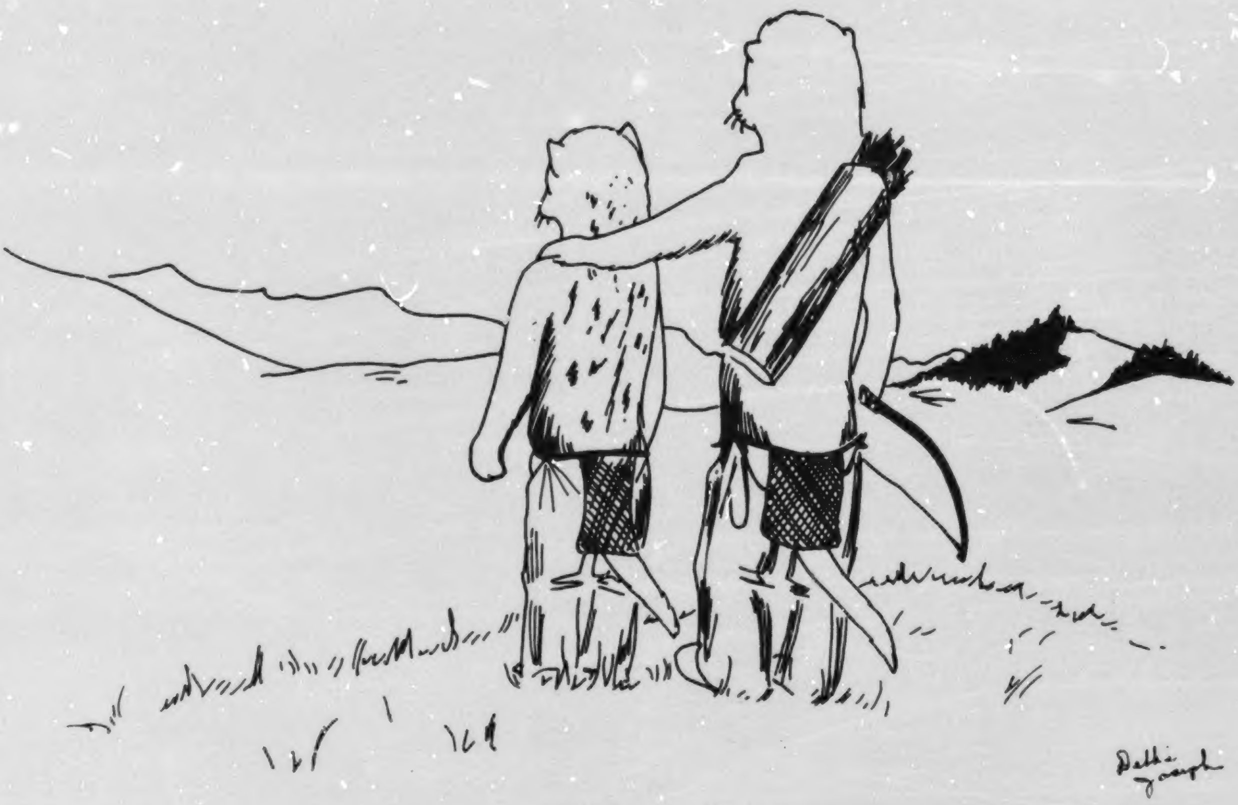
Just in time, he scrambled out of the fire
before he scorched himself too badly.
Poor Marten ran all the way home
and jumped under the covers.



7

When Mink returned from hunting,
there was no sign of Marten.
Mink looked everywhere.
Finally, he lifted up the blankets
and found his little brother.
Martin told Mink he had not listened
and had gone over the hill.
He explained what had happened
and showed his big brother
the burnt spots on his fur.
For a few days,
Mink put medicine on his brother's wounds,
until only scars remained.




Debbie Joseph

And that's how martens got their spots.

Lost in the Fog

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 5

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Lost in the Fog
Level III Book 5

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Bernice Lozier Tanewasha
Charlotte Williams

A Jamestown Clallam Legend

As told by Jim Cook

Illustrated by Debra Barr

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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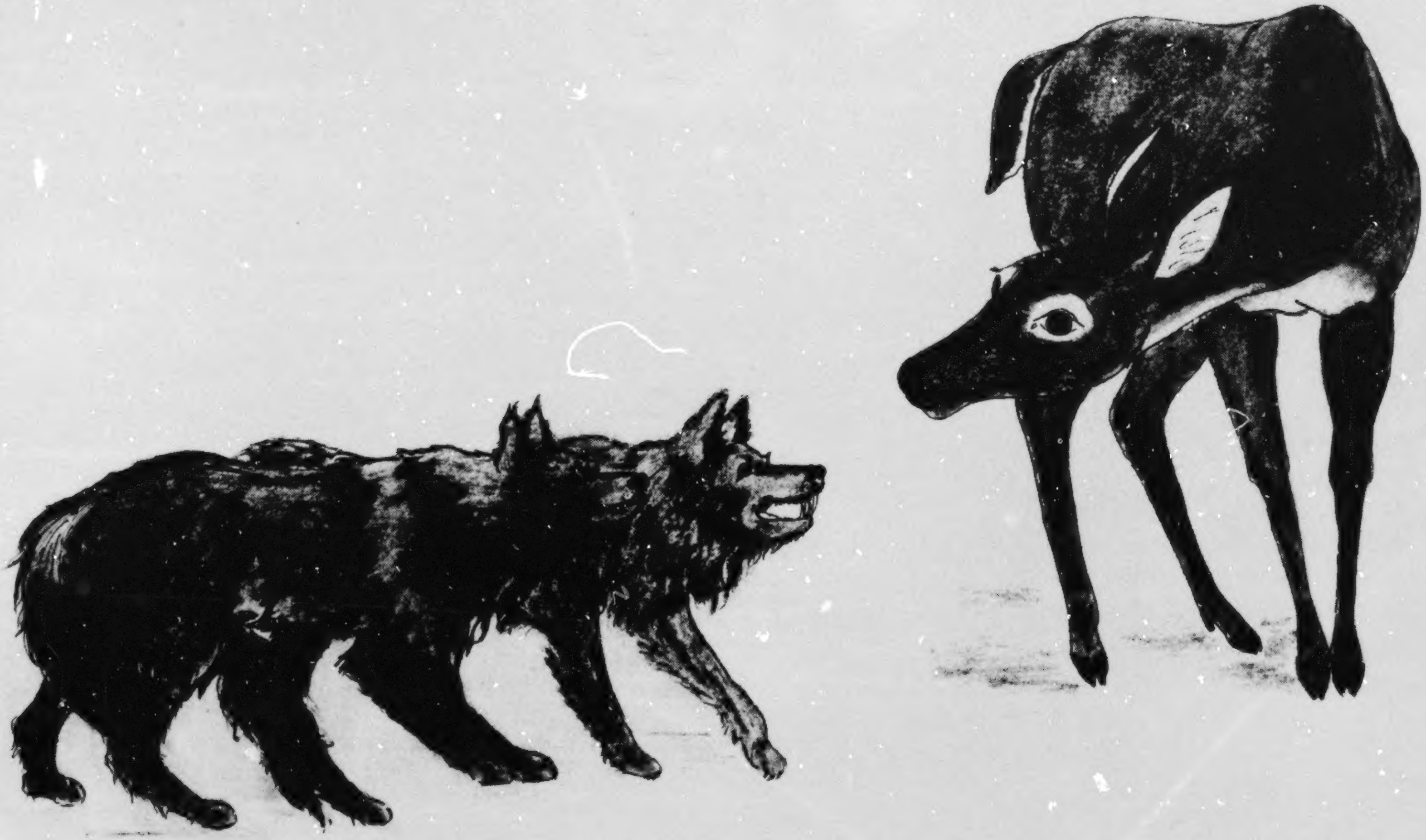
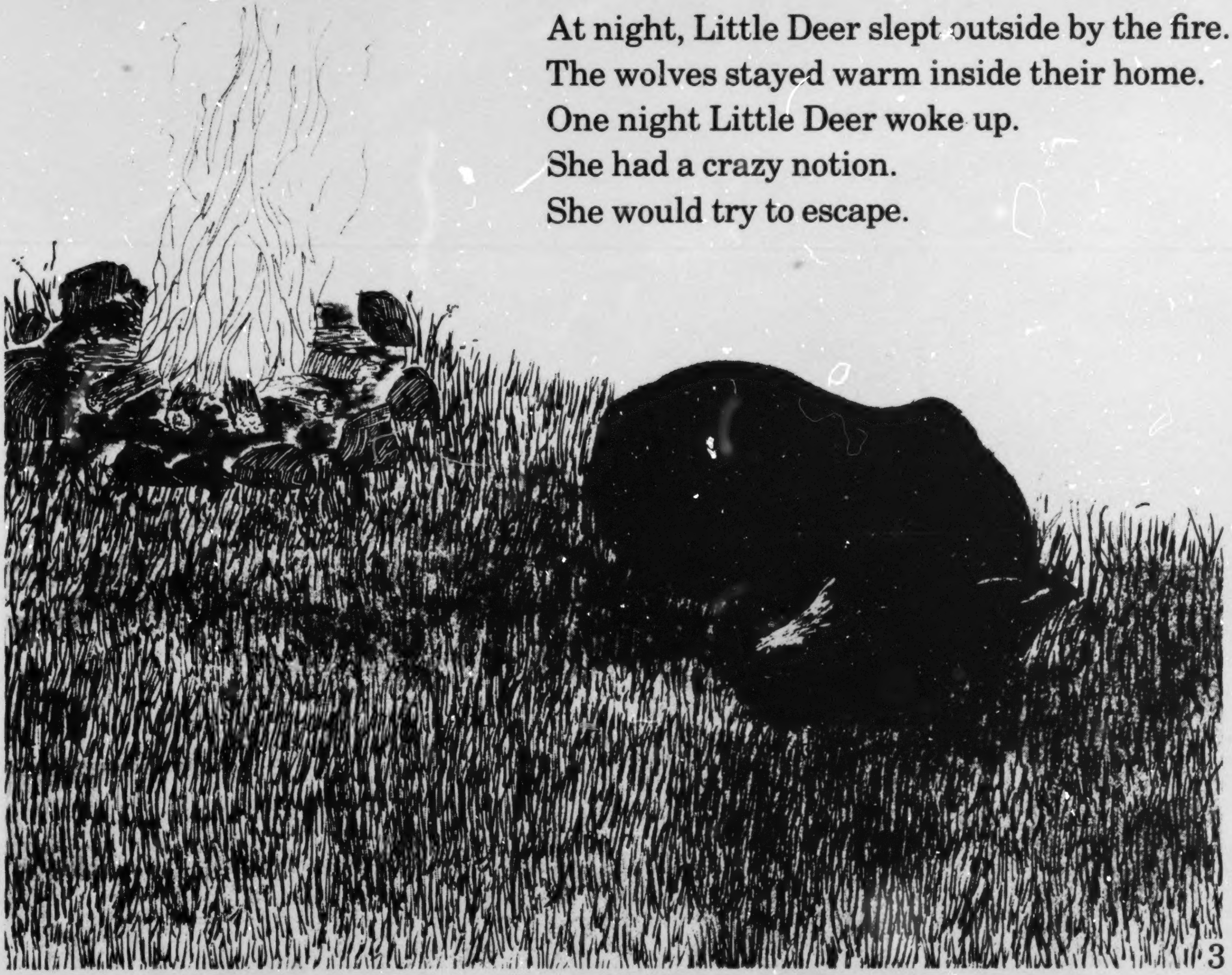
This story is about a little deer.



As the story goes, Little Deer was captured
by a band of wolves.
She was taken into the woods and made into a slave.

At night, Little Deer slept outside by the fire.
The wolves stayed warm inside their home.
One night Little Deer woke up.
She had a crazy notion.
She would try to escape.



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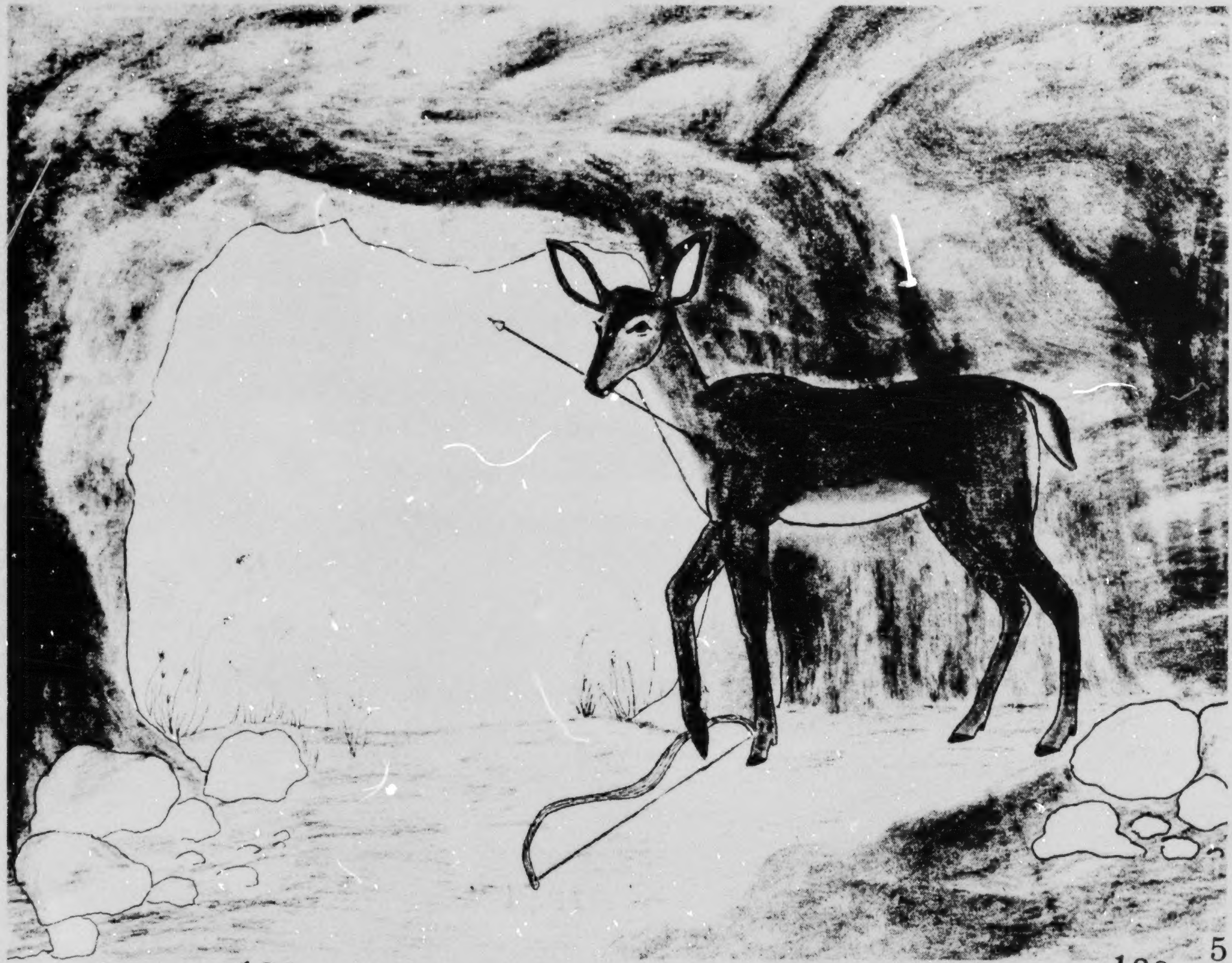
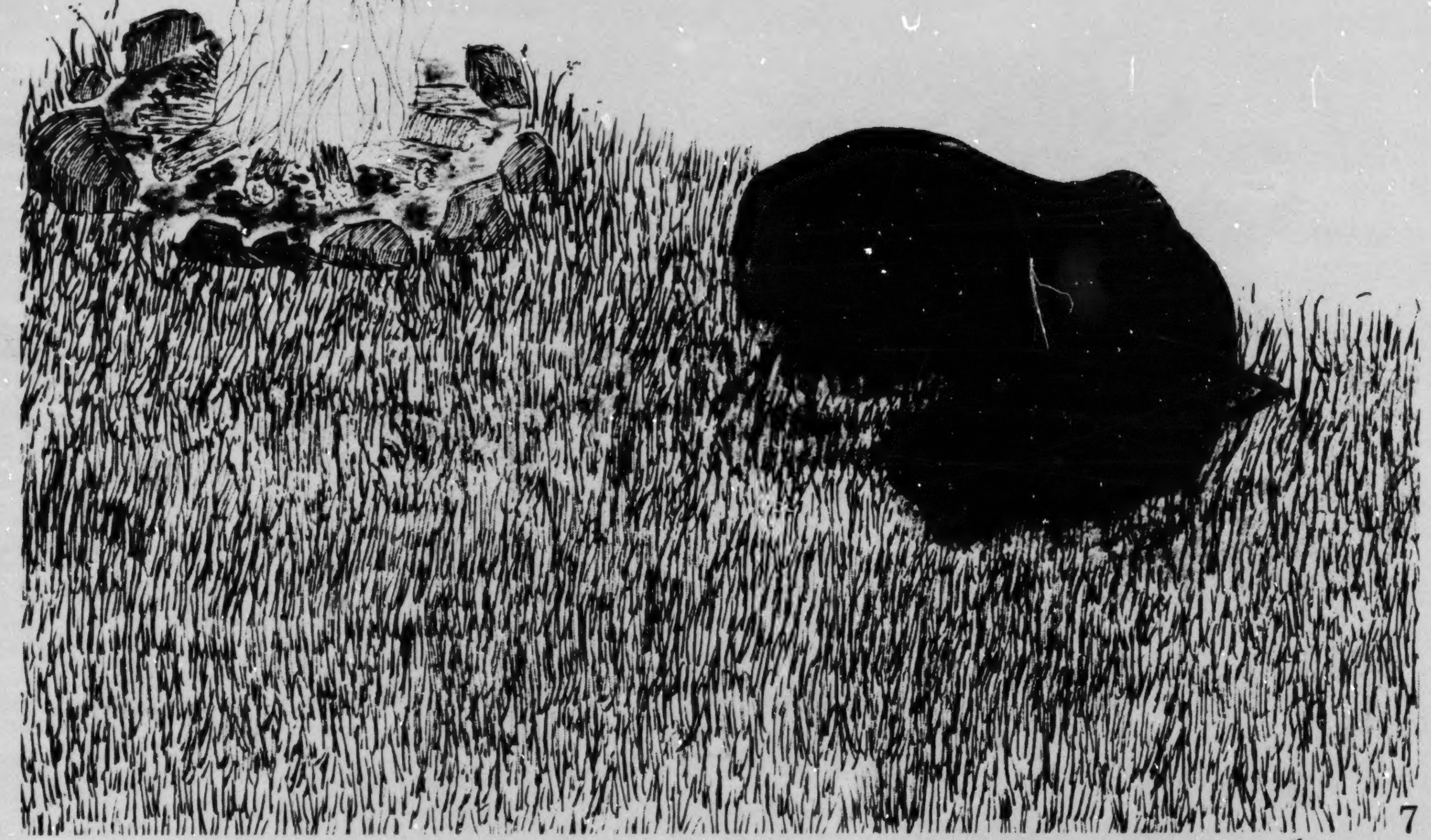
Little Deer found a bow and arrow.
She sneaked up to the door, opened it,
    and saw all the wolves asleep.
She took the arrow and shot one of the wolves.
It was the chief.



Little Deer quickly went back to the fire
and covered herself with ashes.
She made believe she was still asleep.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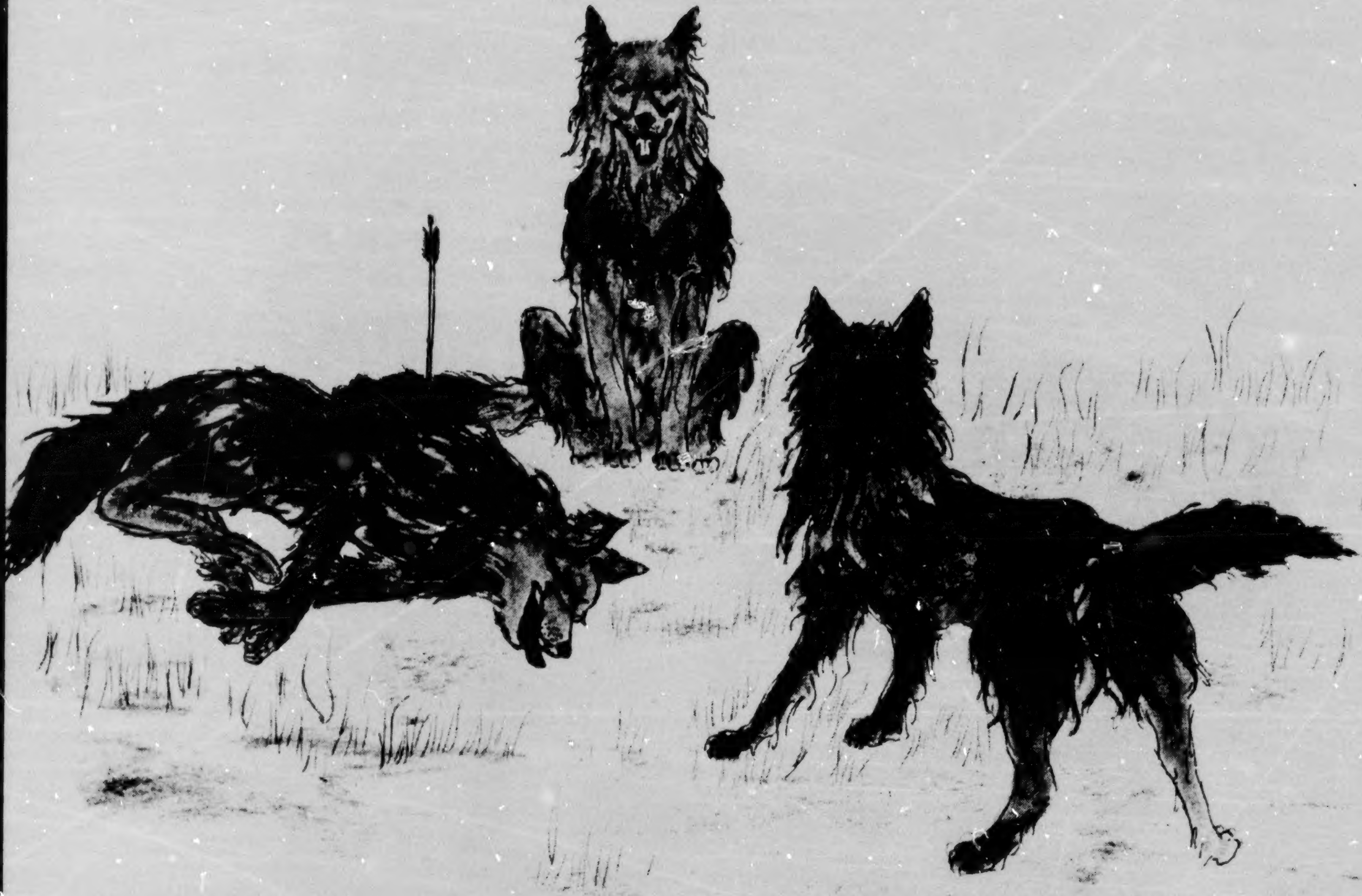
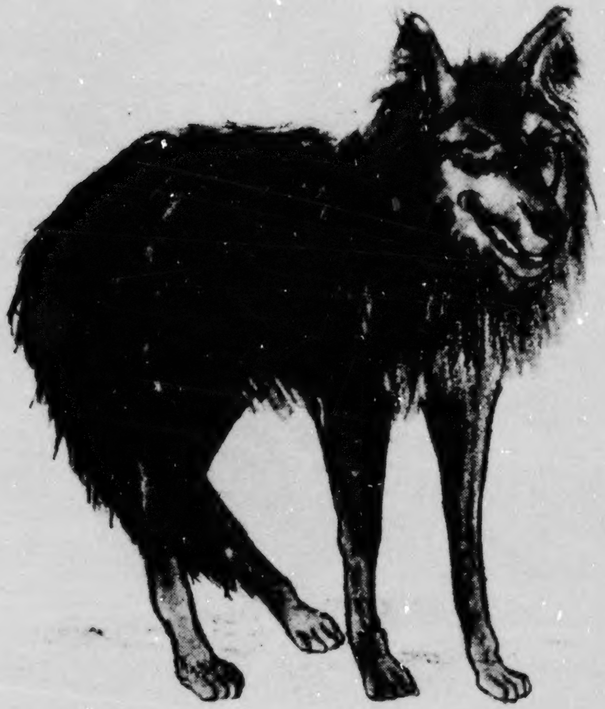
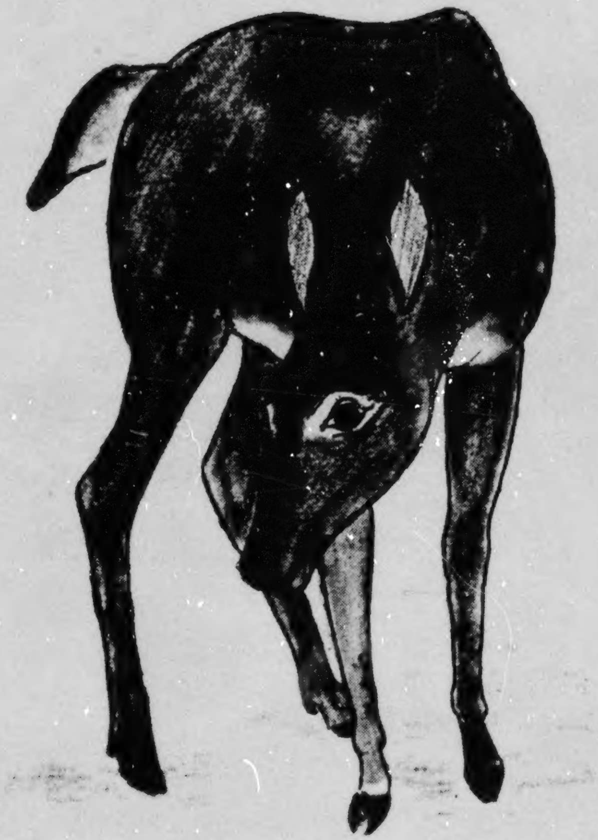
When the rest of the wolves woke up,
they discovered their chief had been killed.
They called Little Deer and said,
"Our brother, our chief, has been shot with an arrow.
Do you know anything about it?"

"No," said Little Deer, "I don't."

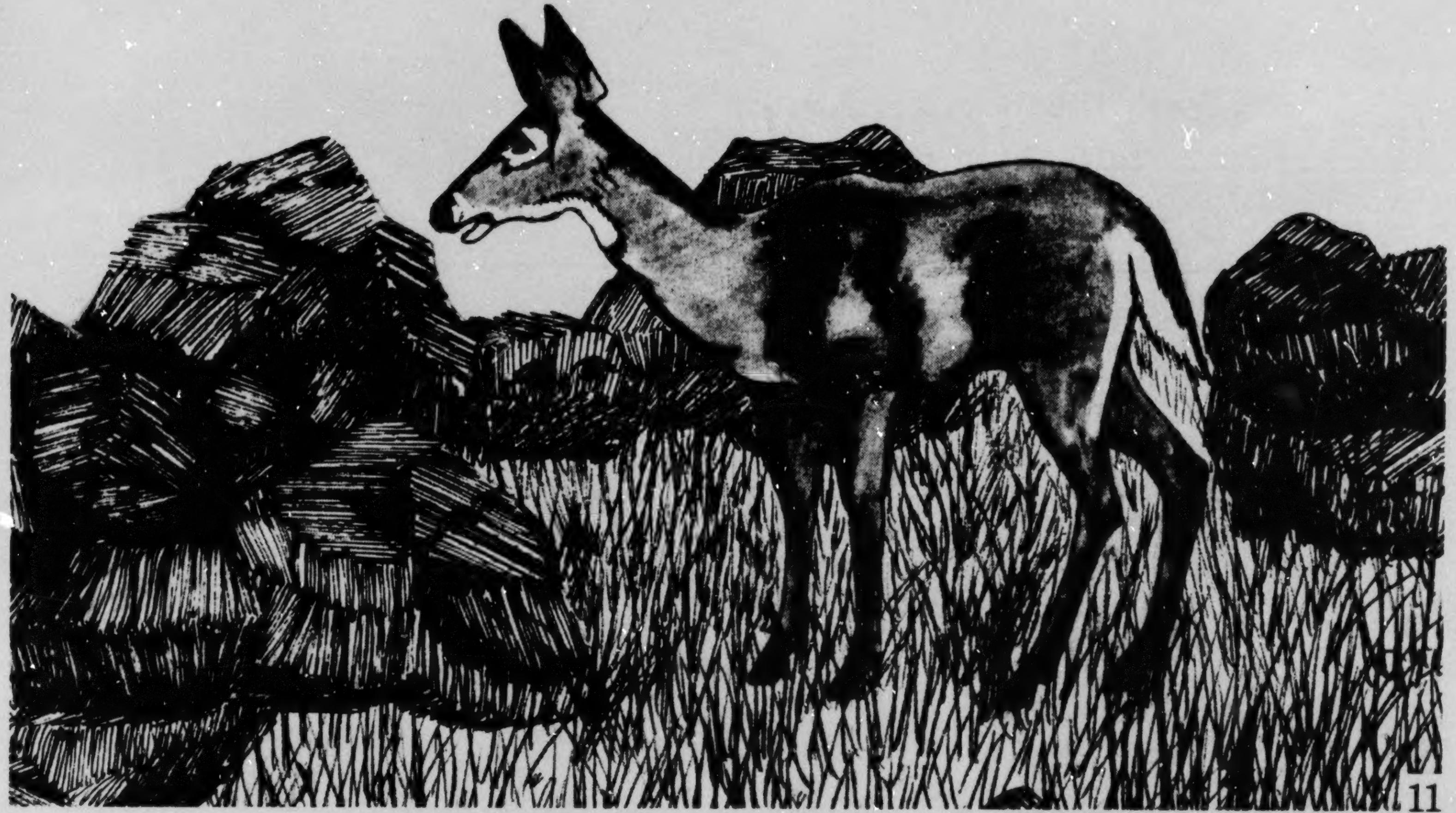


The wolves questioned her some more.
But still she insisted she knew nothing about it.
She told her captors, "I’ll go out by the fire
and cry for my master.”

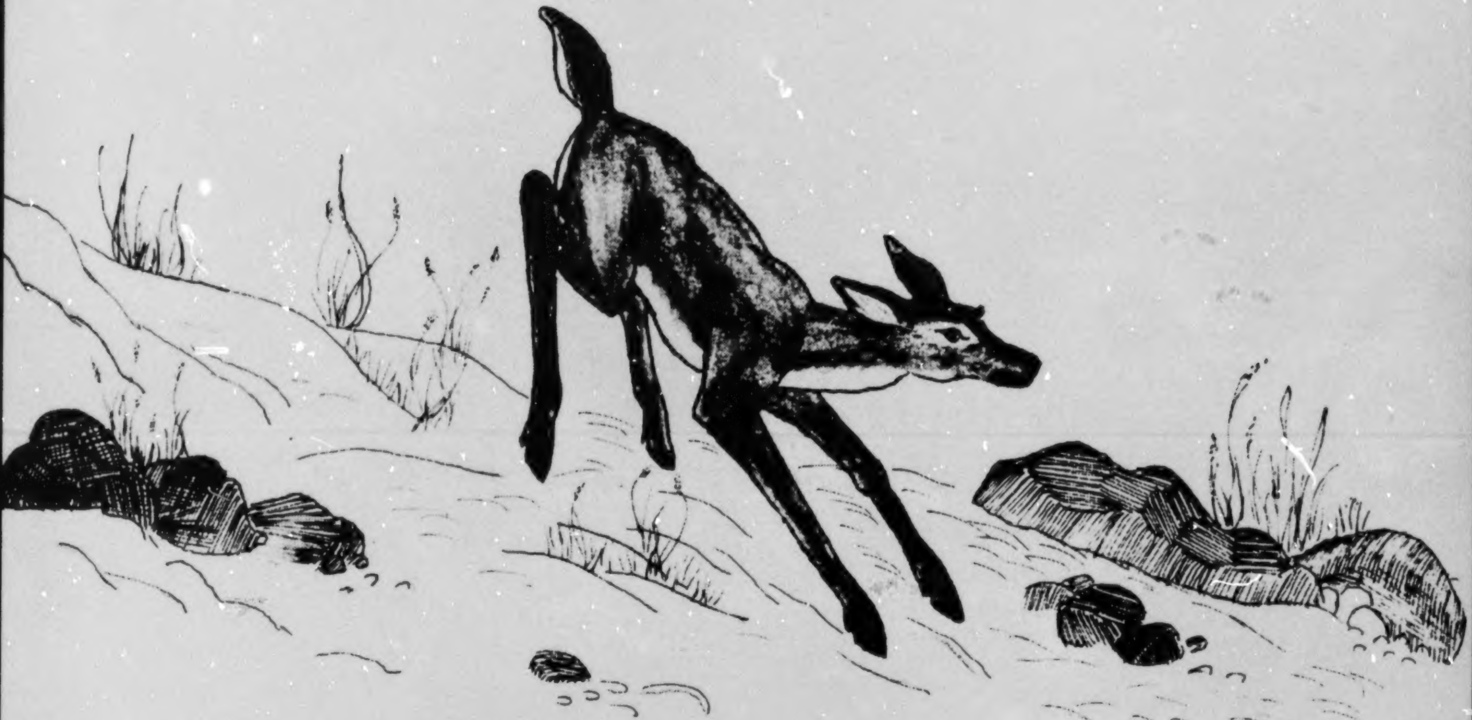




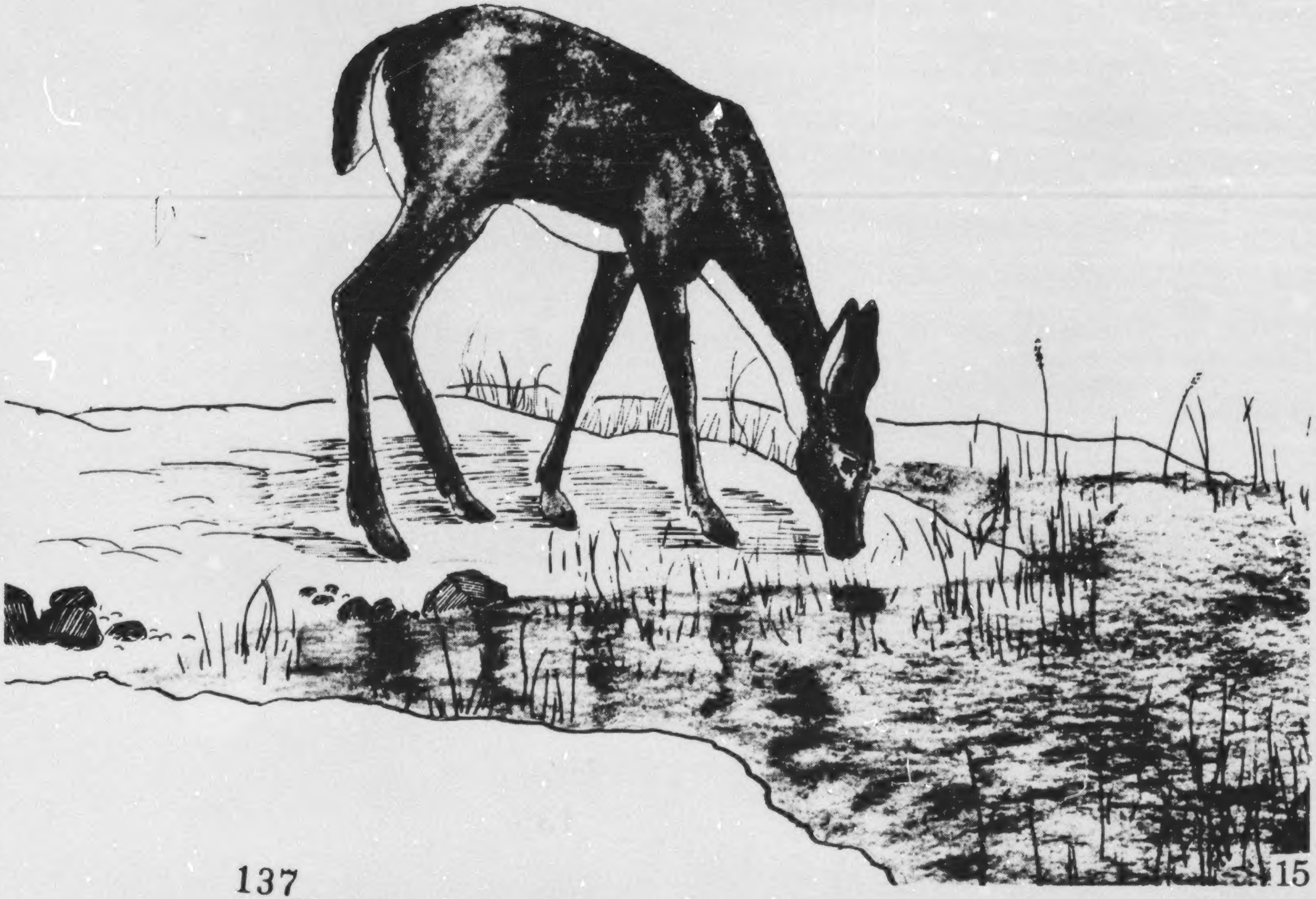
But when Little Deer was outside, she did not cry.
Instead, she spoke to some rocks.
She told them, "Now you cry just as if I am crying,
and I will make my escape."



While the rocks were crying,
Little Deer made her escape.
It wasn't long before the wolves went outside
and found that she was gone.
Then they realized it was she who had shot their chief.
So the wolves took off and followed Little Deer's tracks.



After some time, Little Deer came to a beach.
Across the water was land.
She thought, "If only I could get over there,
I'd be safe."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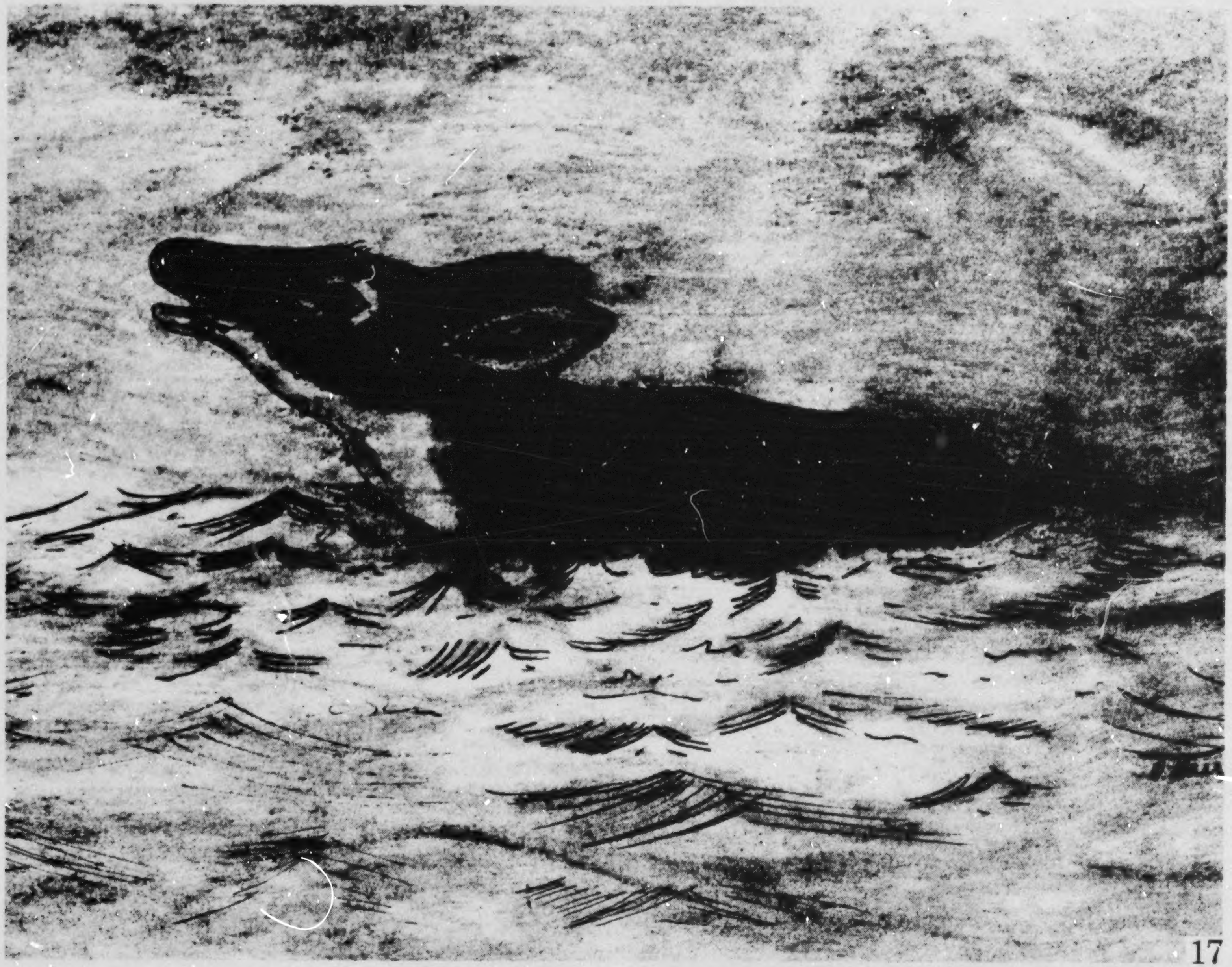
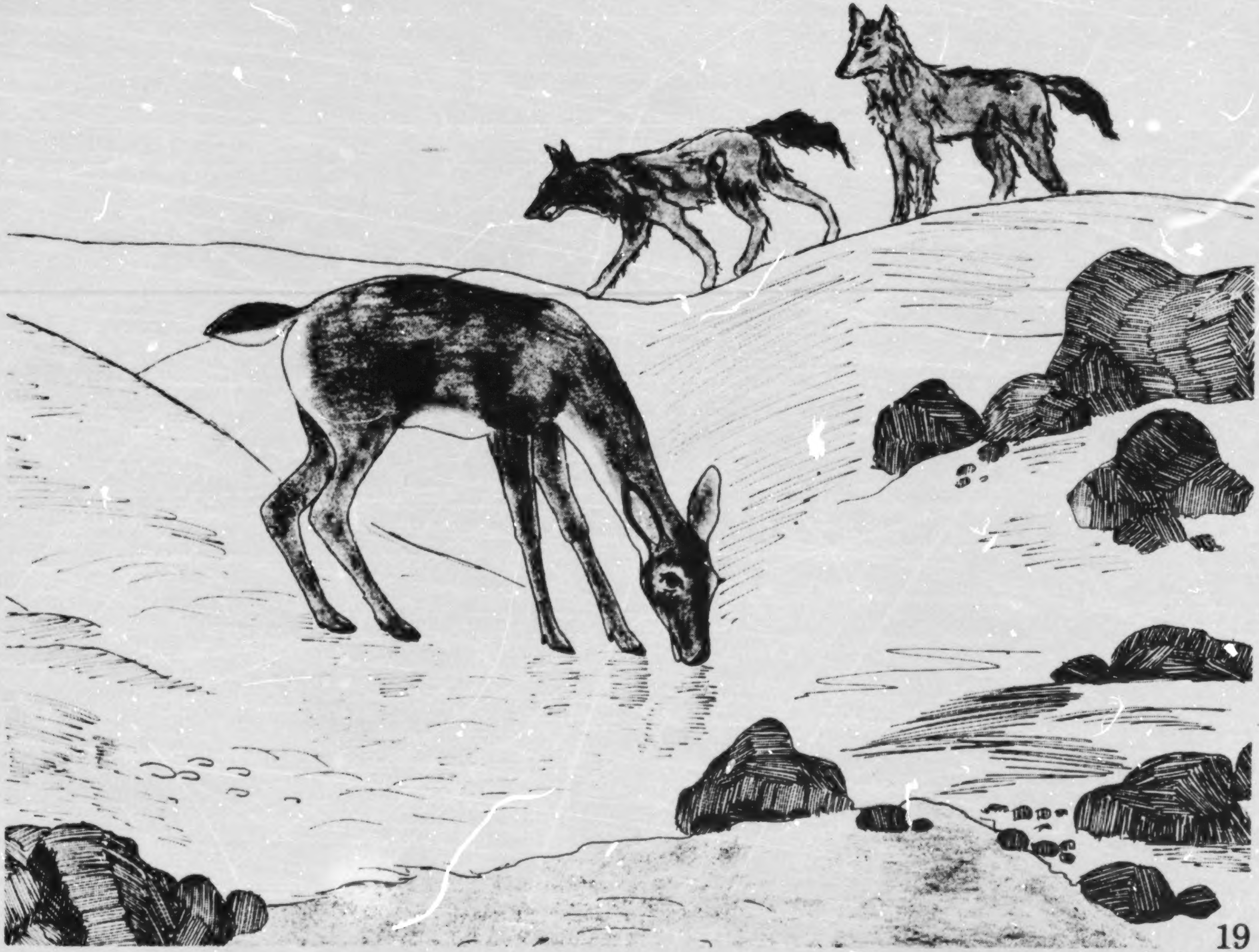
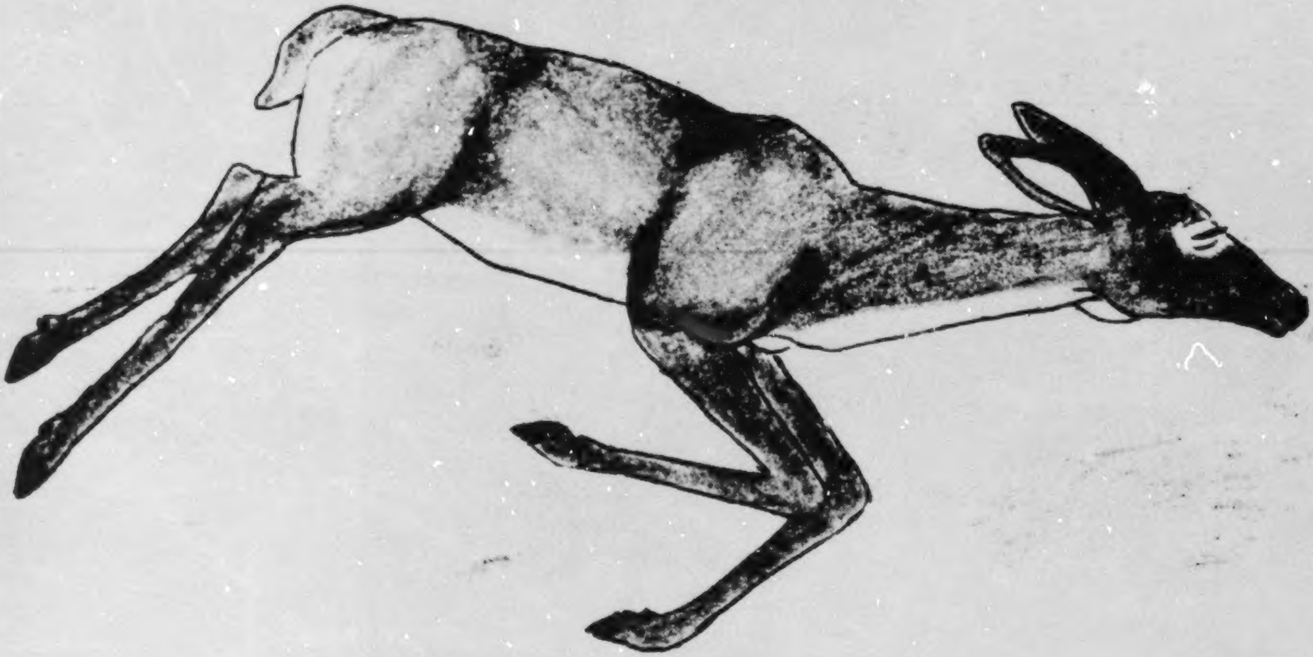
Little Deer began to swim.
While she was in the water, a heavy, thick fog rolled in.
Little Deer could not see where she was going.
She turned around in the fog
    and headed right back to where she started from.



17

When she finally saw land she thought,
    "Oh, I'm across now!
I'm safe!"
Little Deer was very happy.
She chanted a song as she climbed out of the water
    and shook herself.
She sang, "I've escaped from those wolves,
    and I'm no longer a slave."





Little Deer kept on singing, happy about what she had done.
But the wolves had tracked her to the beach.
They pounced on Little Deer and killed her.

Up to this day, this is how the story goes.
When you are lost in the fog,
    you turn around in circles
    and don't know where you'll end up.
So, when you're outdoors,
    be careful and respect the fog.

EDITH CUSACK

Edith Cusack is a member of the Jamestown Band of the Clallam Indians and is the Business Manager of the Jamestown Clallam Tribal Council. Throughout her professional career she has been active in many Indian-related organizations, particularly in the areas of health and education, which are her greatest concerns. She serves on the Clallam County Mental Health and Retardation Board and for several years has been Chairman of the Johnson O'Malley, Title IV and Urban/Racial/Disadvantaged Programs in the Sequim, Washington, schools. She has served as a Board member and represents the Clallam Tribe in the Small Tribes of Western Washington Organization. In 1976 she was one of eight Indians in the United States to receive a Ford Foundation Fellowship to participate in the American Indian Educational Leadership Development Program operated by the National Indian Training and Research Center. All of these activities keep her on the move, and she travels about 2,000 miles per month in her work with the many agencies and organizations with which she is involved. She also is the mother of five children.

DEBRA BARR

Debra Barr has lived for the past four years on the Muckleshoot Reservation in Western Washington. She majored in art and psychology in college, and her main interests are drawing, painting and photography. Someday she hopes to become a professional photographer with her own studio. She is married to Earnest Lee Barr, who is from the Yakima Tribe, and is the mother of a two-year old boy.

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HOW TO BE A FRIEND

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 6

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How to Be a Friend

Level III Book 6

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Debbie Smith, *Illustrator*
Ada Sooksoit
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

Illustrated by Debbie Smith

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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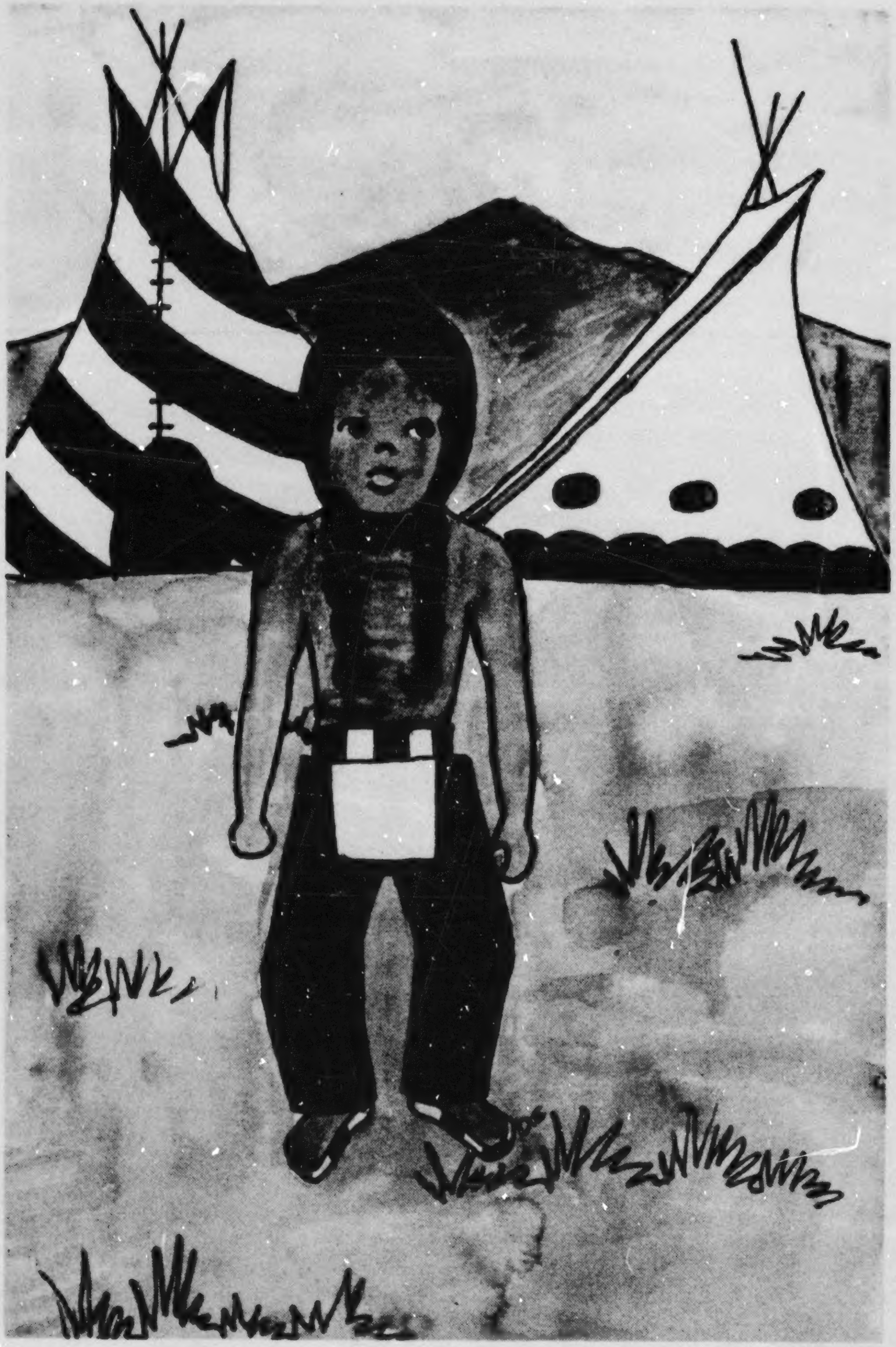
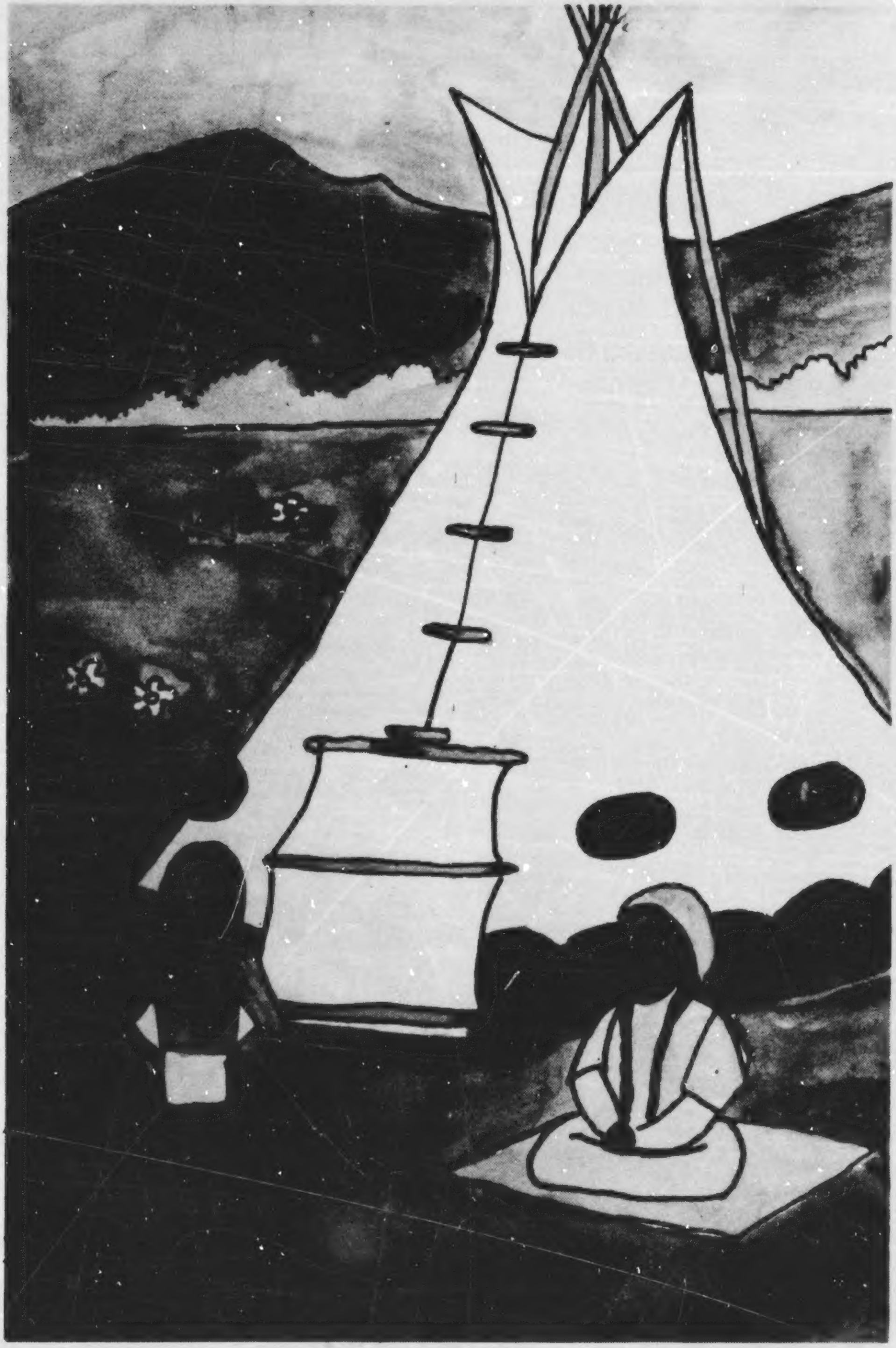
This is a story told by the Indians
to their children.
The story teaches that one of the nicest things in life
is to be a friend and to like everybody.

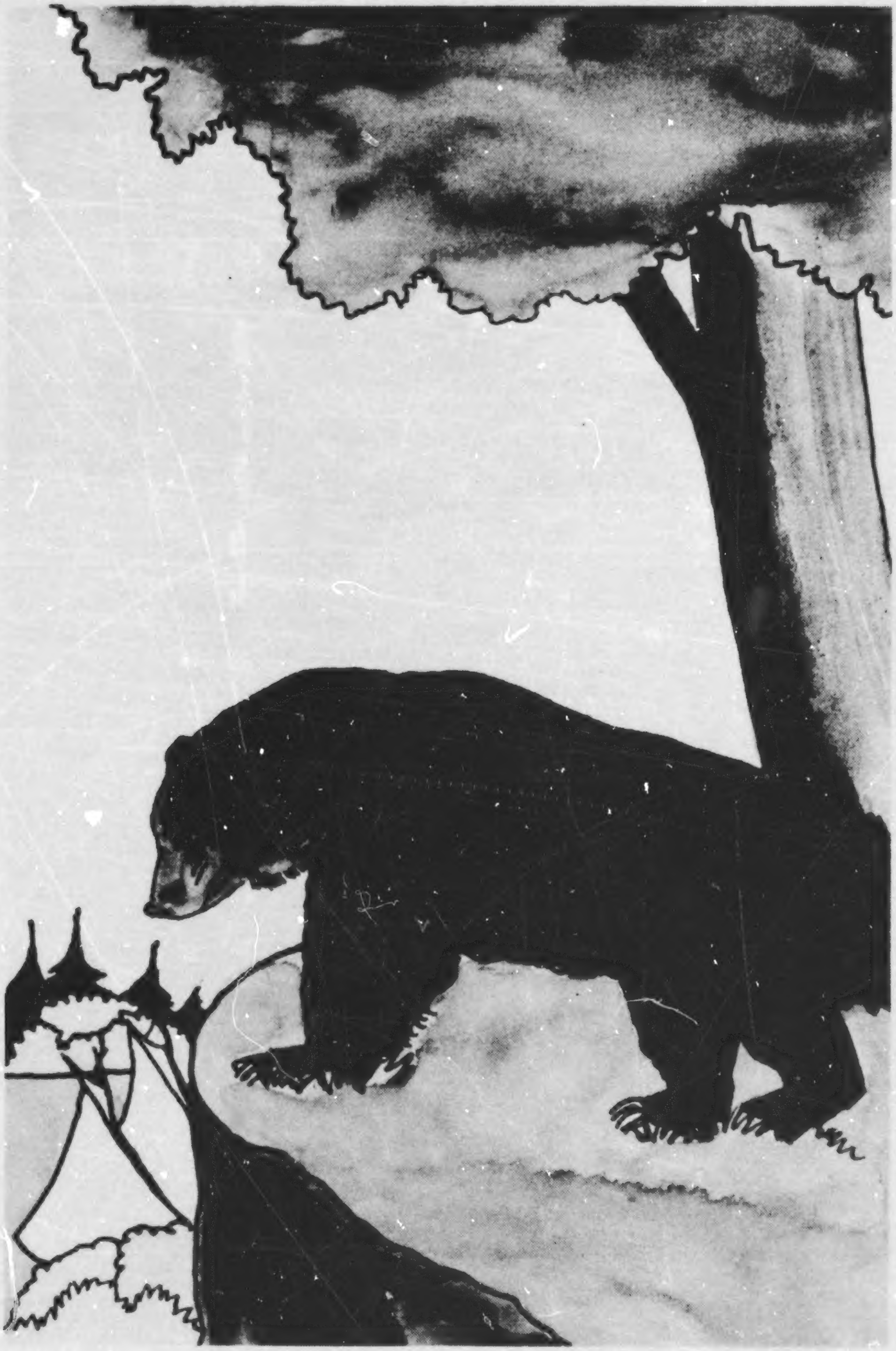
This story is about little Waski, who lived long, long ago
when the animals could talk.



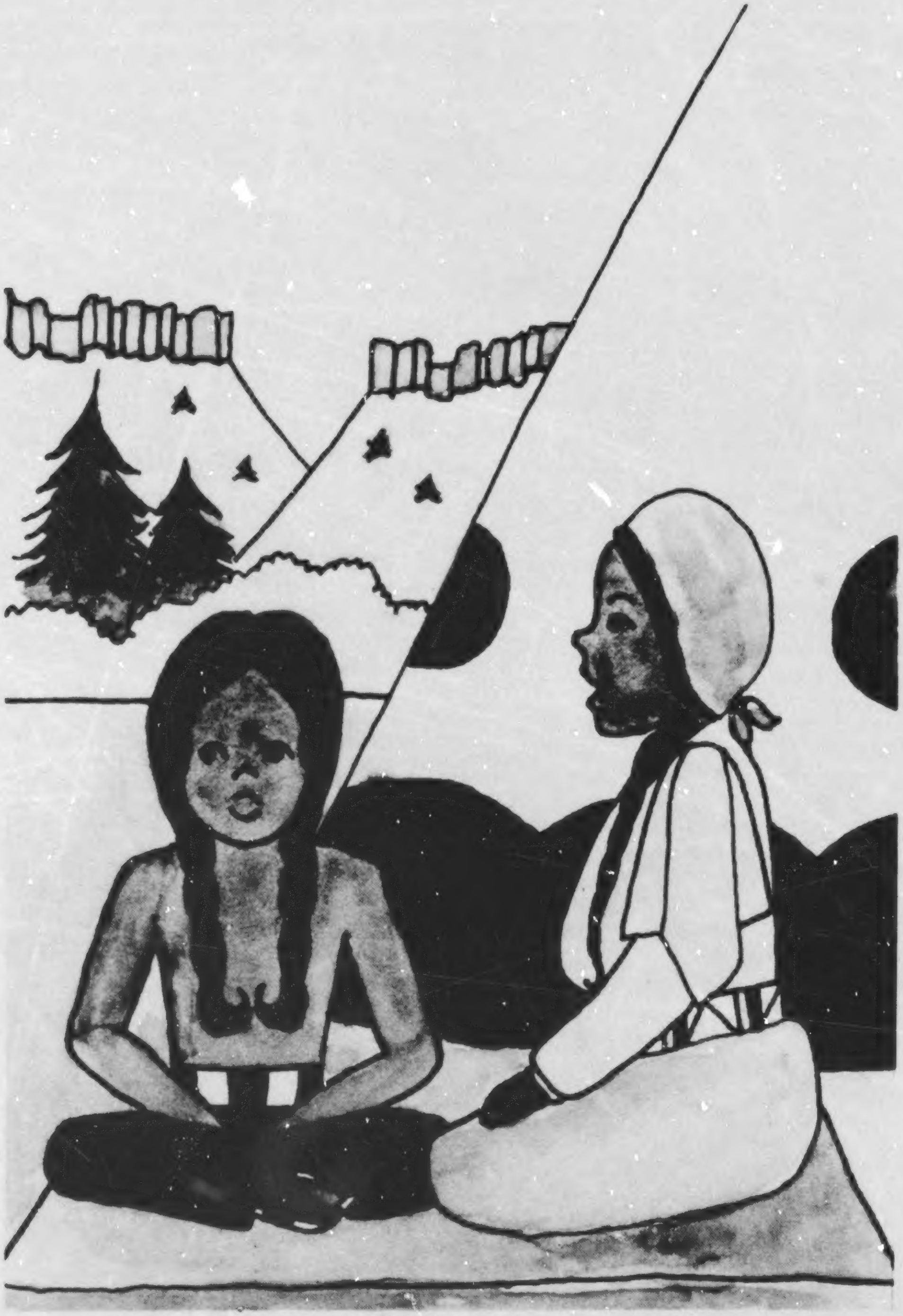
Little Waski lived with his grandmother
by a big forest.
His friends were the Forest People
and the Stream People.
They taught Waski many things.



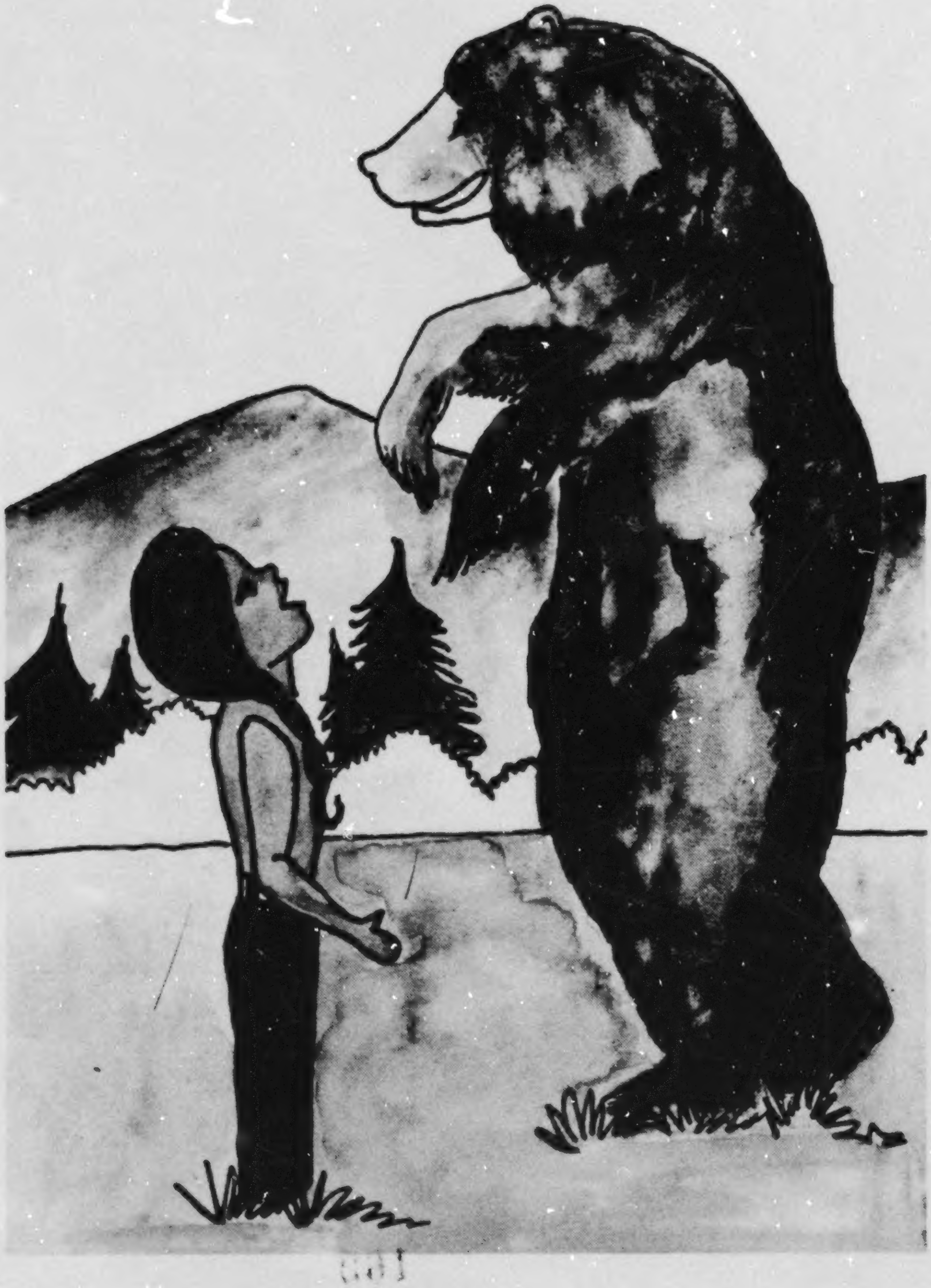
But the bears were not friendly.
They were rough and had mean tempers.



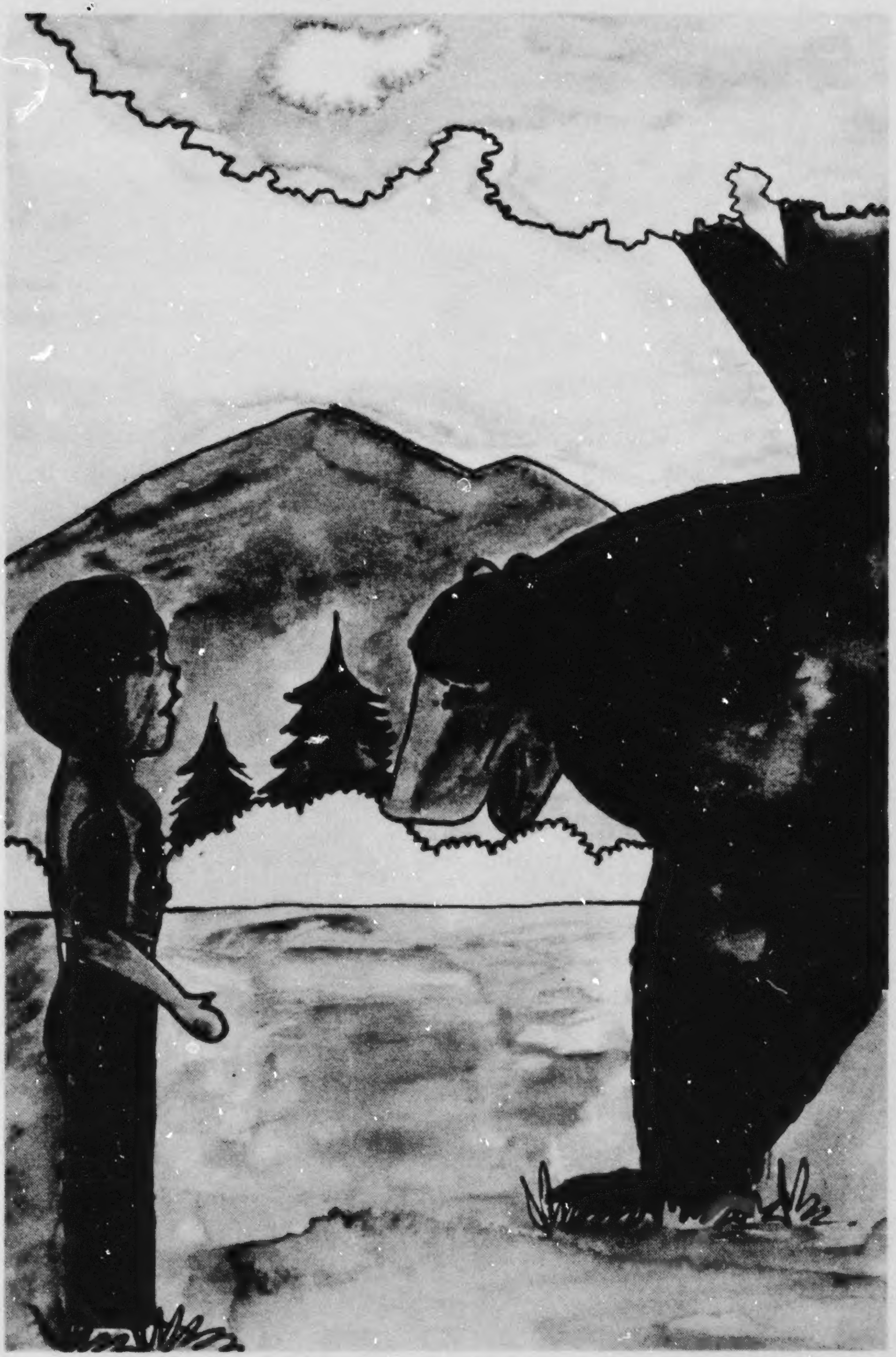
Waski's grandmother told him the bears were mean
because they were frightened.
"Everyone hunts bears for their thick fur,"
said Grandmother.



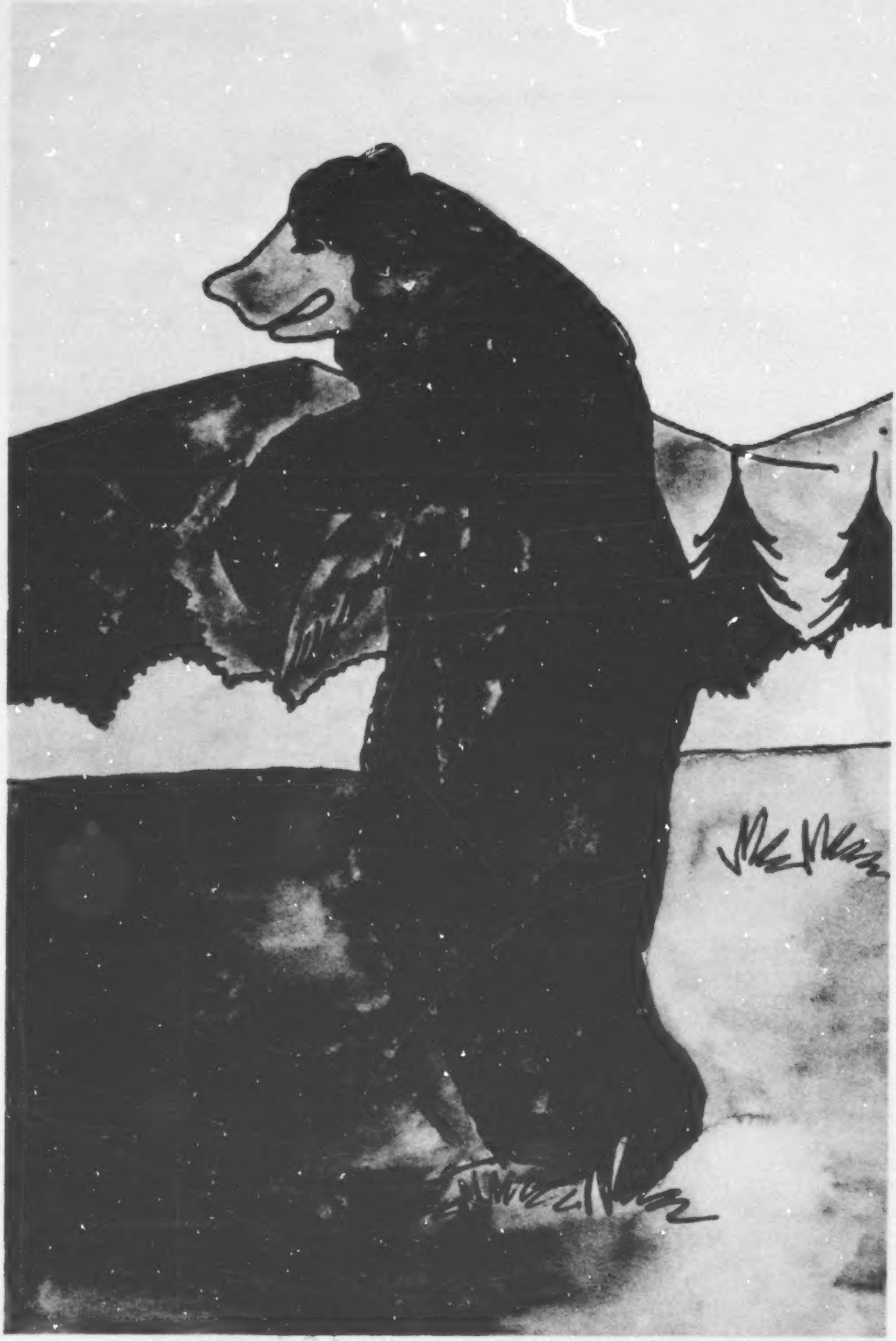
One day Waski met a bear who said to him,
"In summer I eat berries, nuts and honey.
In winter I sleep most of the time.
I will teach you many things.
I may be old and have a mean temper,
but I have a warm heart."



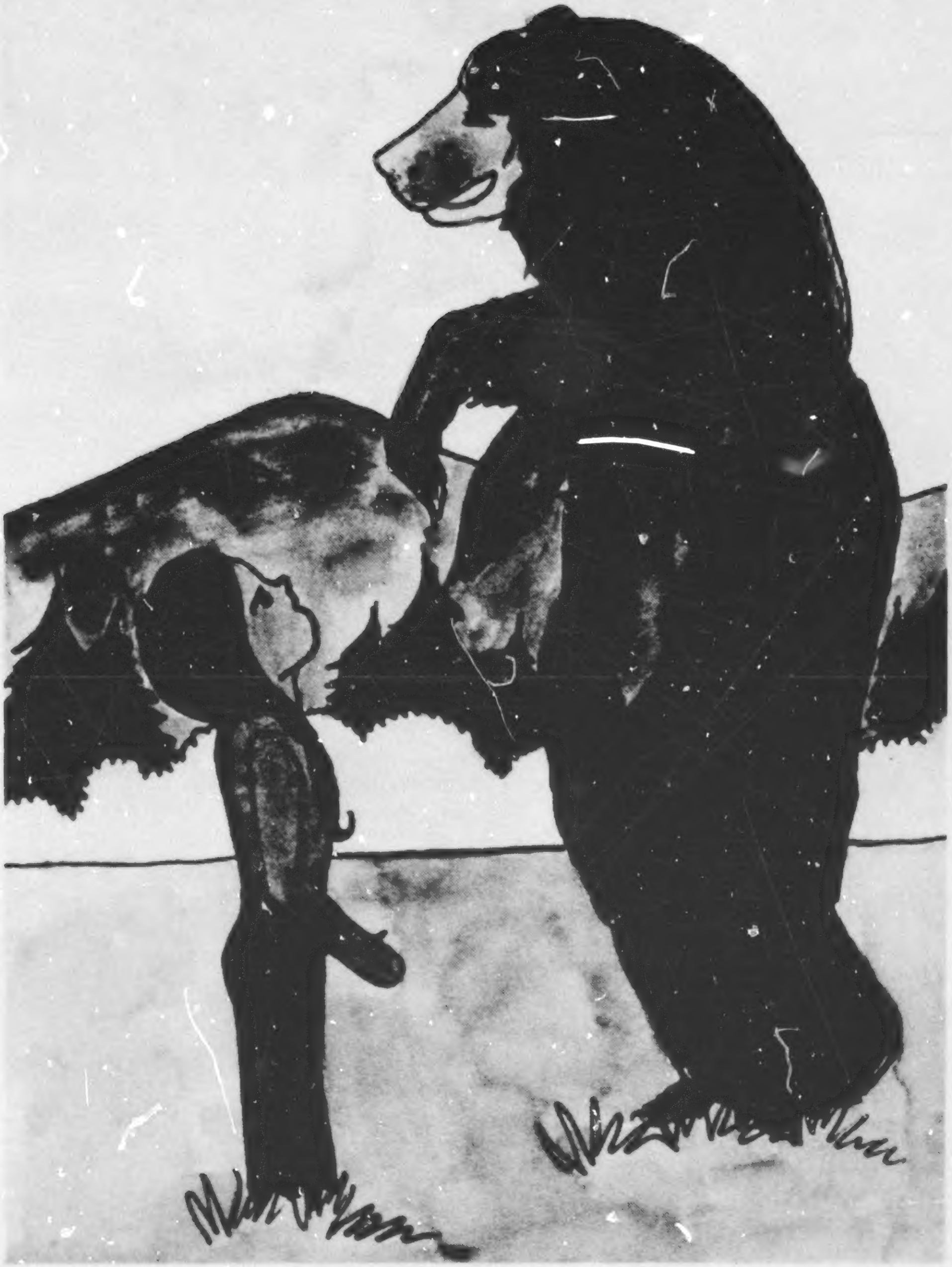
"Teach me to be a hunter," said Waski,
"so I can win praise among my people."



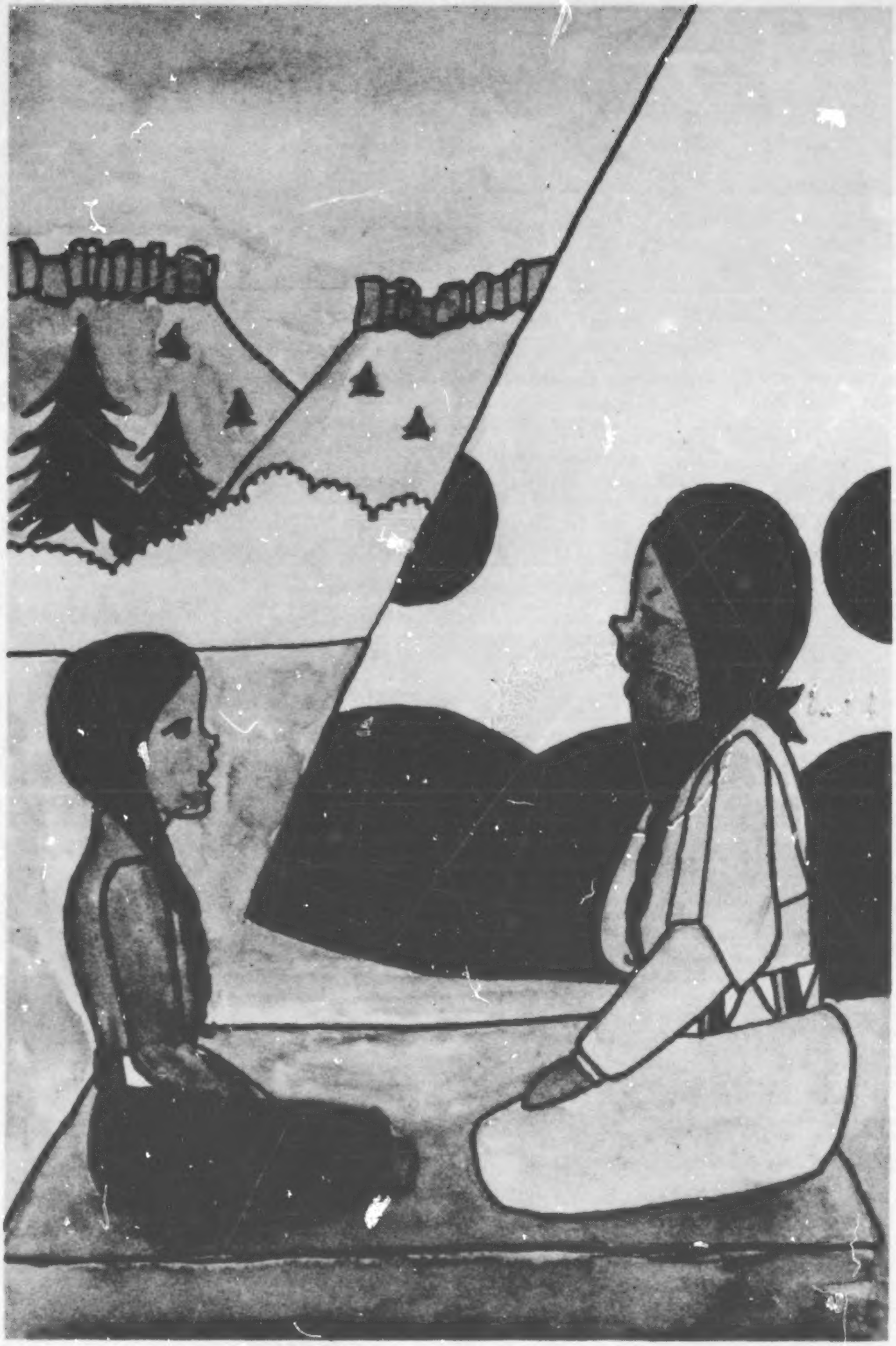
"I do not like hunters," Bear said.
"But I am not afraid of them.
They chew pine twigs and tobacco.
We can smell them coming so we keep out of their way.
Many men are heavy steppers.
They do not have hearing ears or seeing eyes.
They look to the left and look to the right.
They are poor hunters."



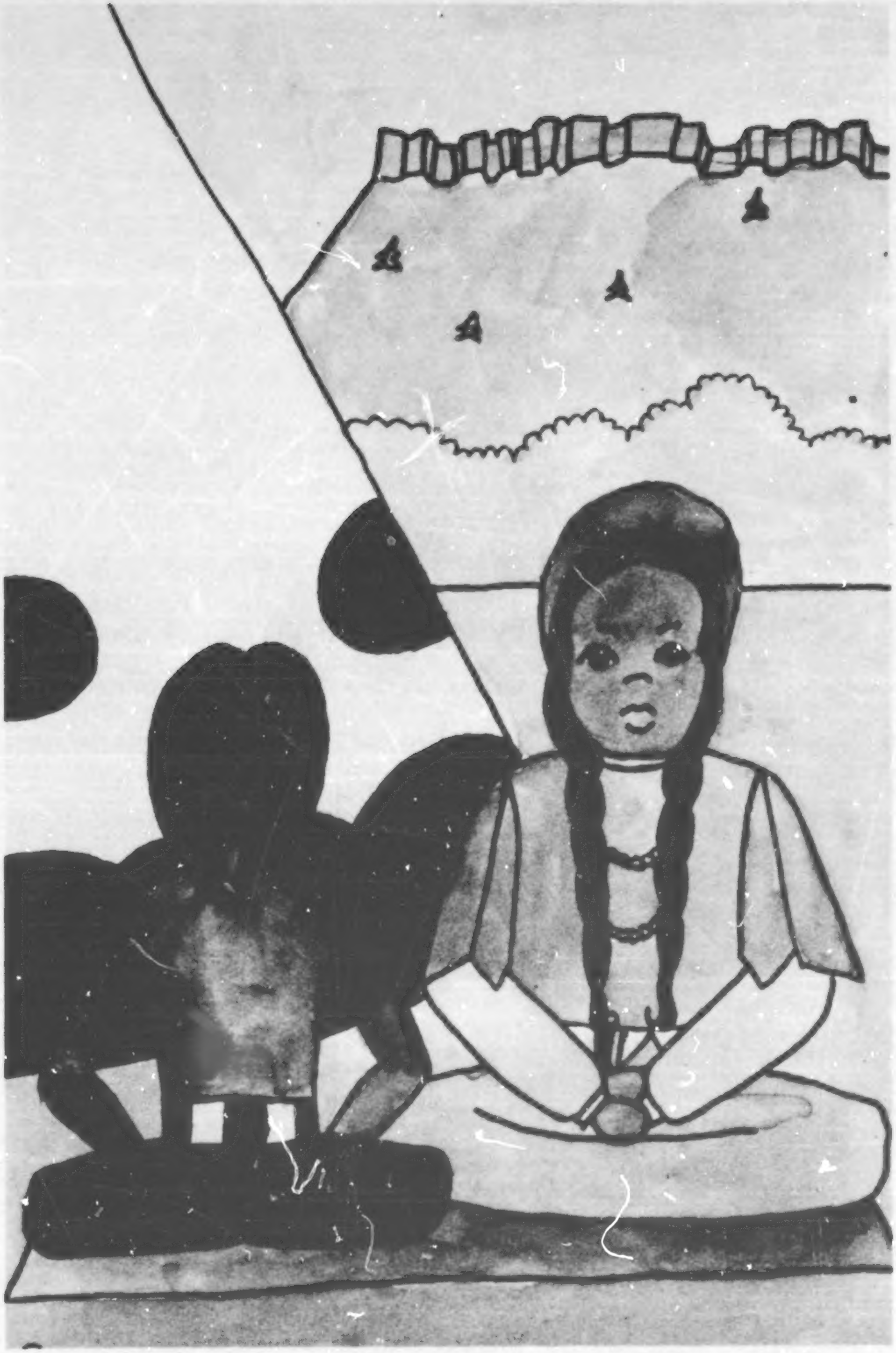
Bear continued, "We call some hunters 'swing-mouth'
because they talk to themselves.
These hunters are noisy, loud and boastful.
All the bears laugh at them."



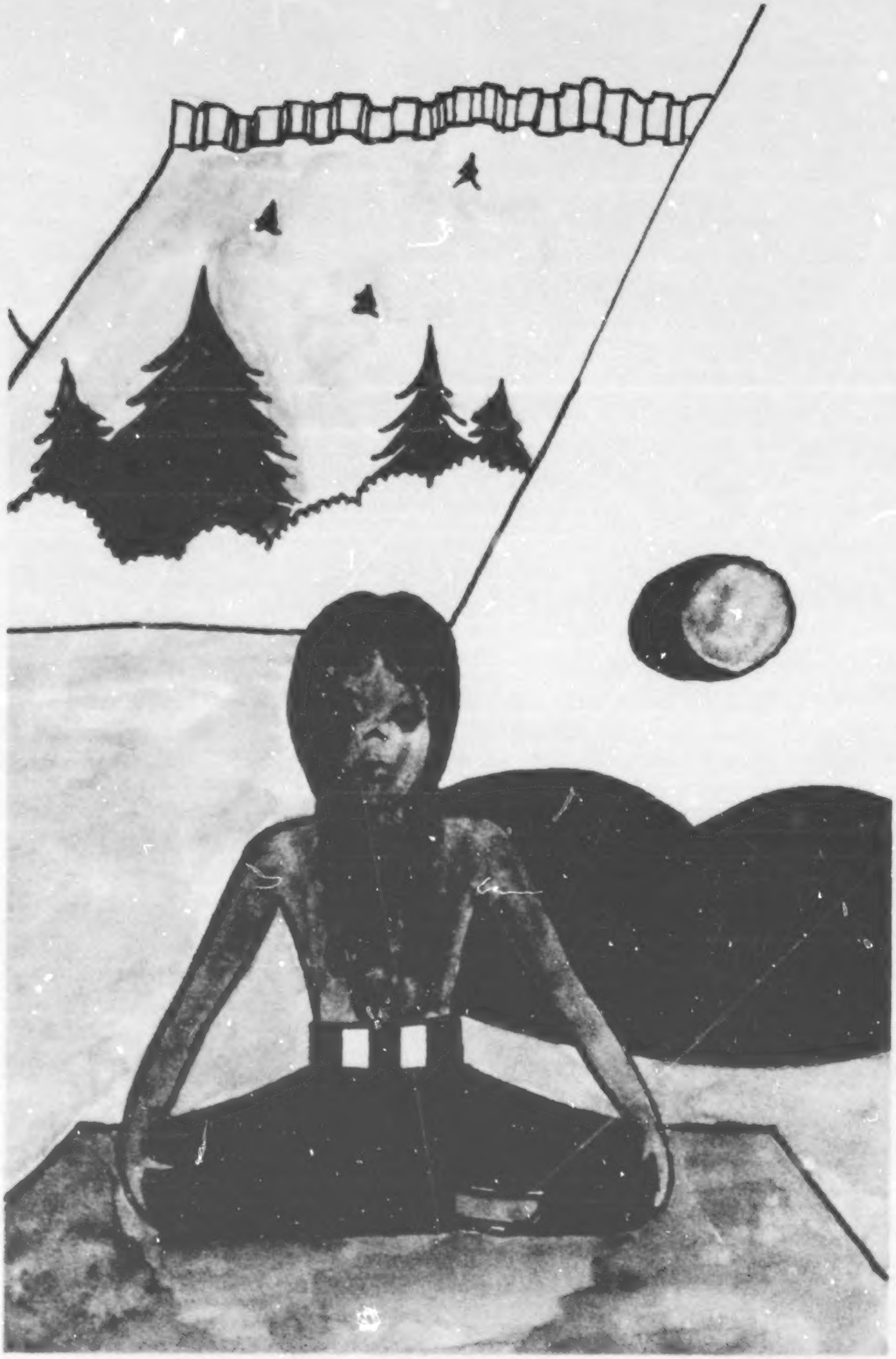
When Waski returned home, he said to his grandmother,
"I do not think I want to be a great hunter.
I would rather be a good friend."



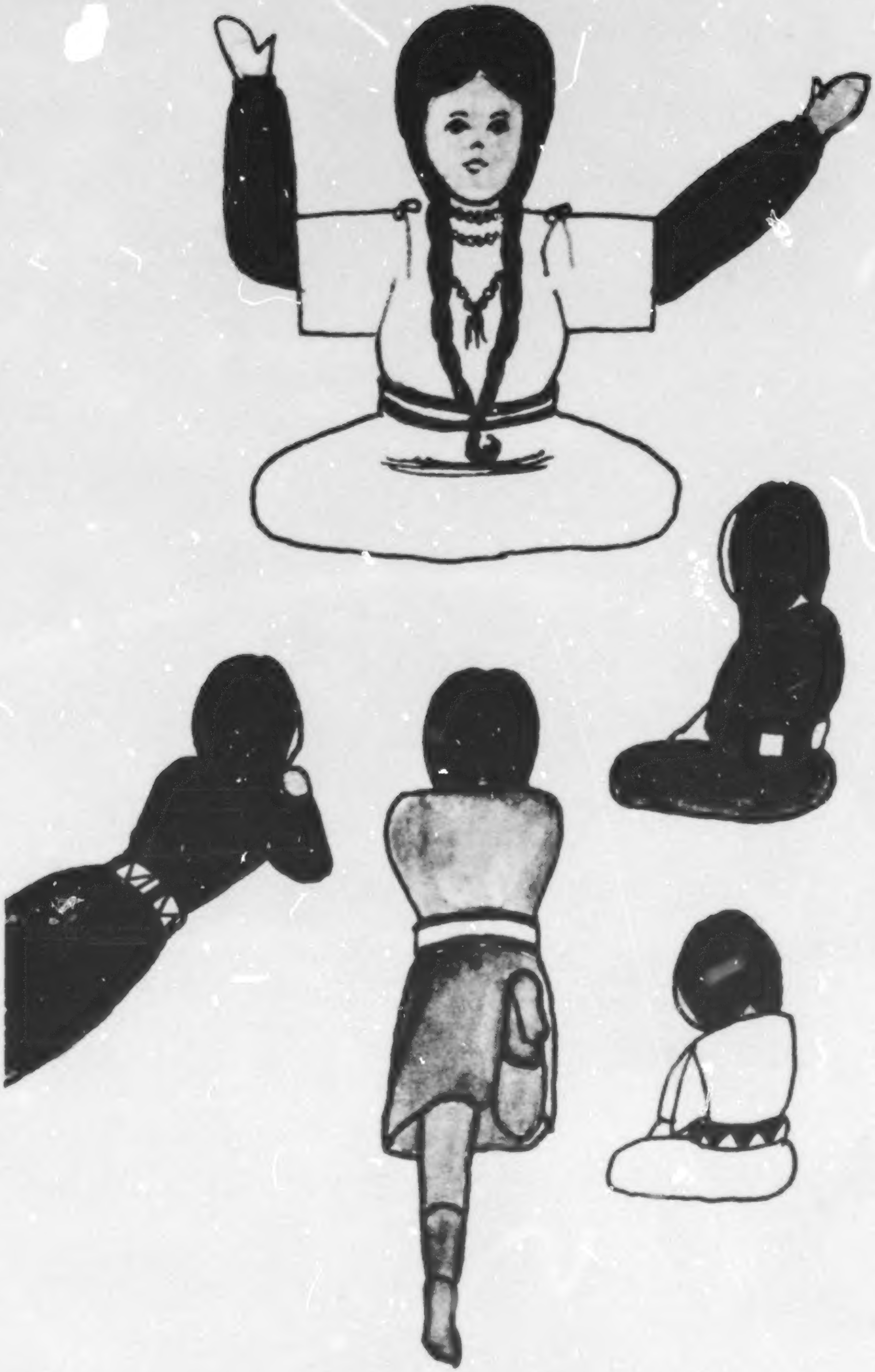
"Ah-na," answered Grandmother.
"It is much harder to be a good friend
    than a great hunter.
A good friend must have a good ear and bright eyes.
He must not be boastful.
But more than this, a good friend must have
    great love in his heart for all things
    made by the Great Spirit."



"I will always try to have love in my heart for every living thing," said Waski. "I will try to make friends with everyone."



And this is the story,
the way the Indian people tell it to their children.



VERBENA GREENE

Verbena Greene, a member of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Oregon, is the mother of eight children. She attended Warm Springs Boarding School until the 11th grade and later earned her G.E.D. She has served as Local Coordinator for the Warm Springs Curriculum Development Committee and was the Tribal Education Program Liaison for more than seven years. She presently is serving as Culture Resource Person for the Tribes, providing classroom cultural instruction (legends, values, songs, etc.) on a consultant basis to schools and community colleges. She enjoys working with young people and is pleased that students are now forming culture clubs and holding powwows in the school environment.

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How the Morning and Evening Stars Came to Be

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 7

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How the Morning and Evening Stars Came to Be

Level III Book 7

An Assiniboine Story

As told by Jerome Fourstar

Illustrated by Lisa Ventura

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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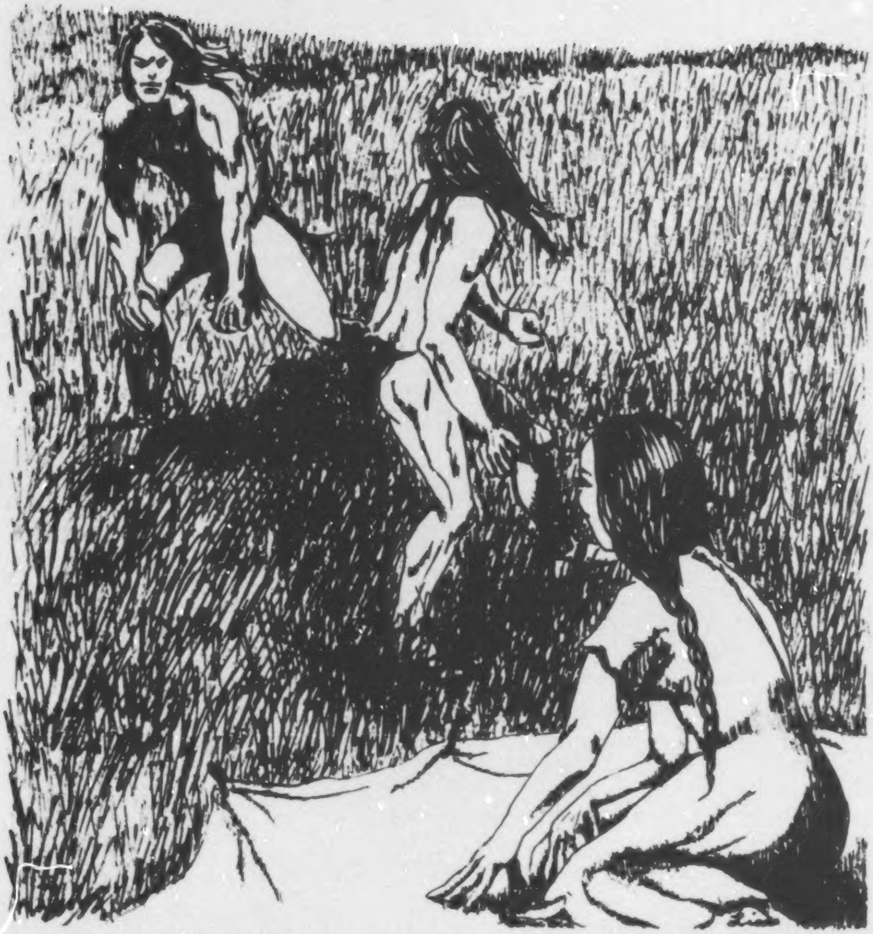
Before the white man came, Indians followed Indian time. They had no clocks then. When they saw the morning star, they knew it was time to get up. The evening star meant it was time to go to bed.

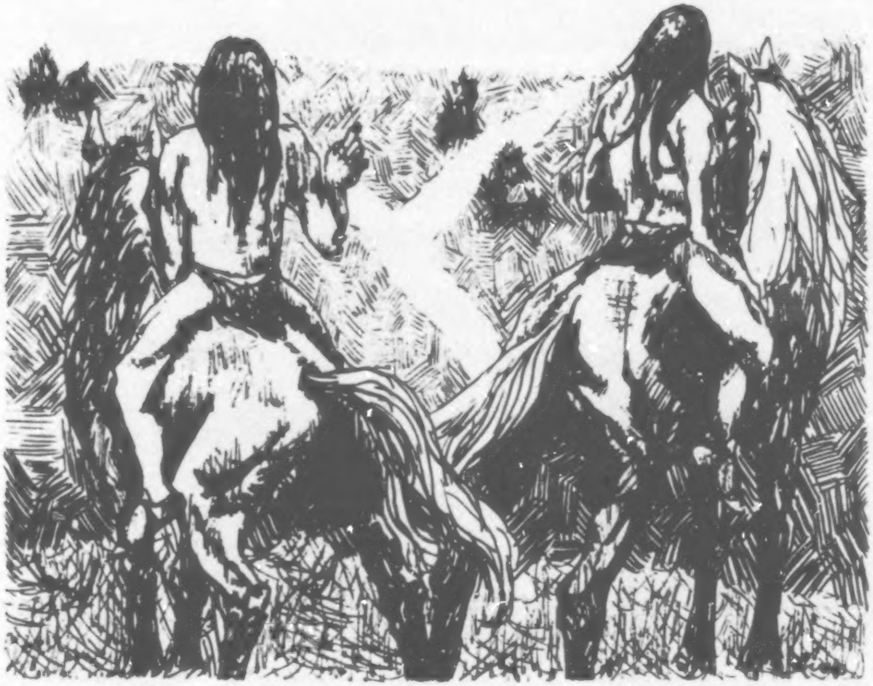
This Assiniboine story tells how two brothers became the morning and evening stars in order to be useful to their people. It tells how they stopped an old lady witch, who could turn herself into a cow elk, from luring hunters into the woods and turning them into trees.

A long time ago, a man and his wife
and their twin sons lived in a tepee in the woods.
The man would go hunting
and the woman tanned hides and made clothes.

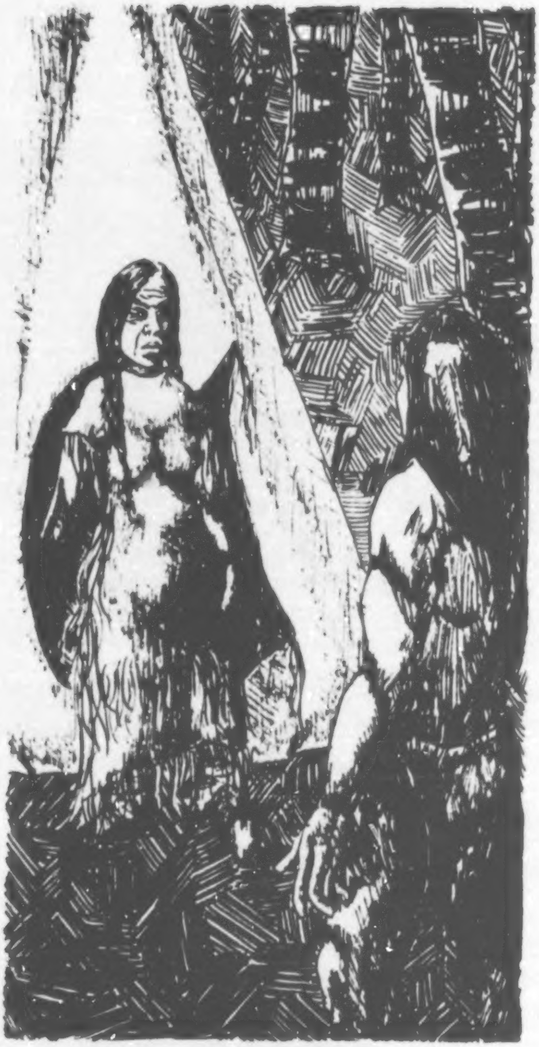


One day when the boys were about 17 years old,
their father told them
they had to go on a long journey.
Their mother prepared pemmican, dried meat,
rosebuds and grease for their journey.
Each boy also had a dog and a horse,
which looked the same as his brother's.

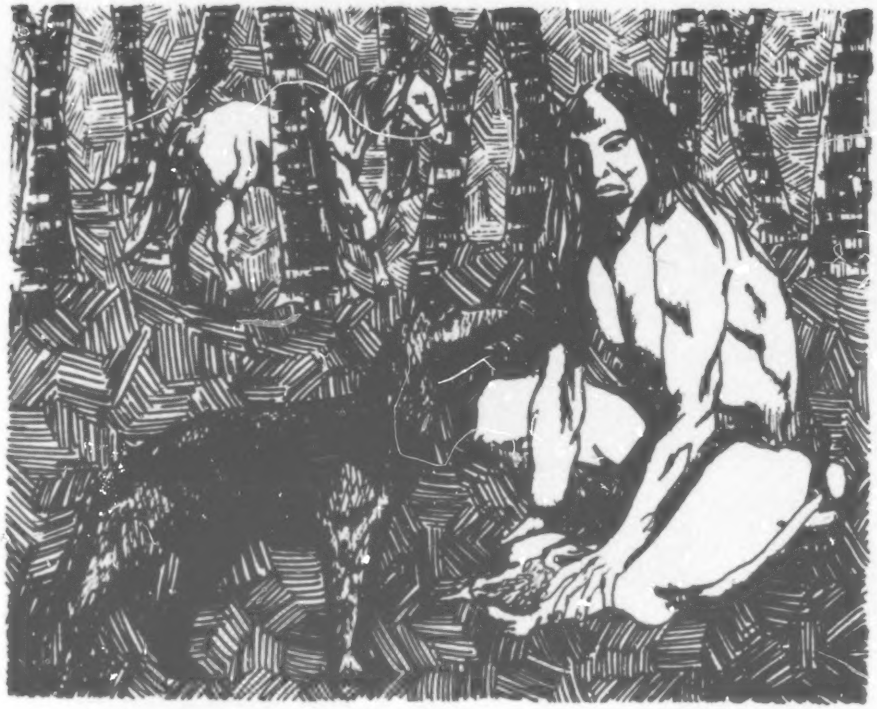
The two boys left the next morning at daylight.
They went southeast, traveling while the sun
was high and straight over their heads.
They came to a fork in the trail.
One of the young men said to the other,
"You take one of the trails,
and I will take the other.
Every so often we will look at our knives.
If the blade of the knife is rusty,
we will know that one of us is dead."
So they both went off on different trails.



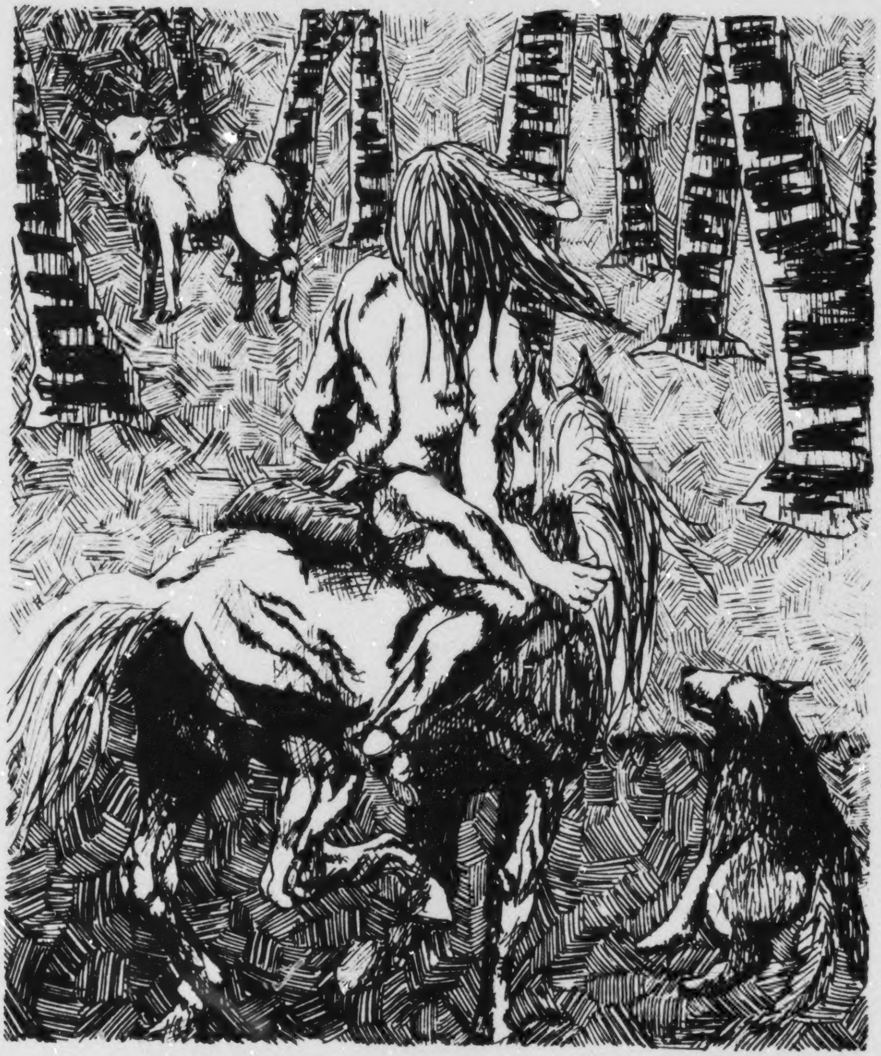
At sundown, the boy who took the left trail
came to a tepee.
The woman who lived there
asked him where he was going.
He told her he was going on a journey
to explore the country.



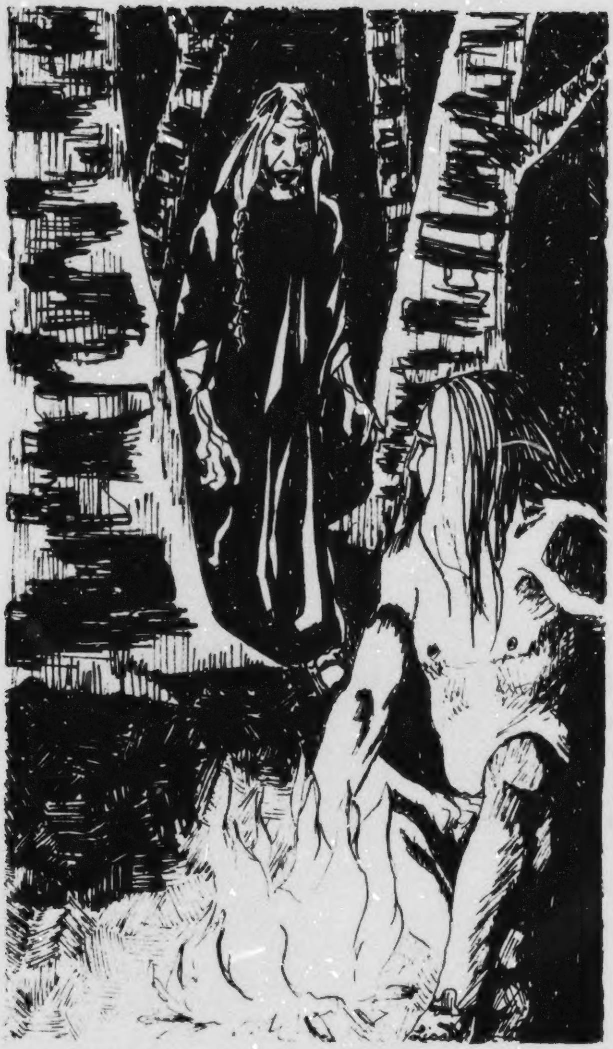
The woman said he could stay and sleep there
that night.
So the boy tied his horse to a tree, fed his dog
and went to bed.
Early the next morning he had breakfast,
packed his buffalo robe on the horse
and continued his journey.



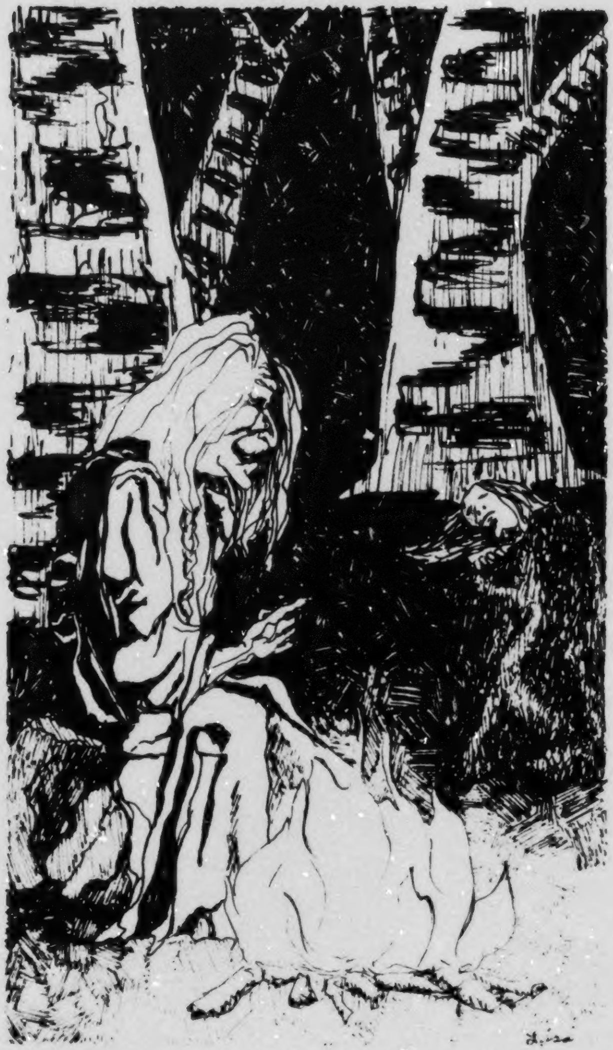
That afternoon the boy saw a cow elk
and chased it into the woods.
When he entered the woods,
it immediately became dark
and he lost the cow elk.



The boy tied his horse to a tree
and gathered some dry wood.
He made a bonfire and started to eat his lunch.
All of a sudden,
he heard something coming through the brush.
Out came an old lady!
She said, "Grandson, I am cold.
Can I sit by the fire and keep warm?"

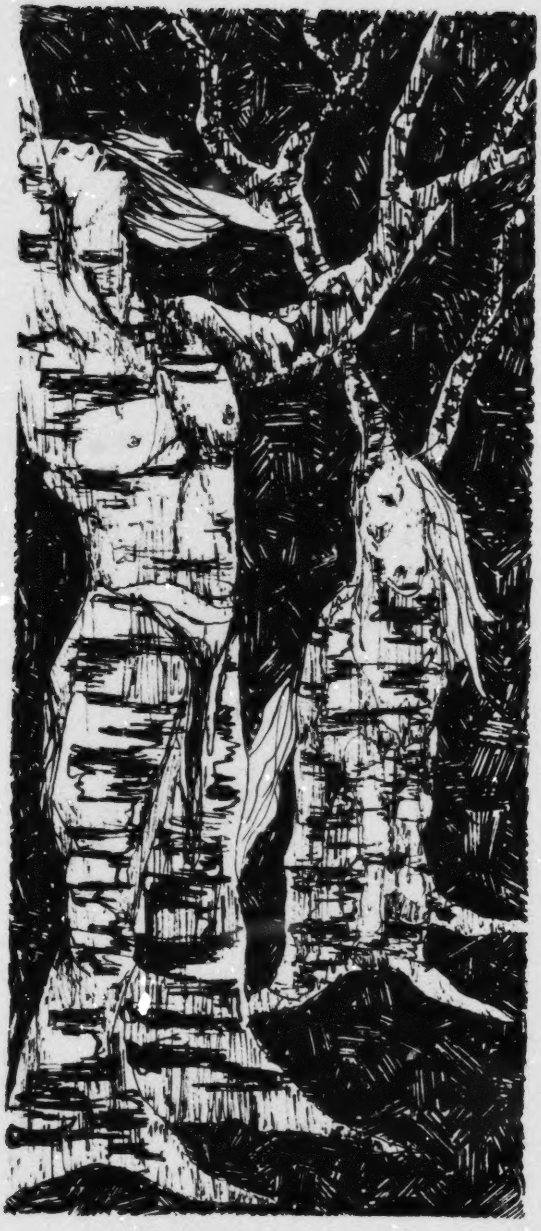


The boy told her she could sit by the fire
and keep warm.
He offered her some of his food,
but she said she wasn't hungry, just cold.
She said, "Grandson, if you get sleepy,
you can go to sleep.
I will sit here and keep up the fire all night."
So the boy covered himself with a buffalo robe
and went to sleep.

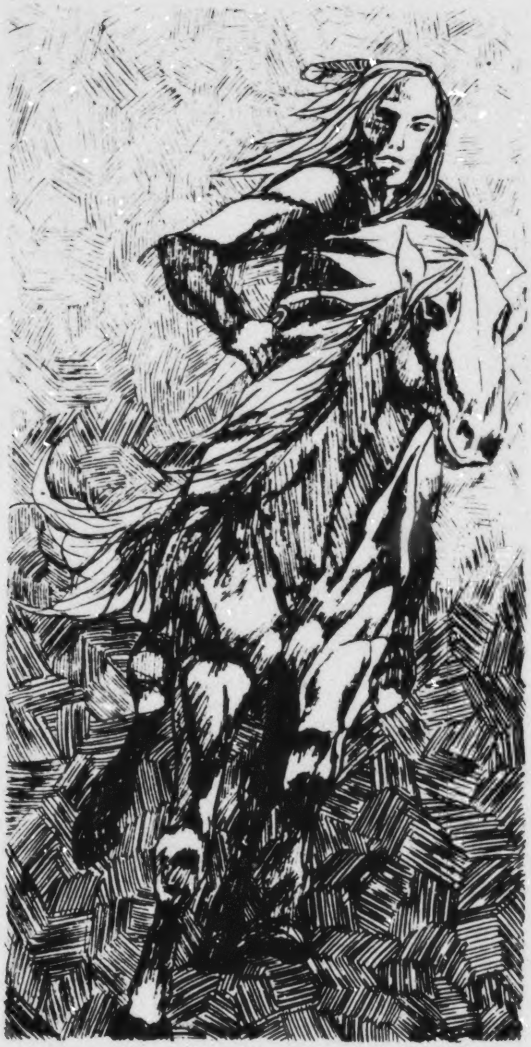


After a long while, the old lady tried to find out
if the young man was asleep.
She said, "Look out, Grandson!
The sparks are jumping toward you!"
But he did not move.
She took some of the fire and threw it toward him.
Again she said, "Look out, Grandson!
The sparks are jumping toward you!"
But still he did not move,
so she knew he was asleep.

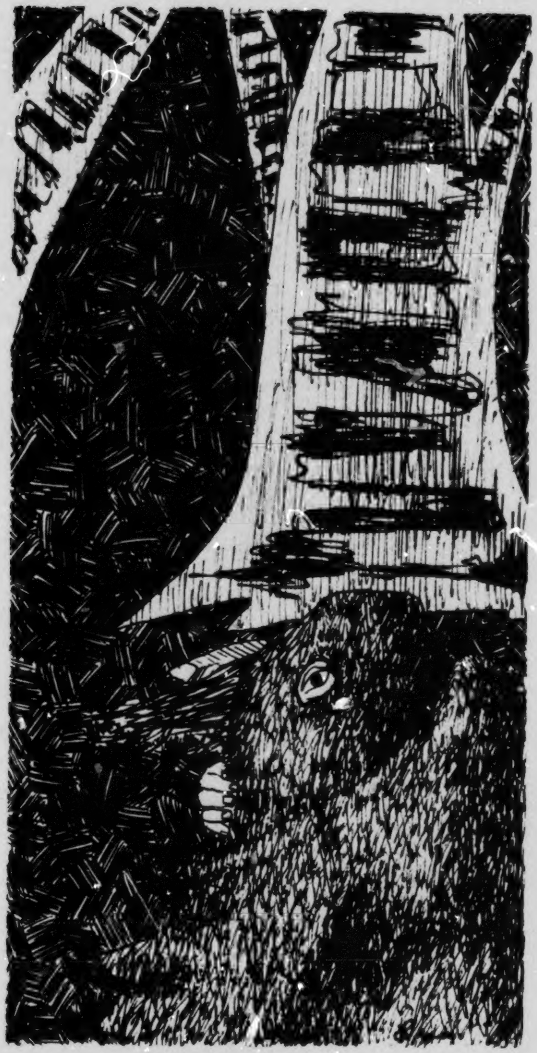
The old lady took a stick and put one end of it
into her mouth to wet it.
Then she took out her medicine pouch
and stuck the stick into it.
She touched the young man with the stick.
He turned into a tree.
Then she went out and touched the dog and horse.
They also turned into trees.



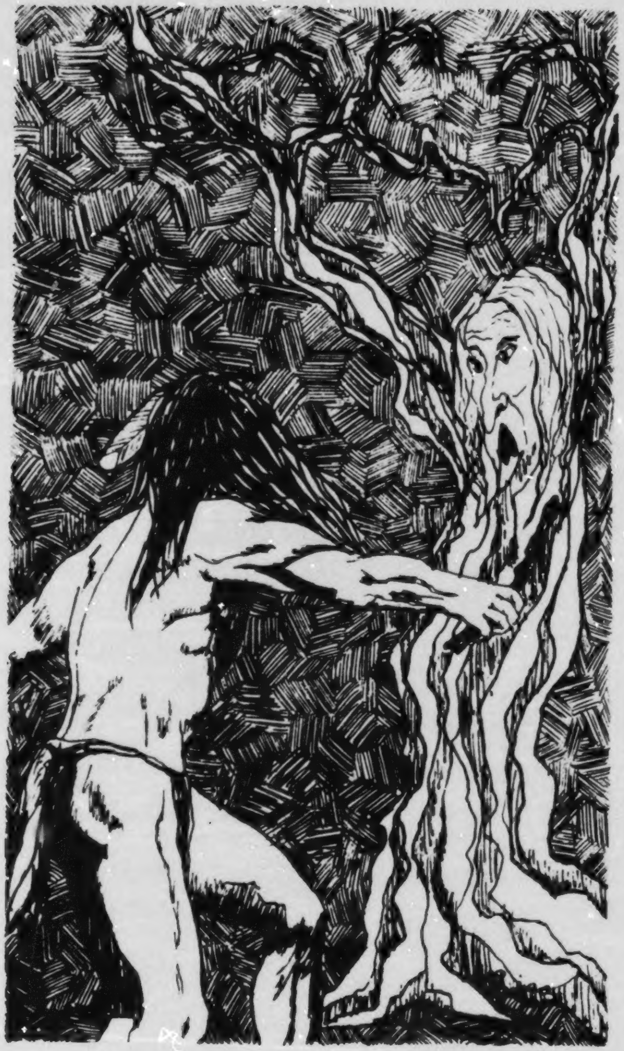
About this time the other twin looked at his knife
and saw the rusty blade.
He knew that his brother was dead.
The boy turned his horse around
and started back to the fork in the trail.
When he got there, he started on the trail
his brother had taken.



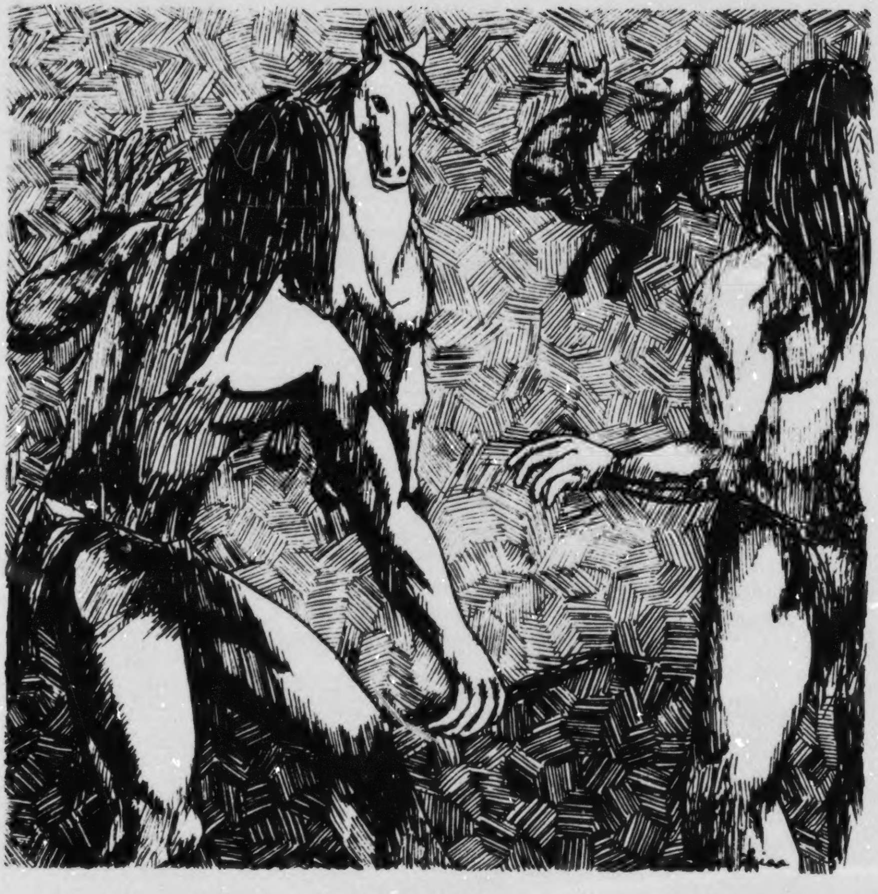
The young man went the very same way
his brother had gone,
with his dog leading the way.
He stayed that night at the woman's camp
and left early in the morning.
He chased the cow elk into the woods
and again it turned dark.
He made camp at the very same place his brother had.
Again, the old lady came, asking to warm herself.
But he didn't trust her,
and while pretending to sleep,
he watched her through a hole in his buffalo robe.
When she threw the sparks at him, he did not move.



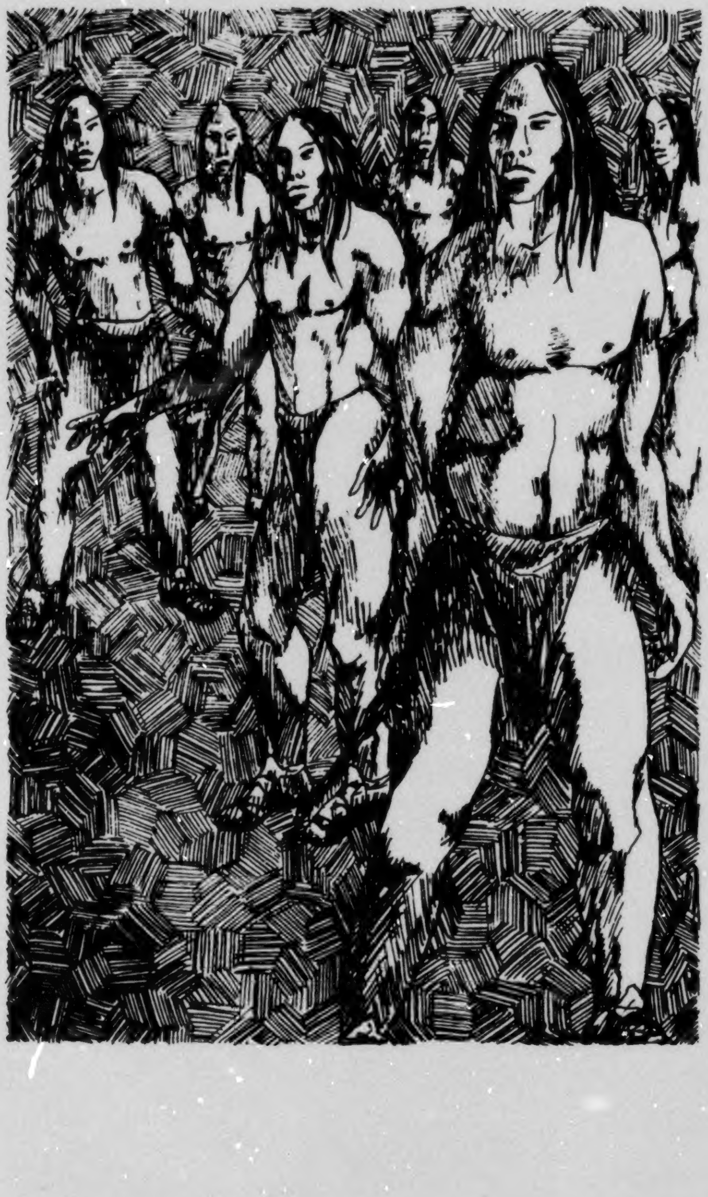
He saw the old woman put a stick
into her medicine pouch.
She was about to touch him,
when he jumped out of the way.
He grabbed the stick and touched her with it.
She turned into an old, crooked tree.



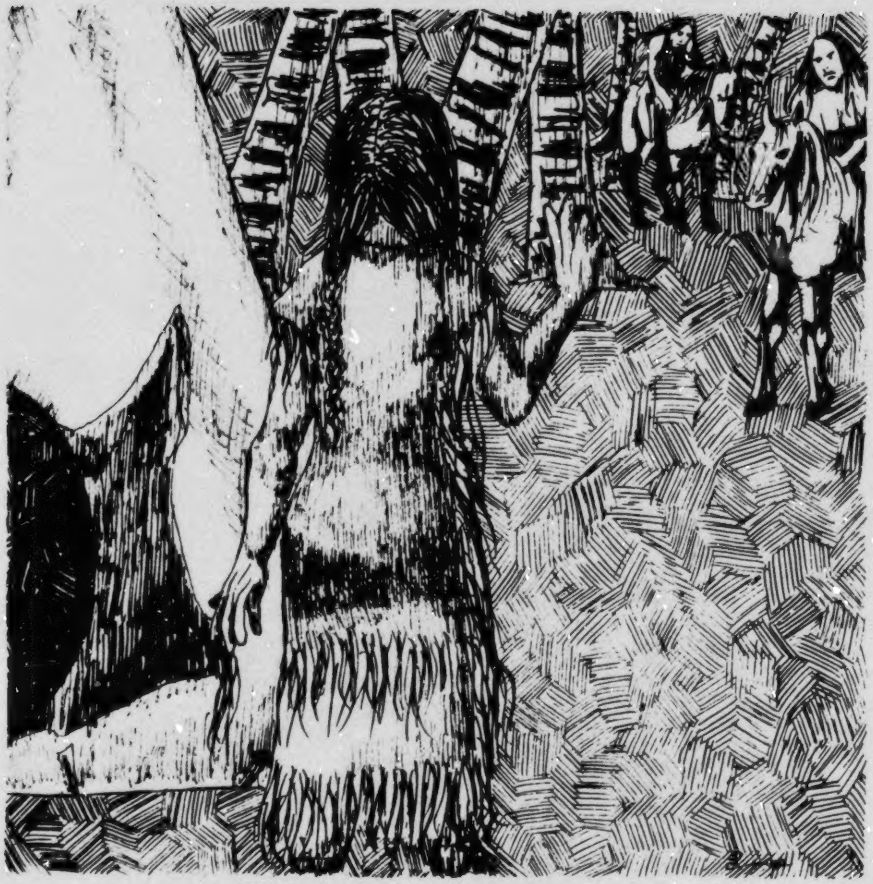
Then the boy told his dog to look for his brother.
The dog went sniffing from tree to tree.
Suddenly, the dog stopped and wagged its tail.
The young man took the stick
and touched the tree with it.
It turned out to be his brother.
The dog began sniffing again
and stopped by another tree.
This time it was the horse.
The dog stopped by still another tree.
So again the young man touched the tree
with the stick.
This time it was the dog.



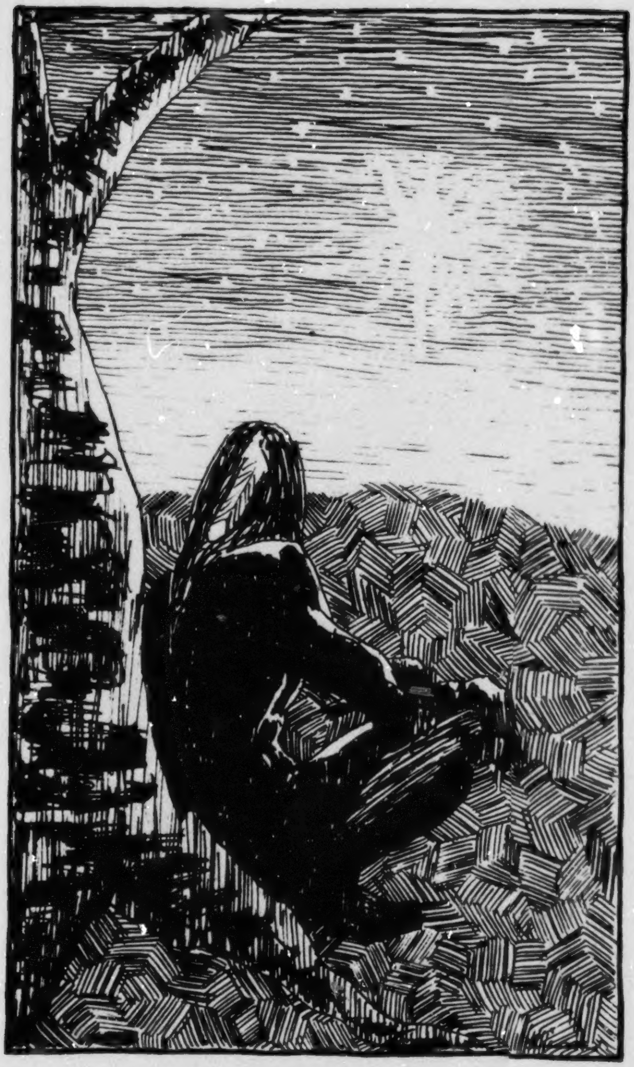
After that, he took the stick
    and touched the other trees.
They all turned out to be men
    and told the same story.
They had all chased the cow elk into the woods
    and had met the old lady.
The young twins told the other men
    what had happened
    and that the old lady was a witch.
All the men went back to where they had come from.



On their way home,
the two brothers stopped at the tepee
where the first woman had told each of them to stay.
When she saw them both together,
she knew they were twins.
They stayed there that night,
and started home the next morning.

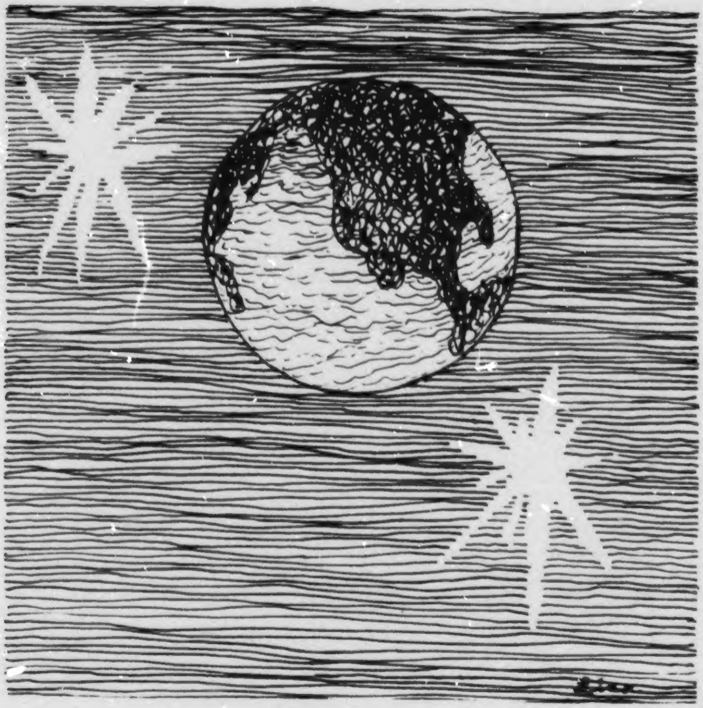


By sundown the twins were home.
They told their parents what had happened.
Their father told them, "From this day on,
you two are going to be useful to the people."
He said to one son, "You will go in the direction
where the sun comes up.
There you will stay.
You will be the morning star.
The people will know it is time to get up
when they see you."



He told the other boy, "You will go
toward the direction that the sun sets.
And that is where you will stay.
You will be the evening star.
The people will watch you at dusk.
When you disappear on the horizon,
the people will know it is time to go to bed."

That is how the morning star and the evening star
came to be in the sky.
And from that day on,
nobody turned people into trees.



JEROME FOURSTAR

Jerome Fourstar is an Assiniboine Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. He attended elementary school in Frazer, Montana, and received his G.E.D. from Glasgow High School. He served in the Montana National Guard and for many years worked as a carpenter and supervisor of electrical, plumbing and construction work. After taking college coursework in bilingual education, he served as a bilingual teacher at Wolf Point (Montana) High School. For the past five years he has taught Indian culture and religion in the Wolf Point public schools. He has served as a cultural and spiritual leader for both on-reservation and urban Indian groups and for Morning Star, Inc., which trains rehabilitated alcoholics. He also taught youth and served as a spiritual and cultural leader at an ecumenical conference of medicine men in Morley, Alberta, and each summer he is director of a youth camp in Billings.

EUNICE BIRTHMARK

Eunice Birthmark is a Sioux Indian who was raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. She spends much of her time teaching Indian singing, dancing and culture, and serves on the Plains Area Curriculum Development Committee for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program. For three years she also worked as a bilingual teacher, in Brockton Public School, in Poplar, Montana.

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Raccoon's Black Eyes and Ringed Tail

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 8

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Raccoon's Black Eyes and Ringed Tail

Level III Book 8

By members of the Fort Hall
Reservation Committee

Fredrick Auck, *Illustrator*
Maxine Edmo, *Coordinator*
Inez Evening
Charlene Farmer
Cora George, *Consultant*
Lillie Little, *Consultant*
Alene Menta
Evelyn Teton, *Illustrator*
Mary Washakie

Illustrated by Fredrick Auck

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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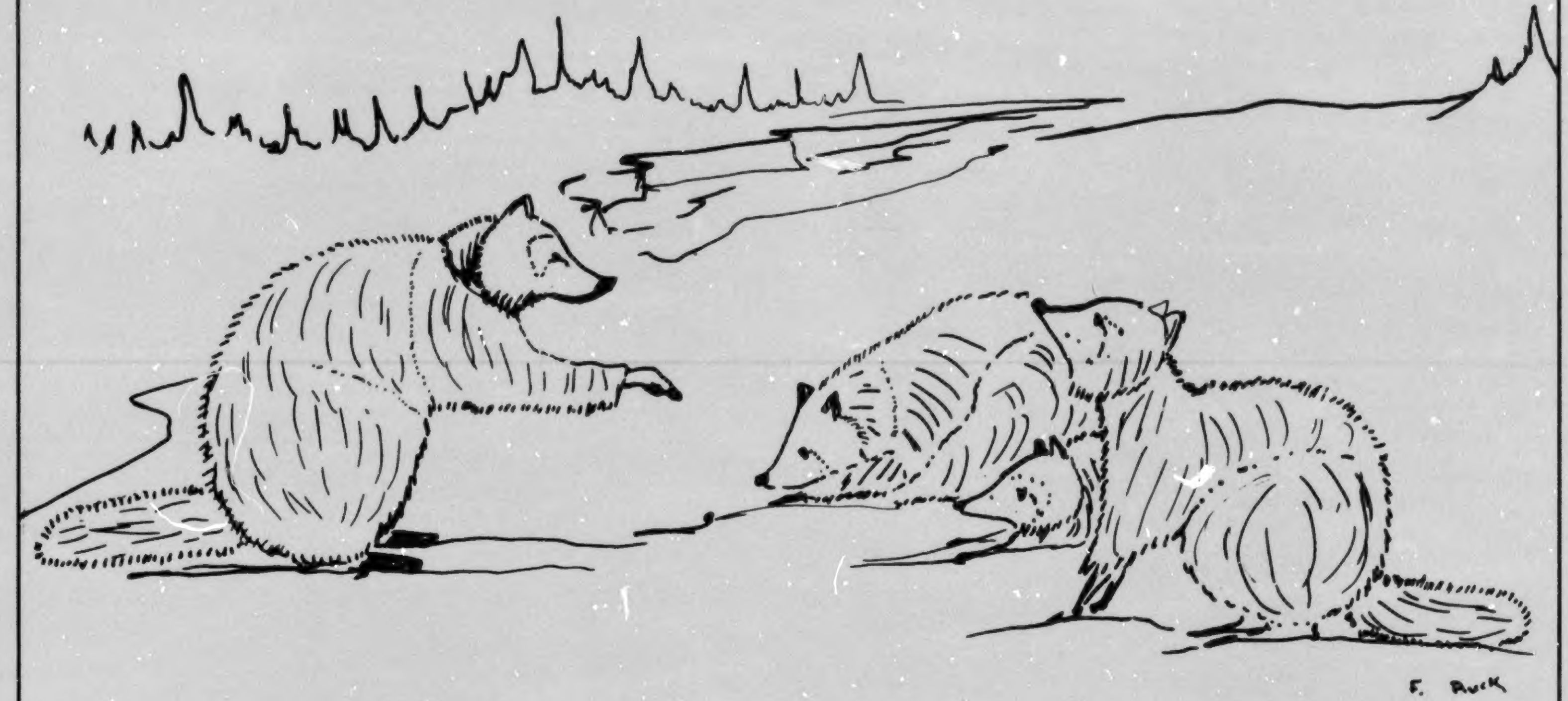
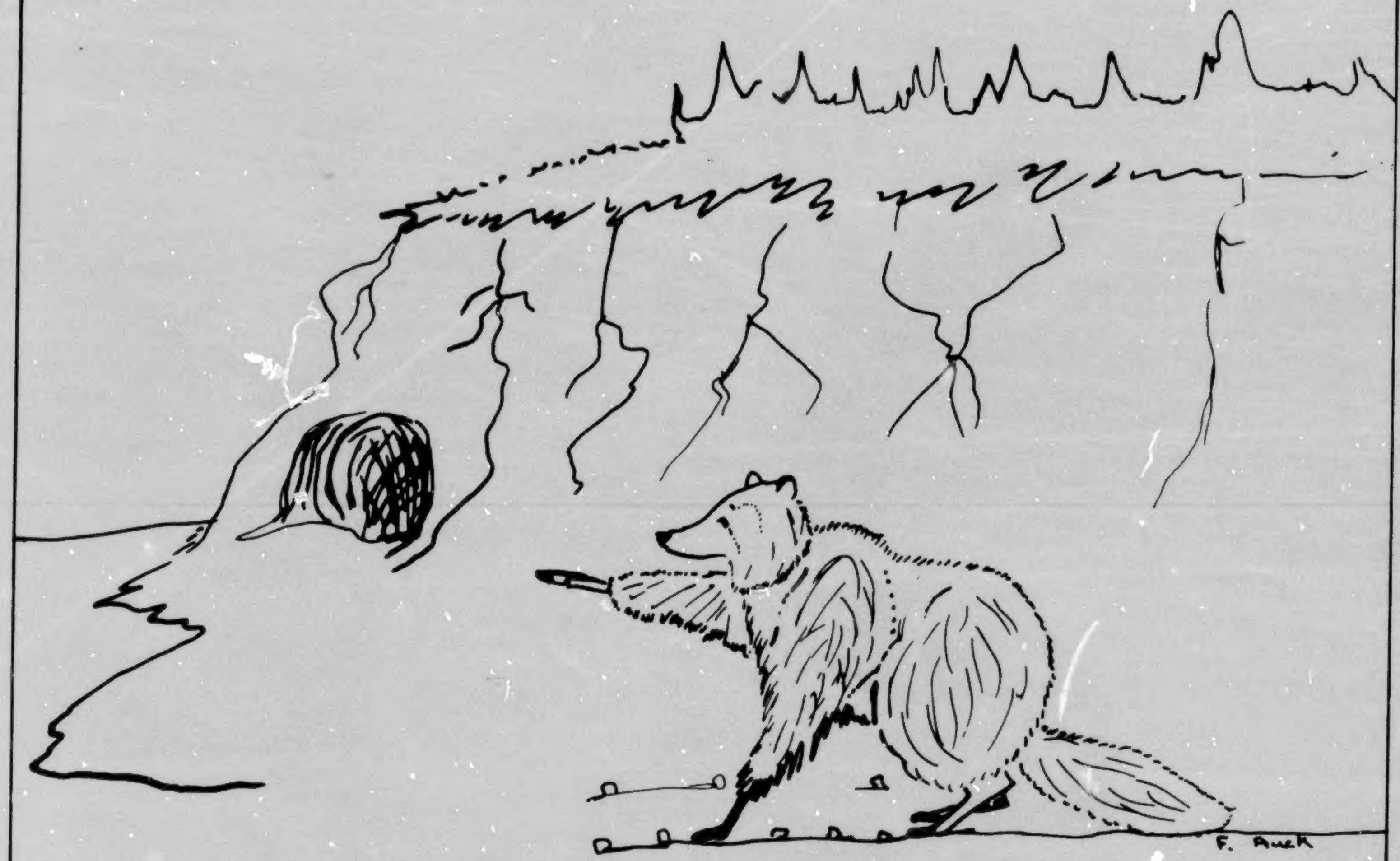
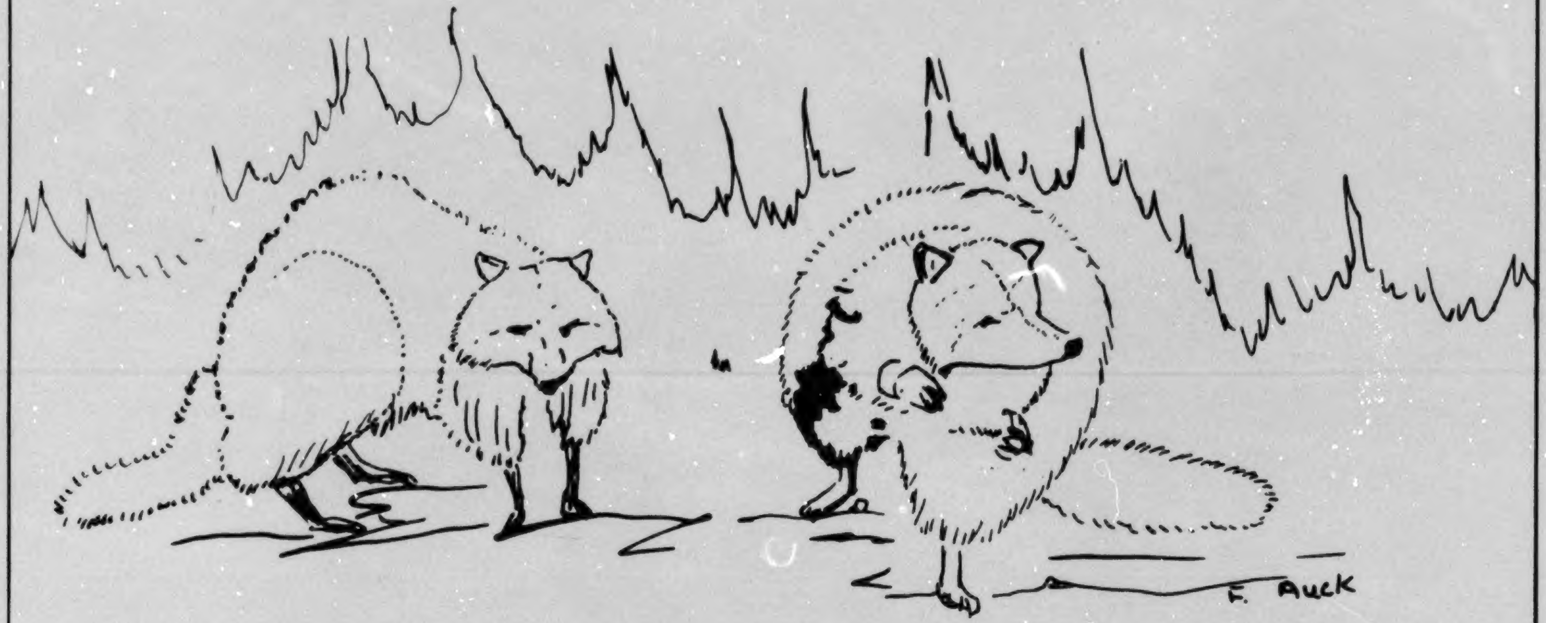


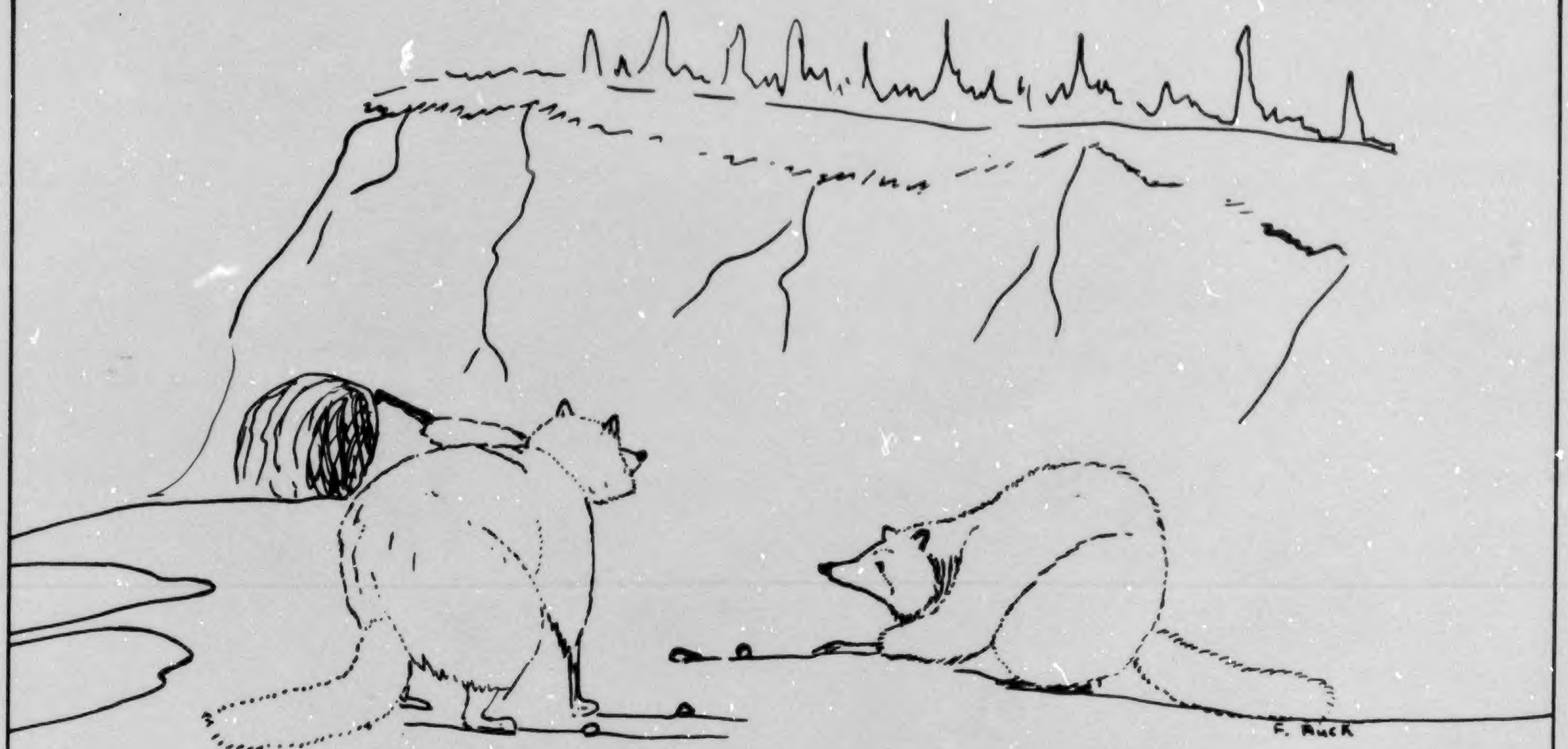
Long ago, raccoons lived by a stream
near the great Snake River.



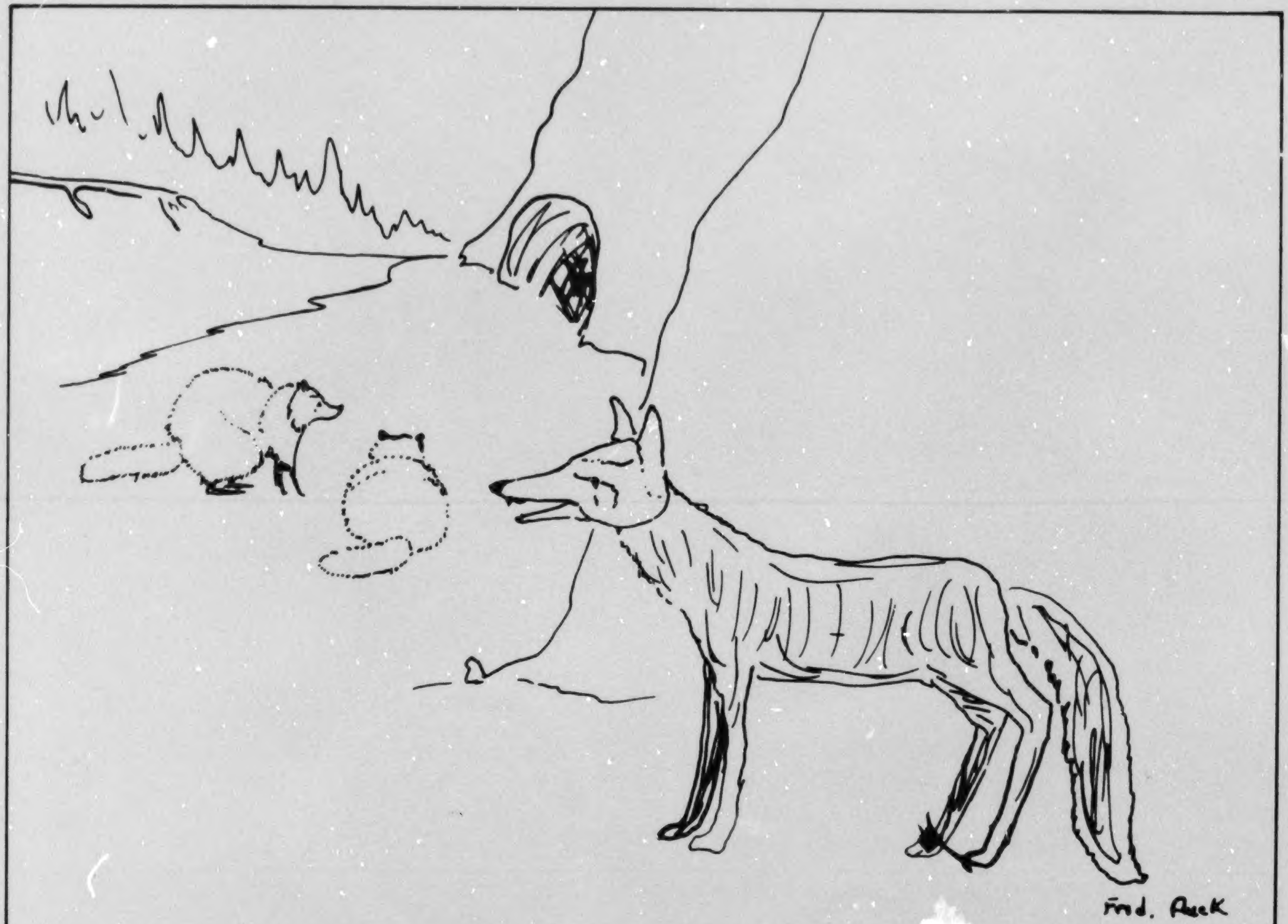
The mother raccoons told all their children
not to go near mean Coyote's house.



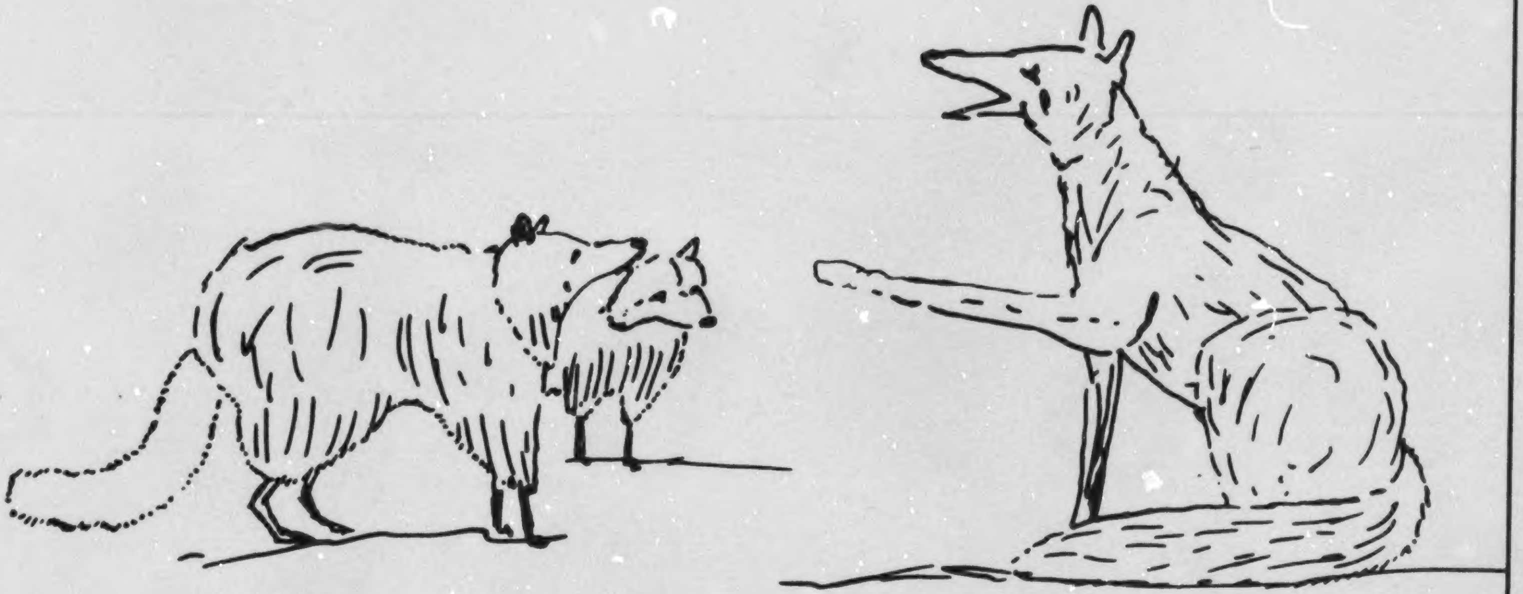
Raccoon children never had fear of anything.
They were always daring each other.



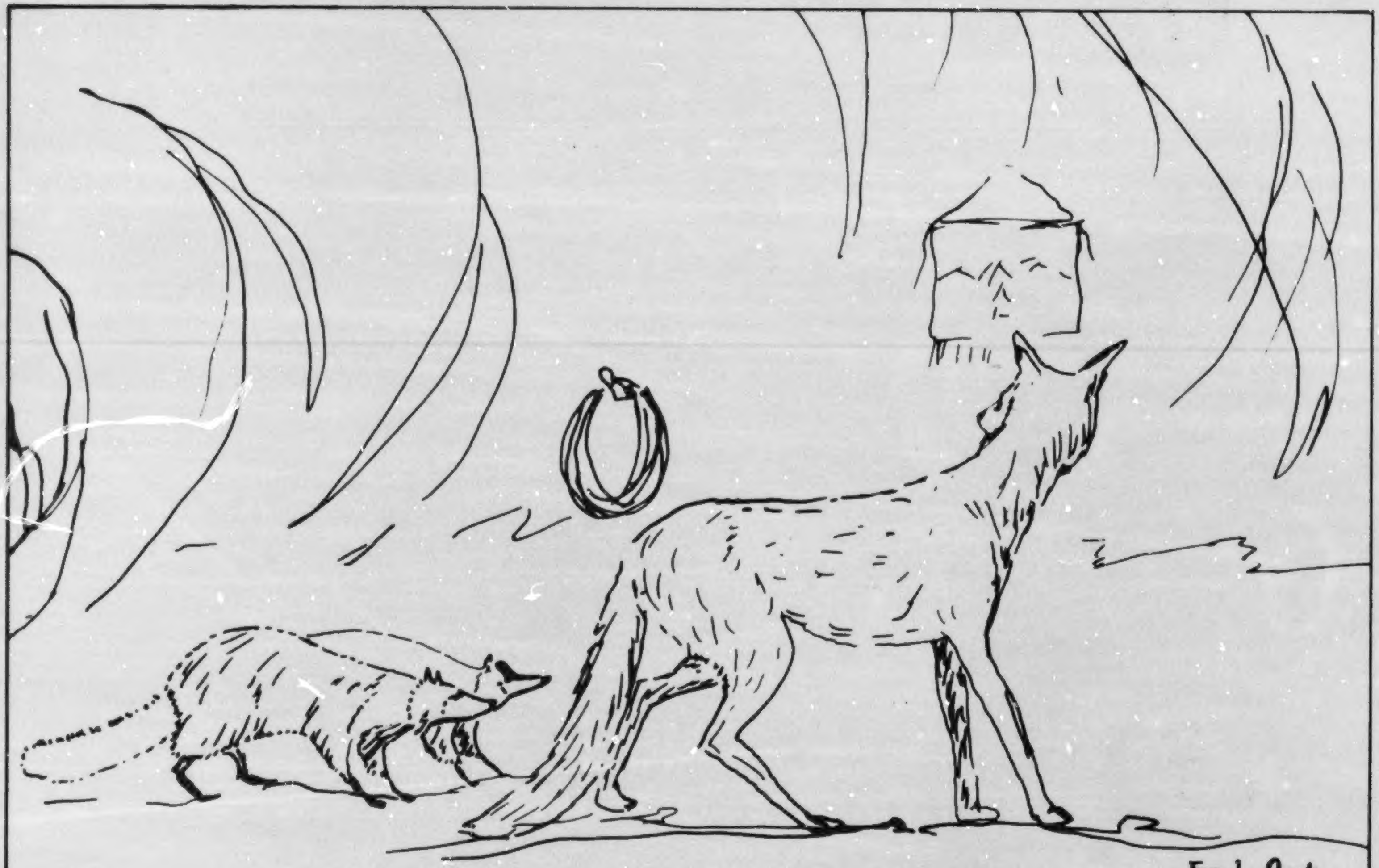
One day, the naughty (kay-sho-und) raccoon
told the good (zund) raccoon
to go into Coyote's (Isa-peh's) house.
They were both curious as to what Coyote's house
looked like on the inside.
They had heard stories about his mean nature.



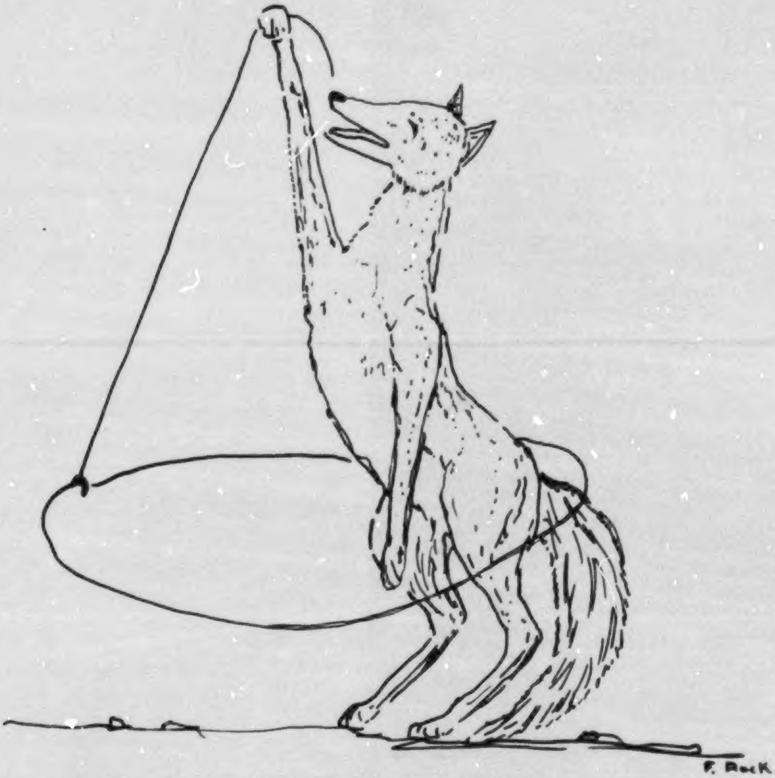
Coyote overheard the two raccoons.



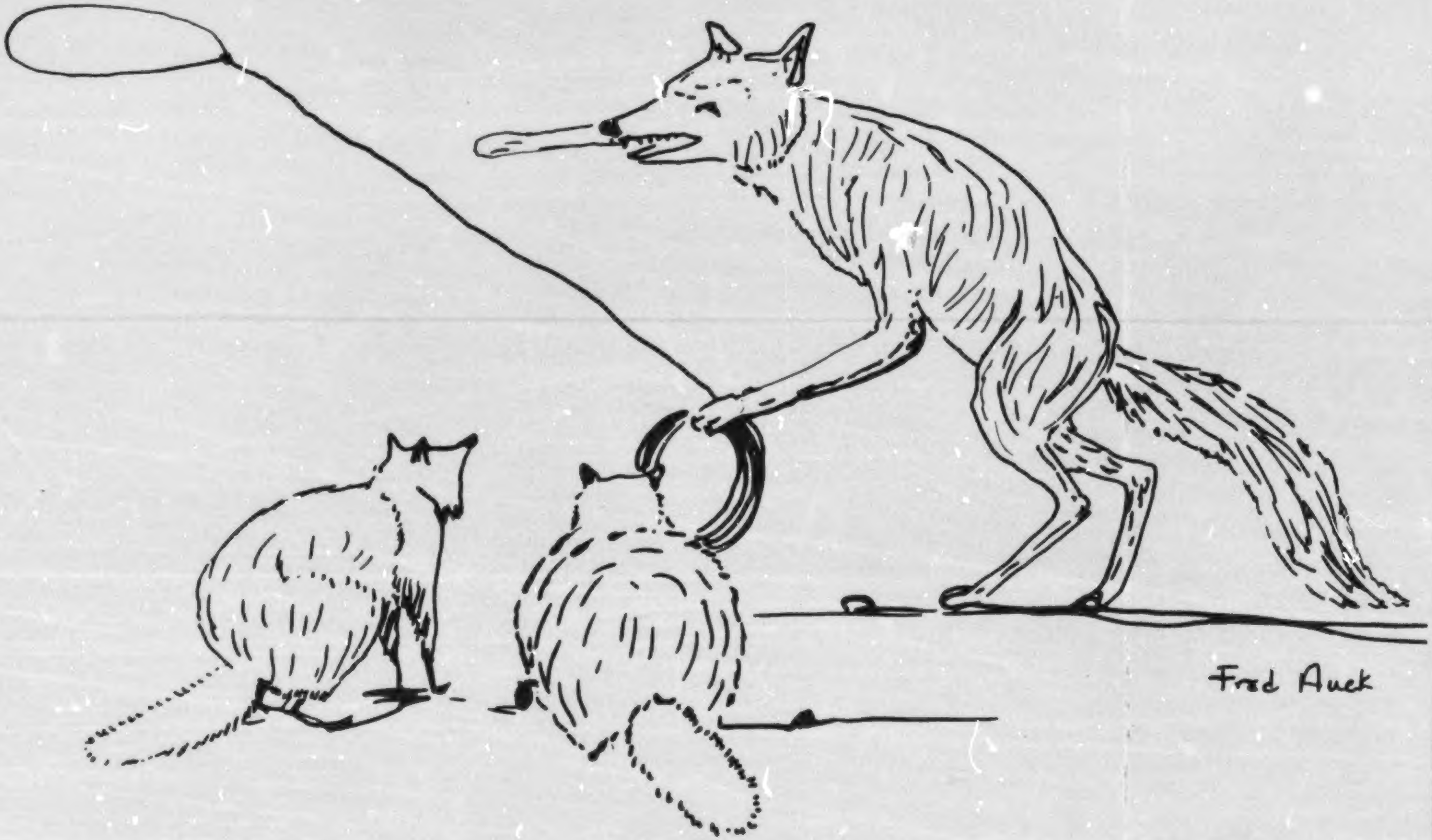
He decided to say hello to them.
Coyote's charm was beyond belief.
The two raccoons couldn't believe their eyes and ears.



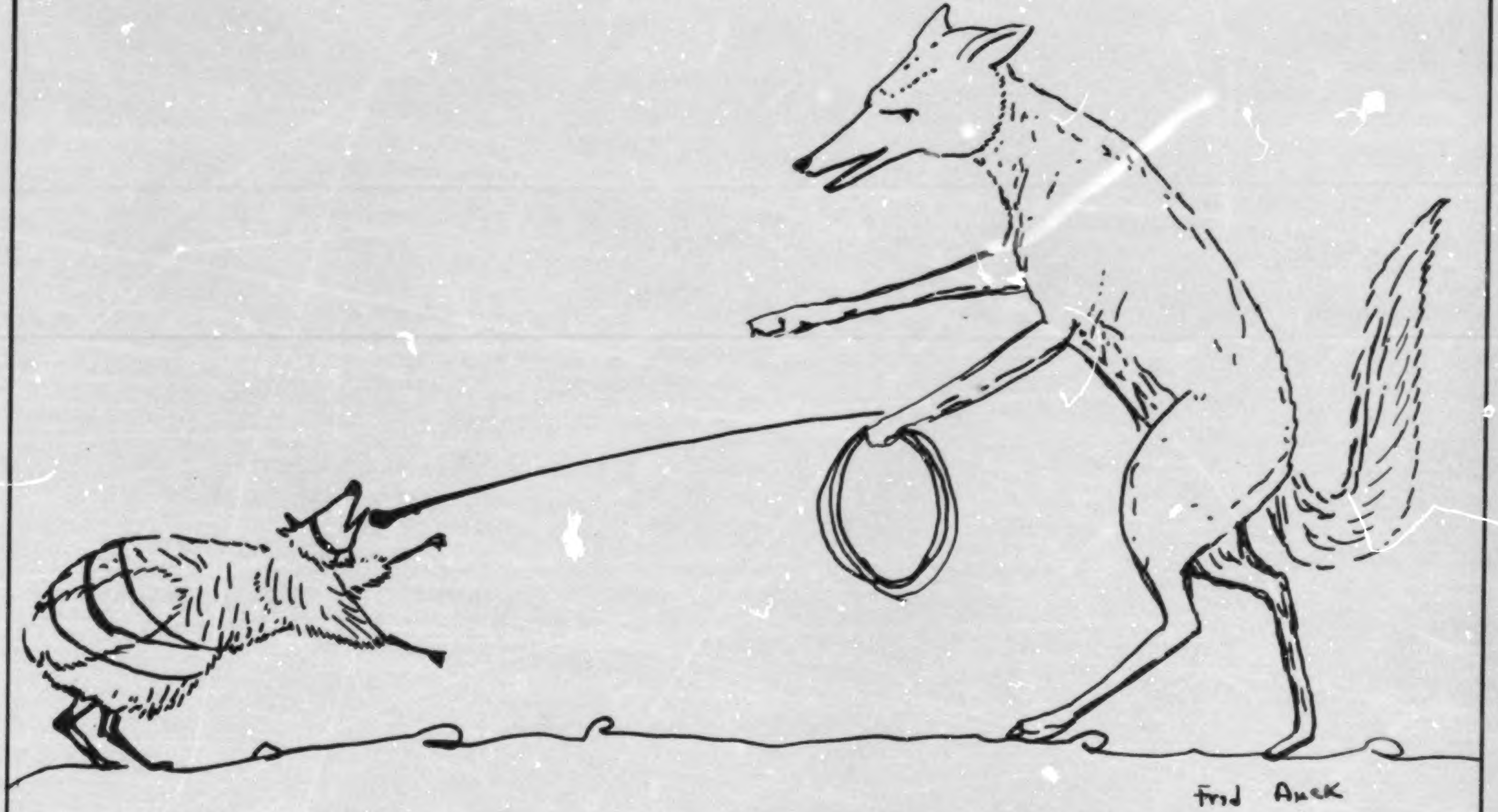
Coyote invited them into his home.
The two raccoons were amazed
at all the pretty things Coyote had.



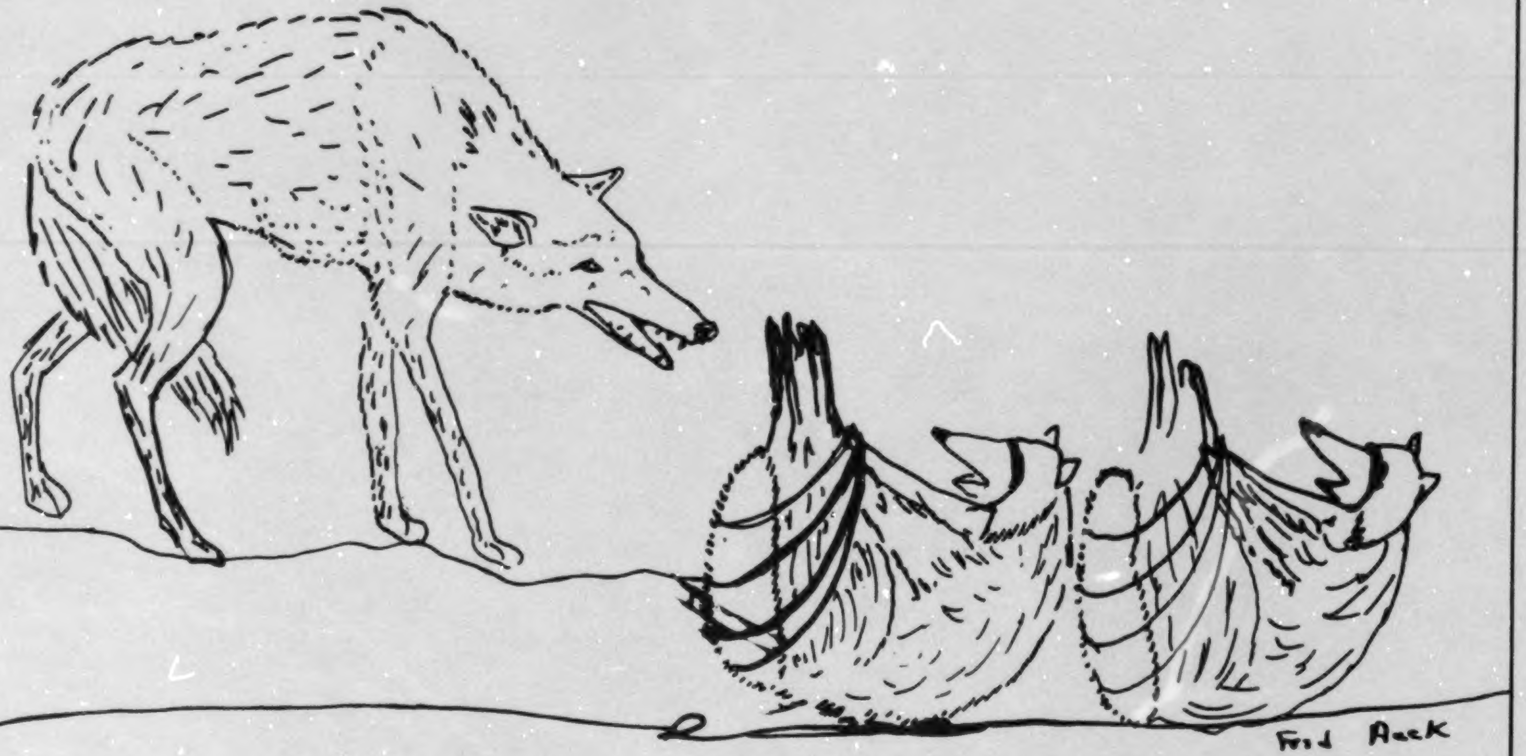
Coyote pulled out his black, shiny rope
and did some rope tricks.
He told the raccoons he would teach both of them
how to rope.
They didn't know that the rope had sticky, black,
soot-like gum on it.



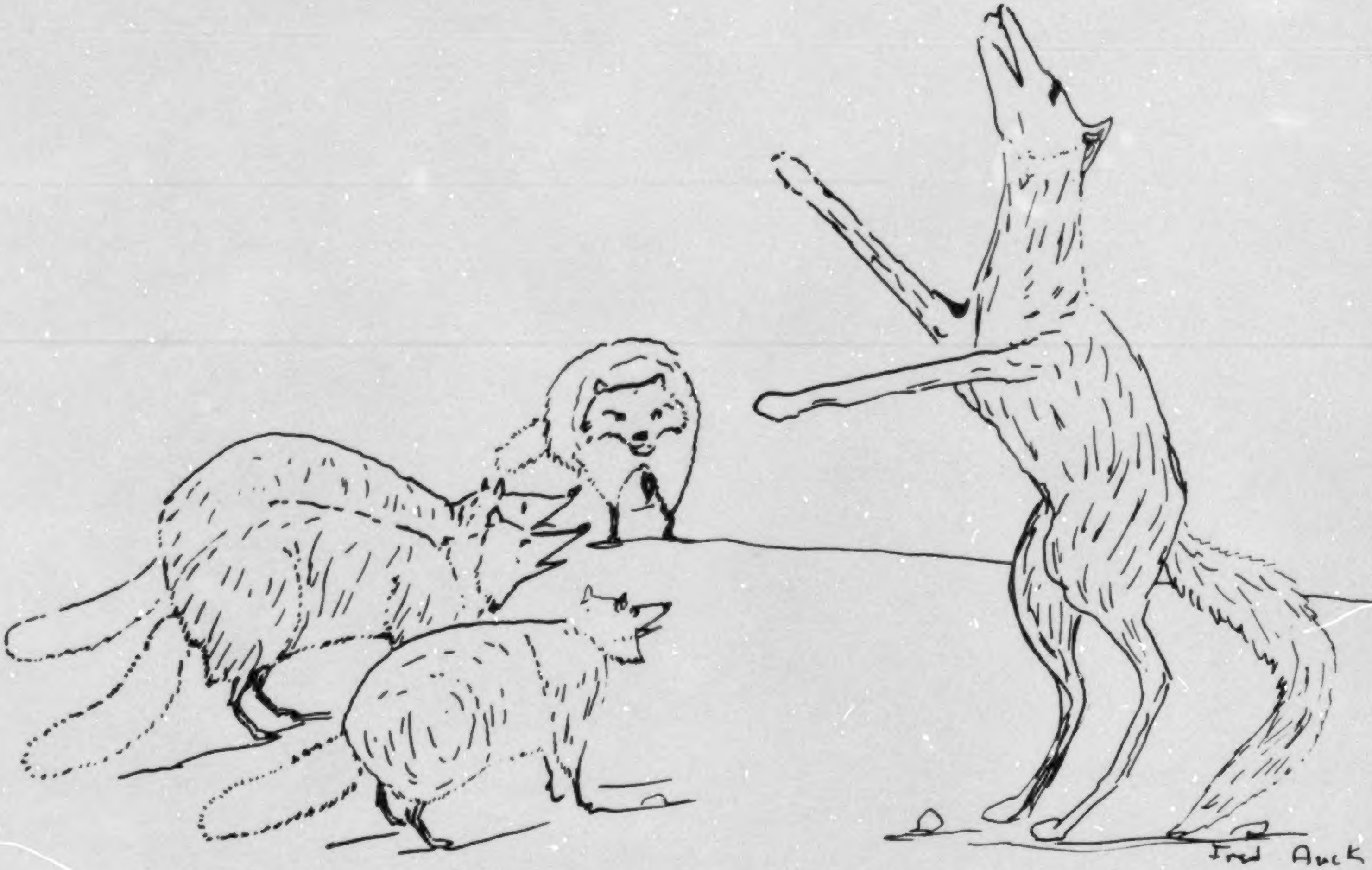
Coyote roped the naughty raccoon first.
The rope wrapped around his tail and around his eyes.



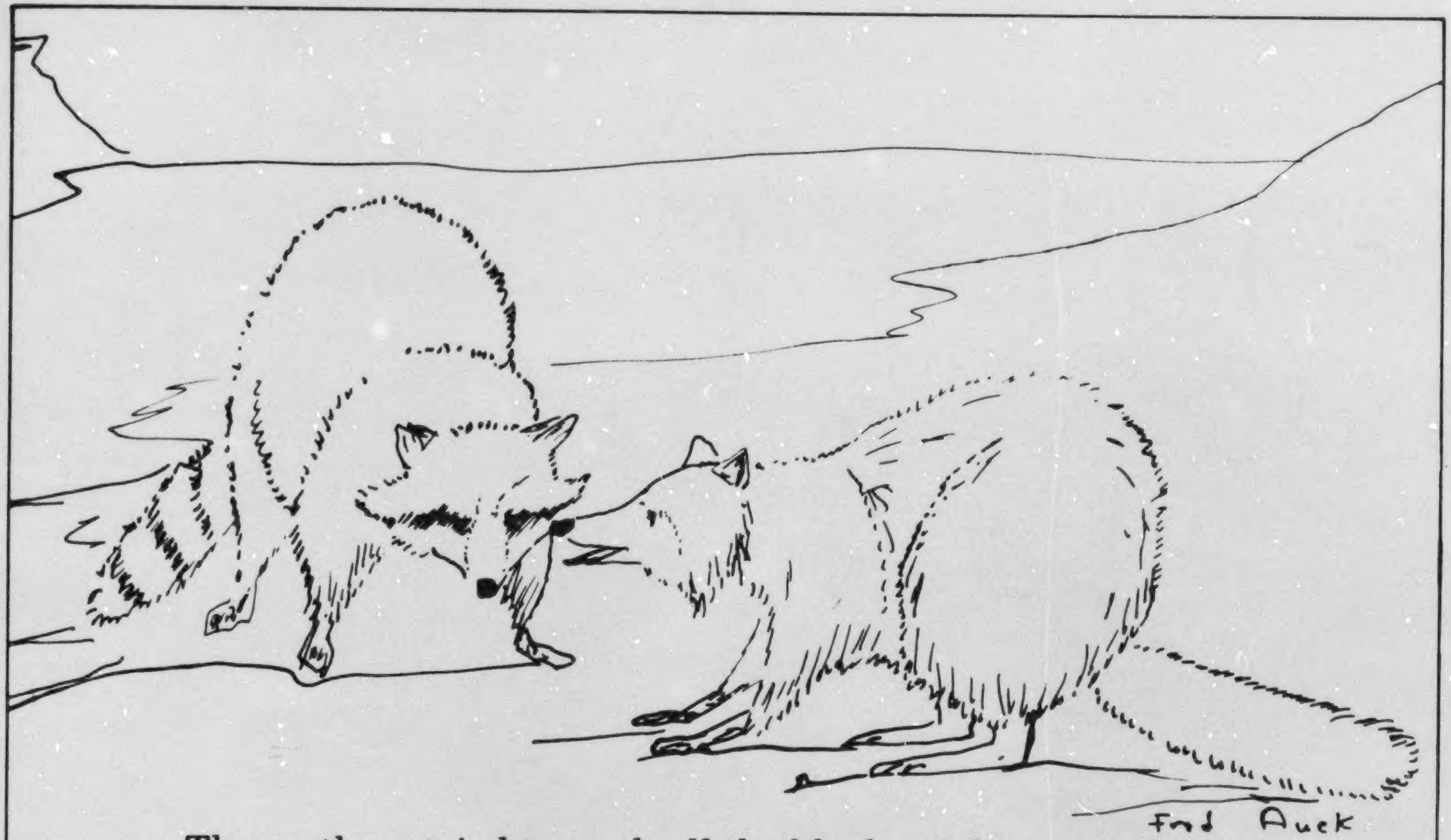
After Coyote tied the naughty raccoon,
he went after the other one.
He tied him up too.



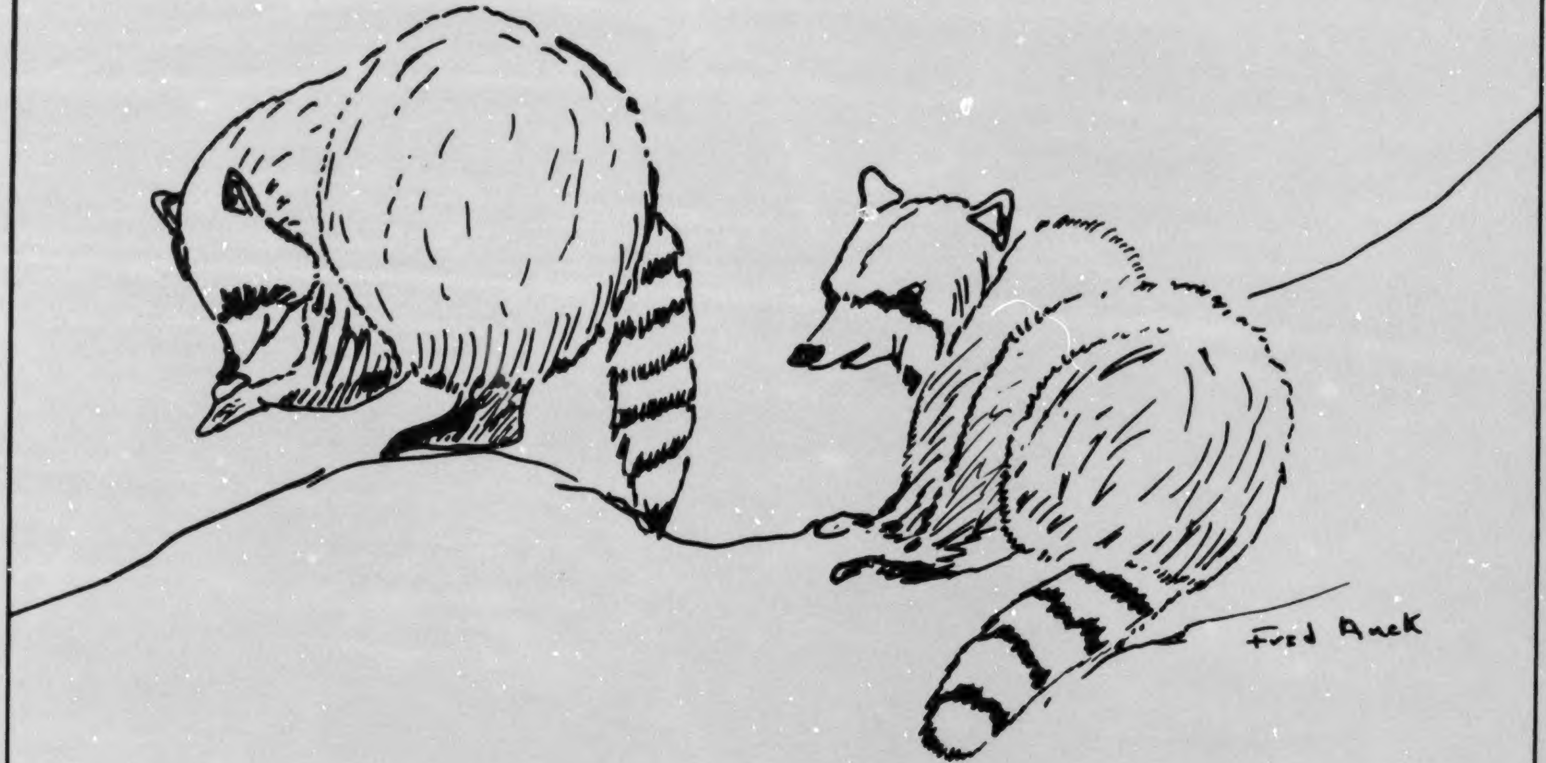
Both raccoons were yelling and screaming.



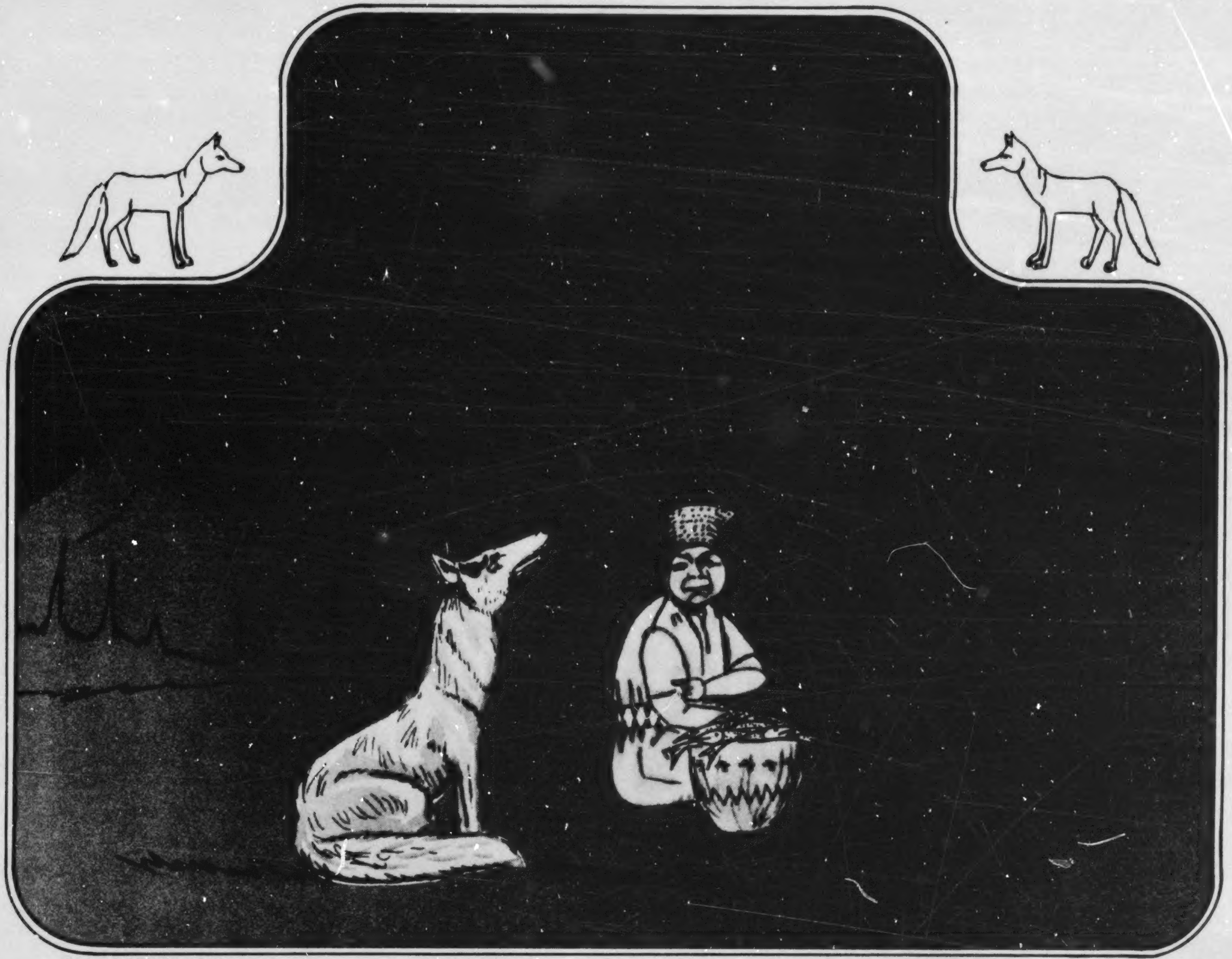
The mother raccoons ran to rescue their two raccoon children.
Coyote couldn't fight both of them,
so he released the two children.



The mothers tried to wash all the black, sticky gum
off the children's eyes and tails, but they couldn't.
The two raccoons never forgot their frightening experience.
The gummy film on their eyes and tails never came off.
They always felt dirty.



Raccoons still look that way today.
And they always wash themselves and their food
before they eat.



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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Coyote and Old Lady

Level III Book 9

By members of the Fort Hall
Reservation Committee

Fredrick Auck, *Illustrator*
Maxine Edmo, *Coordinator*
Inez Evening
Charlene Farmer
Cora George, *Consultant*
Lillie Little, *Consultant*
Alene Menta
Evelyn Teton, *Illustrator*
Mary Washakie

Illustrated by Fredrick Auck

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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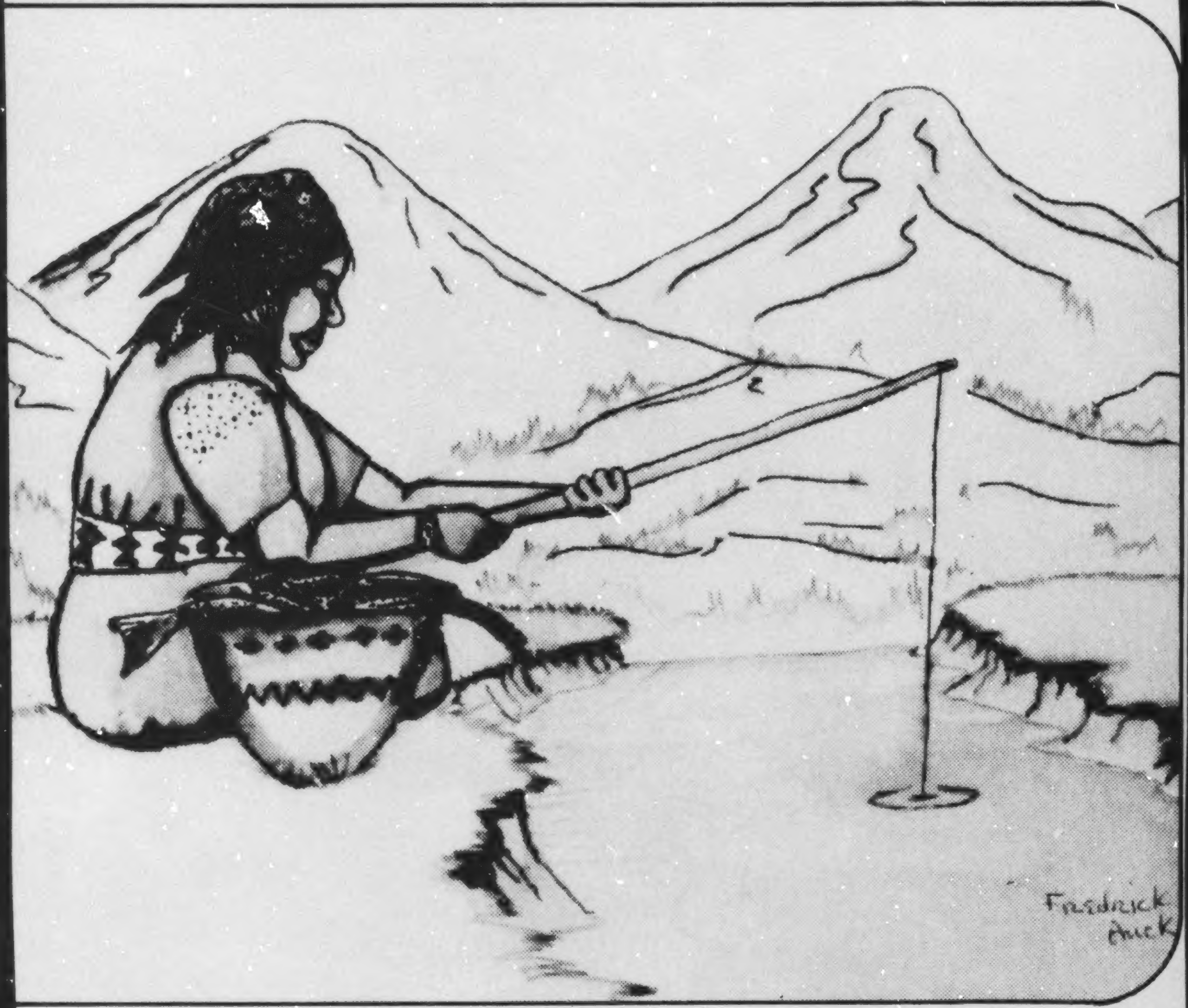
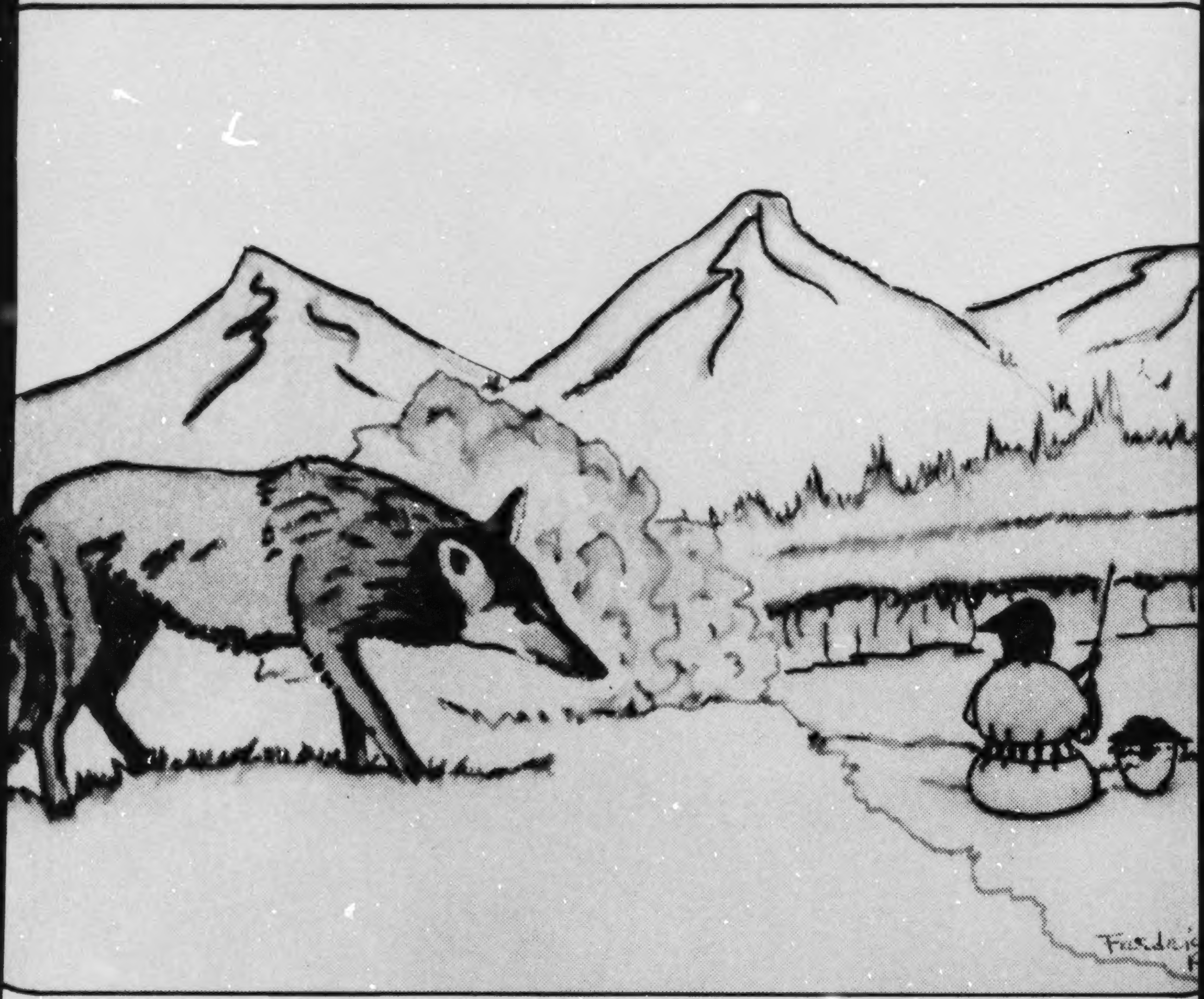
Coyote and Old Lady

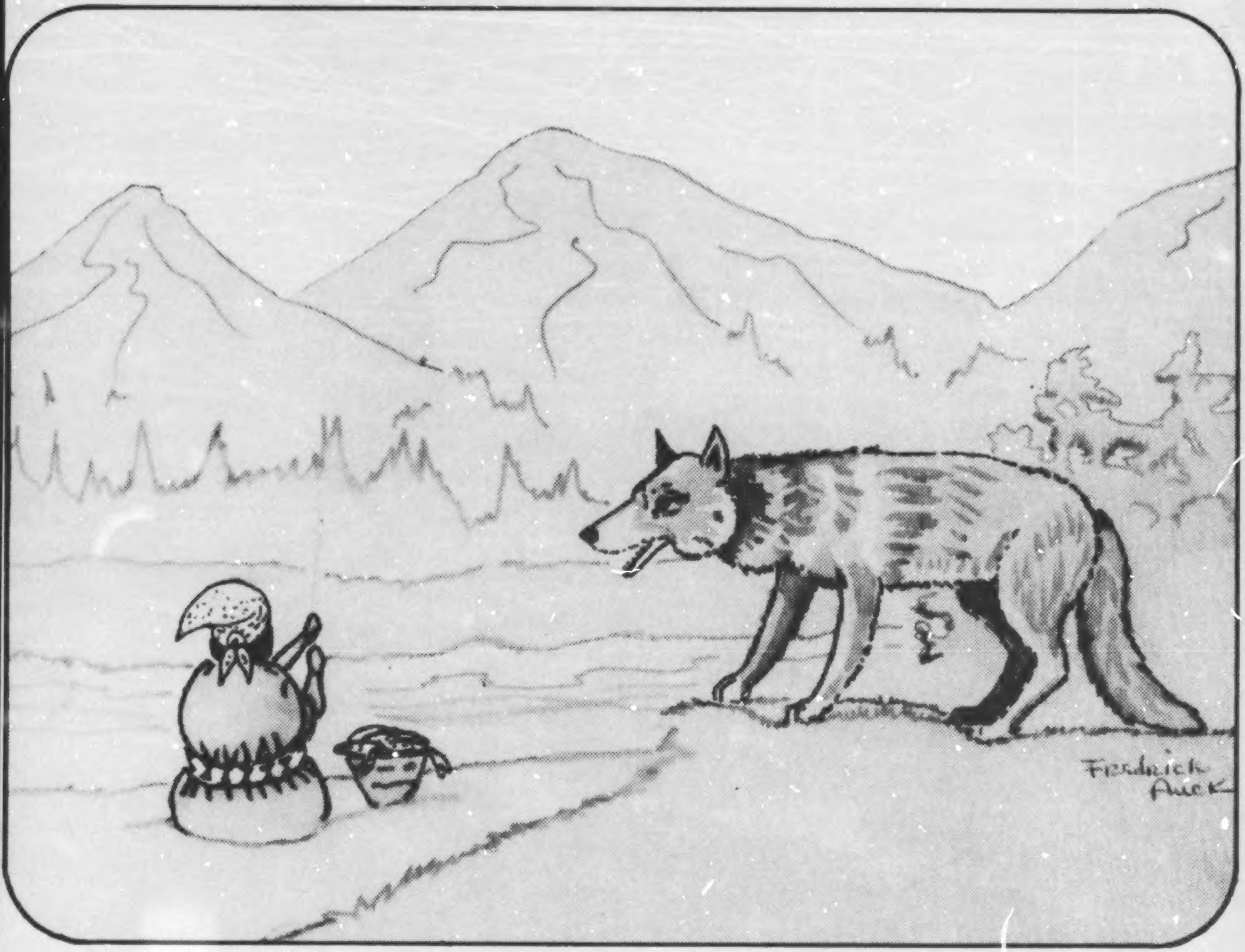

Fredrick
Anck

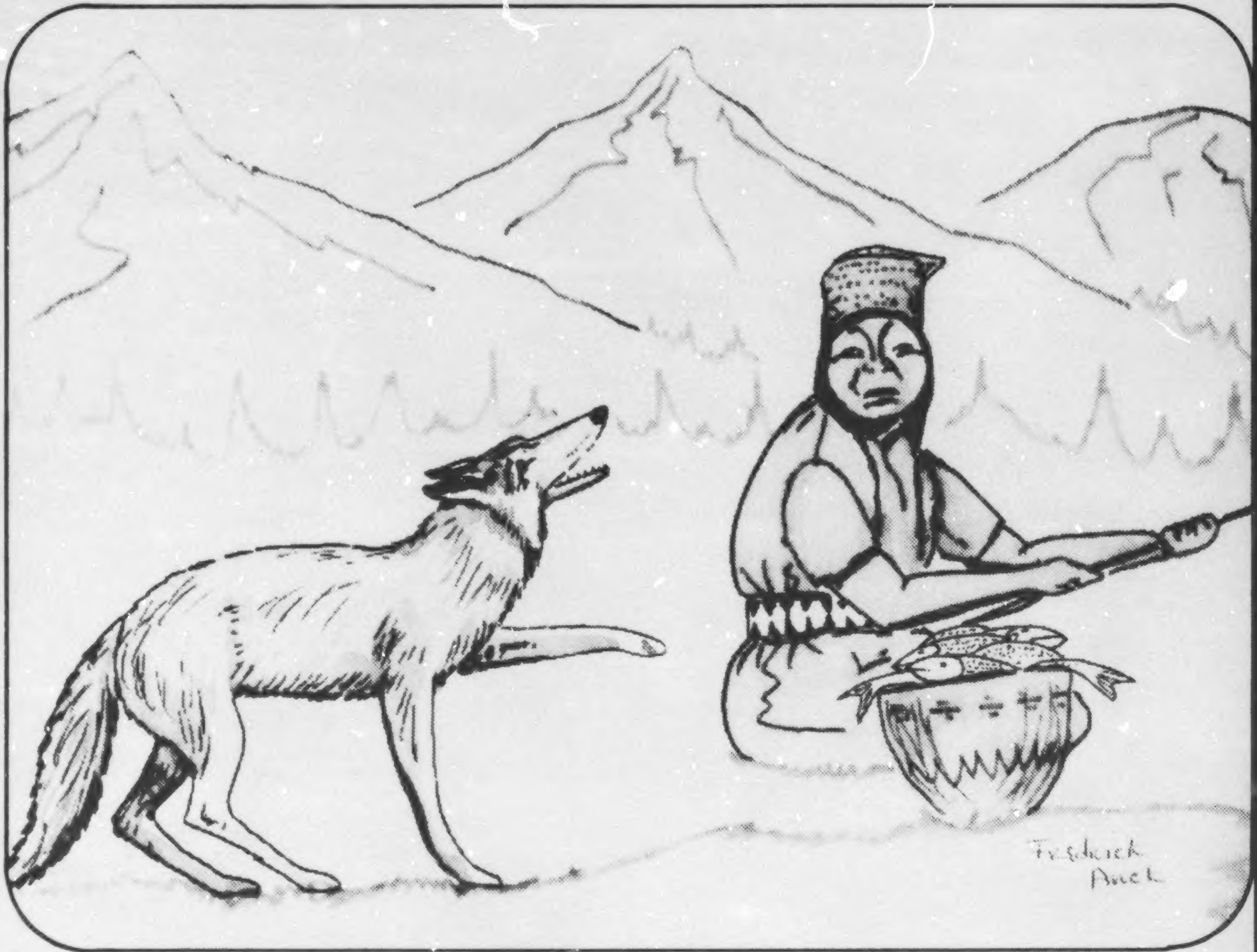
One day long ago, Old Lady was fishing on the Snake River.
There were a lot of fish.
Old Lady said, "I have caught enough fish
to last me one whole moon."



While she was fishing, Coyote watched Old Lady.
His mouth started watering.
He said, "I wonder how I can get myself a dinner?"

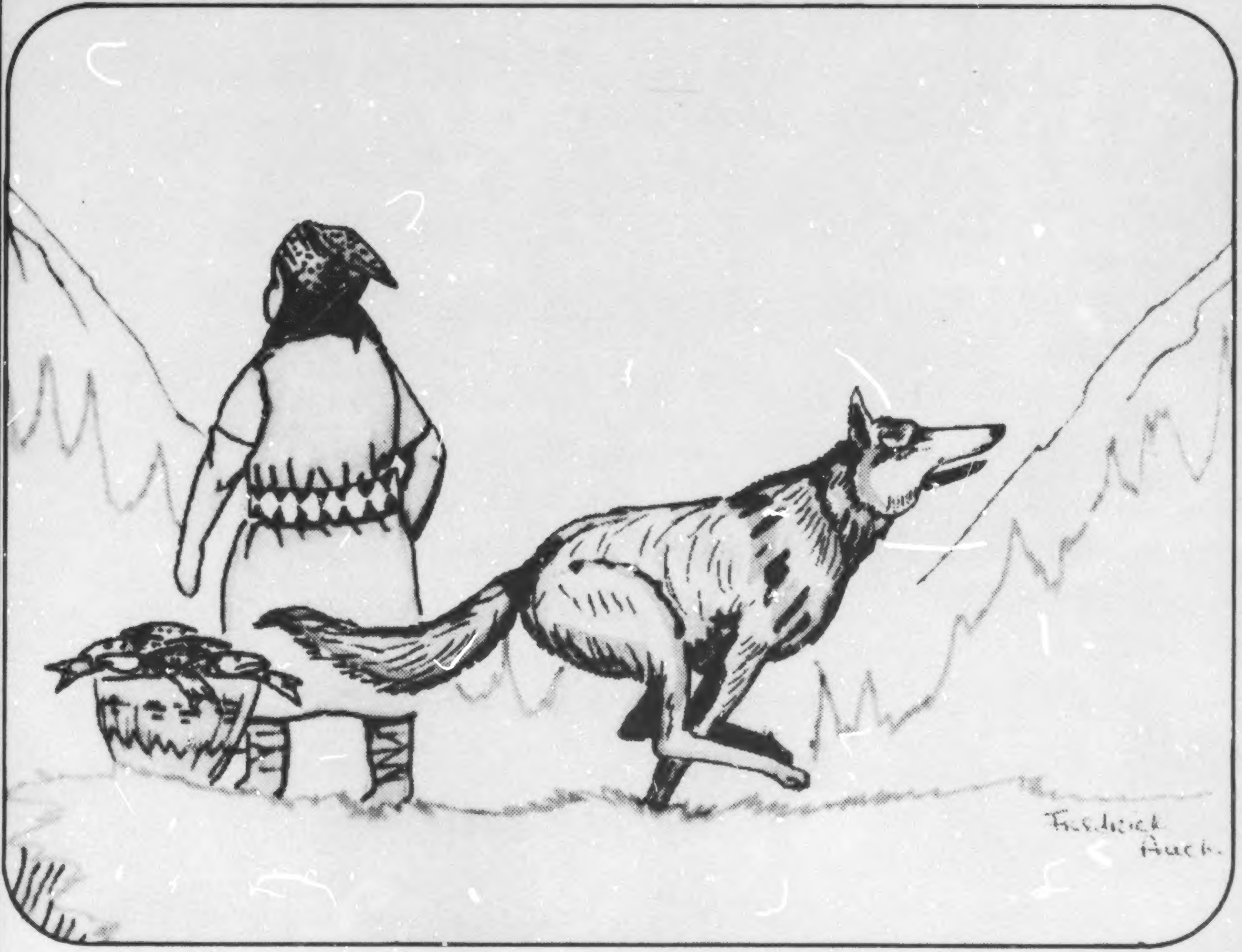
Coyote thought it best to try his "coyote charm."
Out he stepped from behind the brush.
"Hello, you beautiful woman," he said with charm.


Fredrick Auck

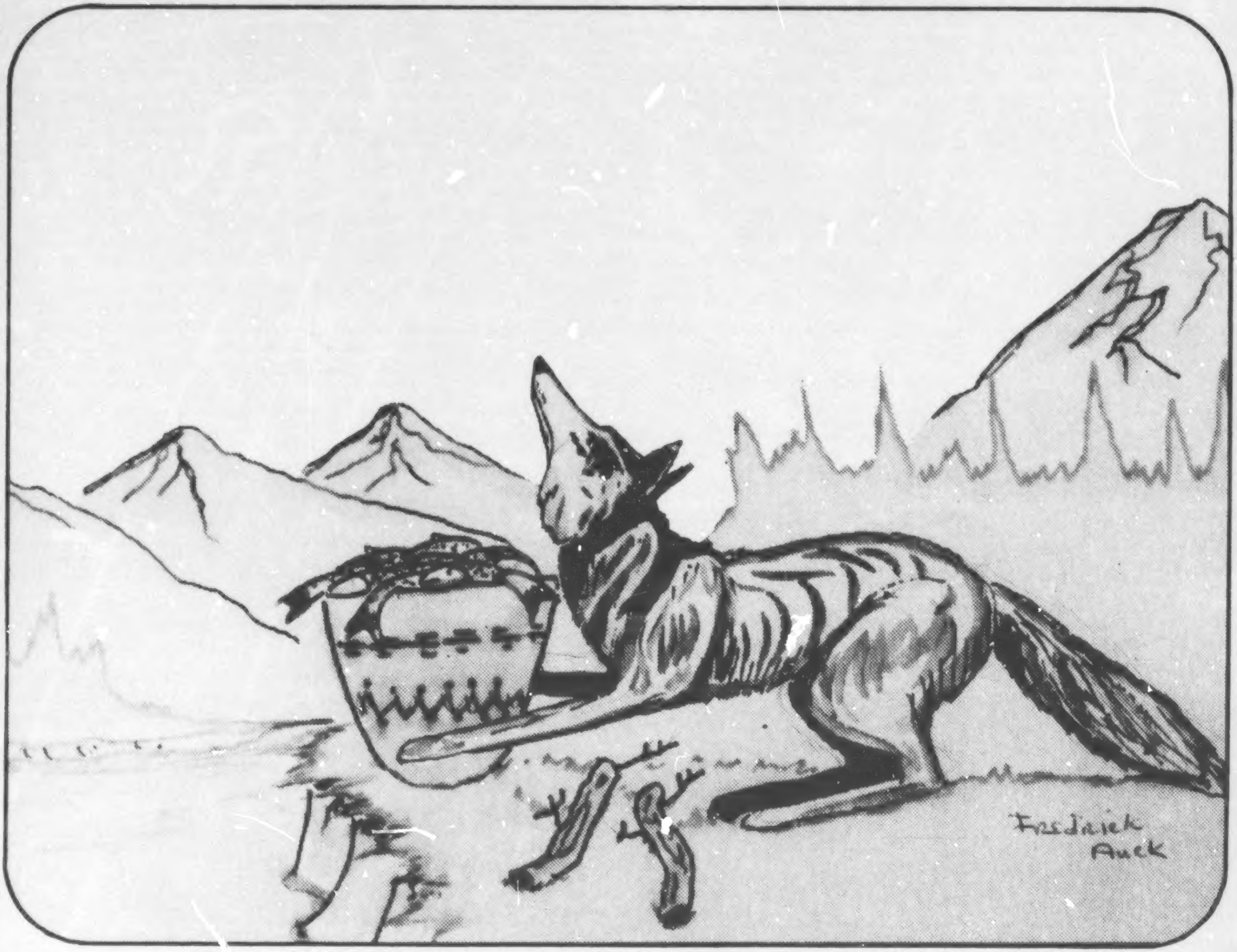

Frederick
Auck

Old Lady was startled by Coyote.
She listened to all the nice things he had to say.
She thought he was very nice!
Then she came to her senses and said,
"What is it you really want?
Tell me no more lies!"

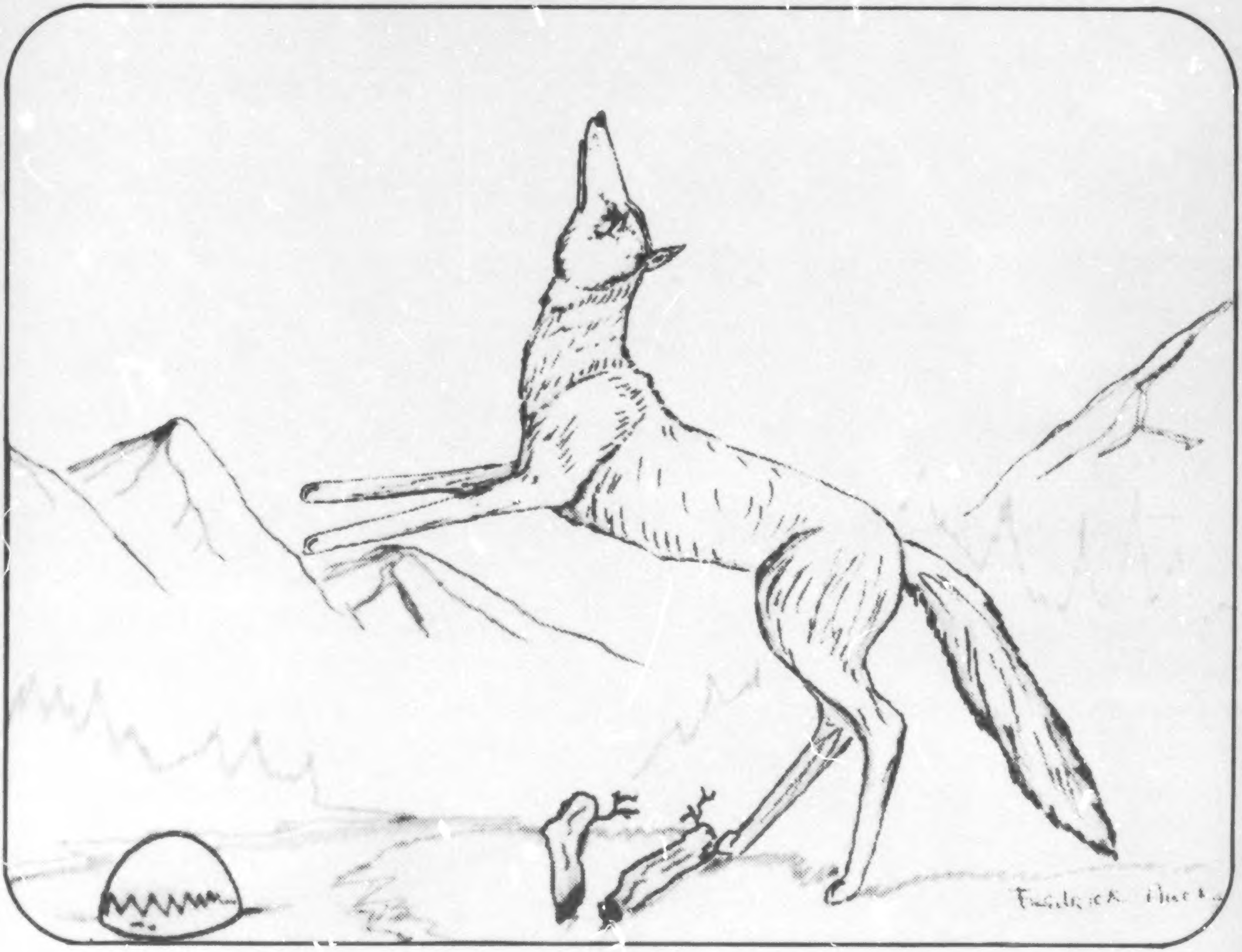
Coyote said, "I want to help you clean your fish.
But first we will need firewood.
He told Old Lady to go one way,
and he went the other way into the woods.


Frederick Auch.

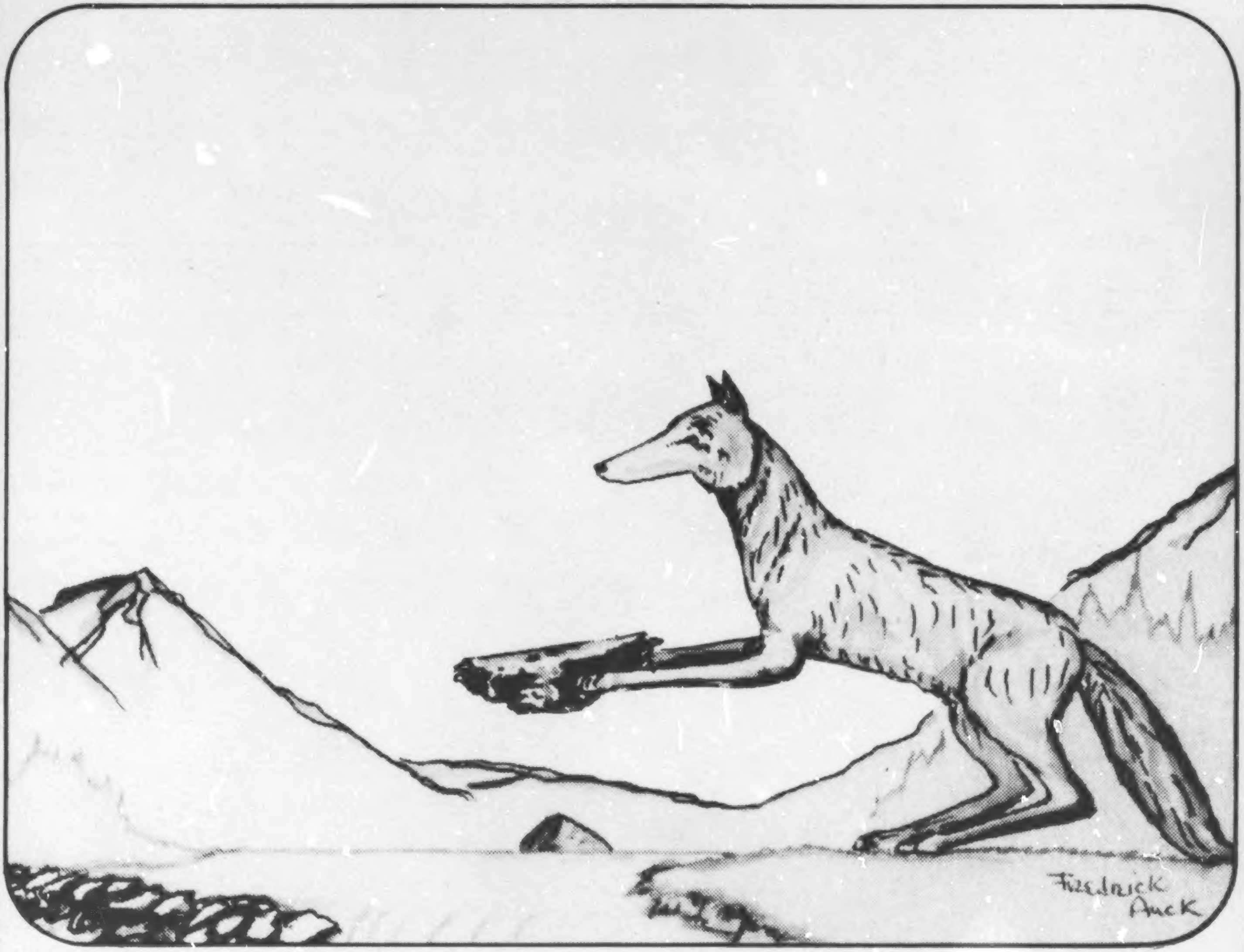
Coyote picked up a branch and ran back to Old Lady's fish.
Old Lady was nowhere around.
He threw down the firewood and picked up the basket of fish.
The basket was very heavy.

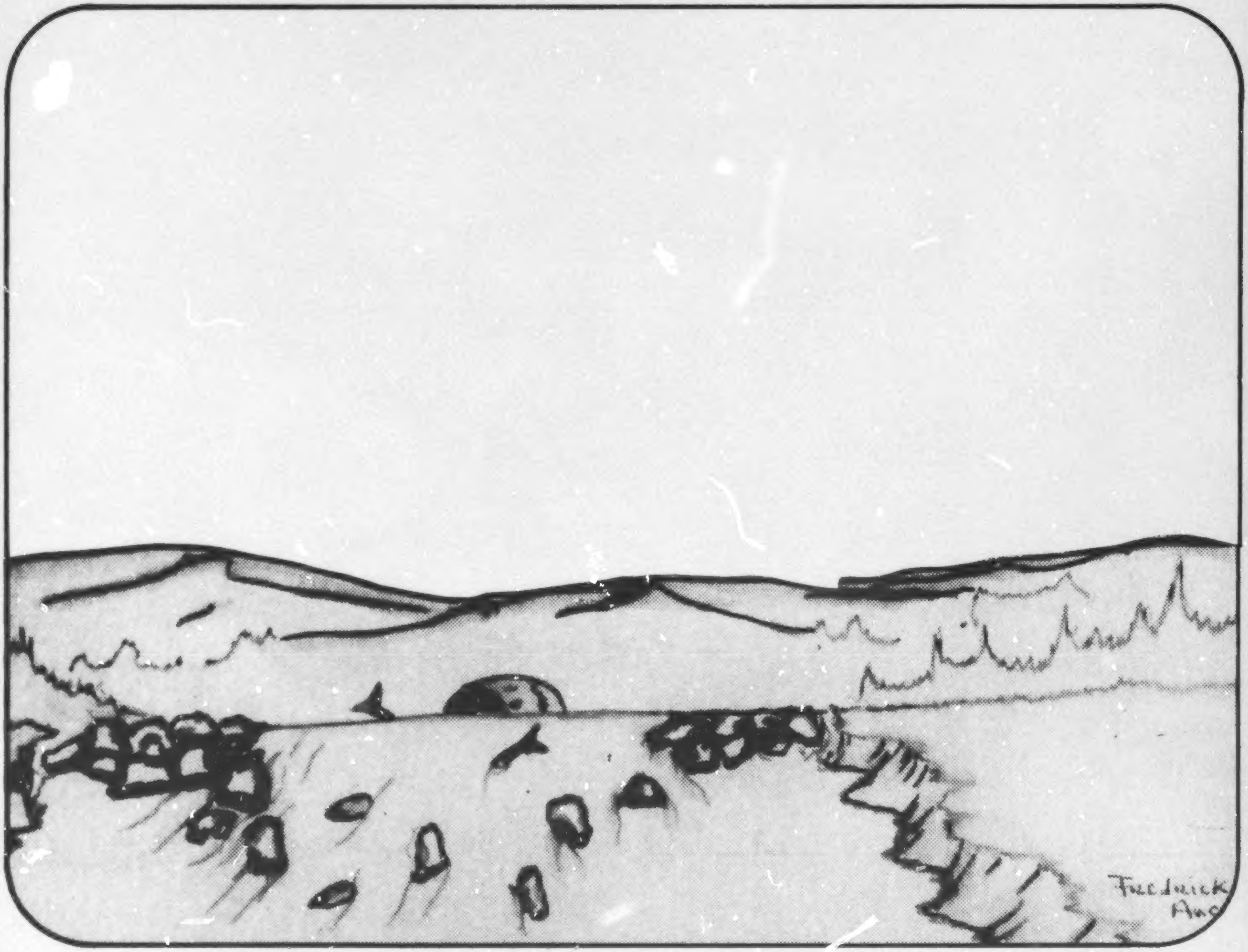

Fredrick Auck

Coyote took a step.
He tripped over the firewood.
The basket of fish went flying into the river.
"Oh, no!" cried Coyote.
"How will I catch them?"



Coyote knew the river was swift.
He wondered if he could dam the river.
He ran ahead and began to throw lava rocks into the river.


Frederick Auck



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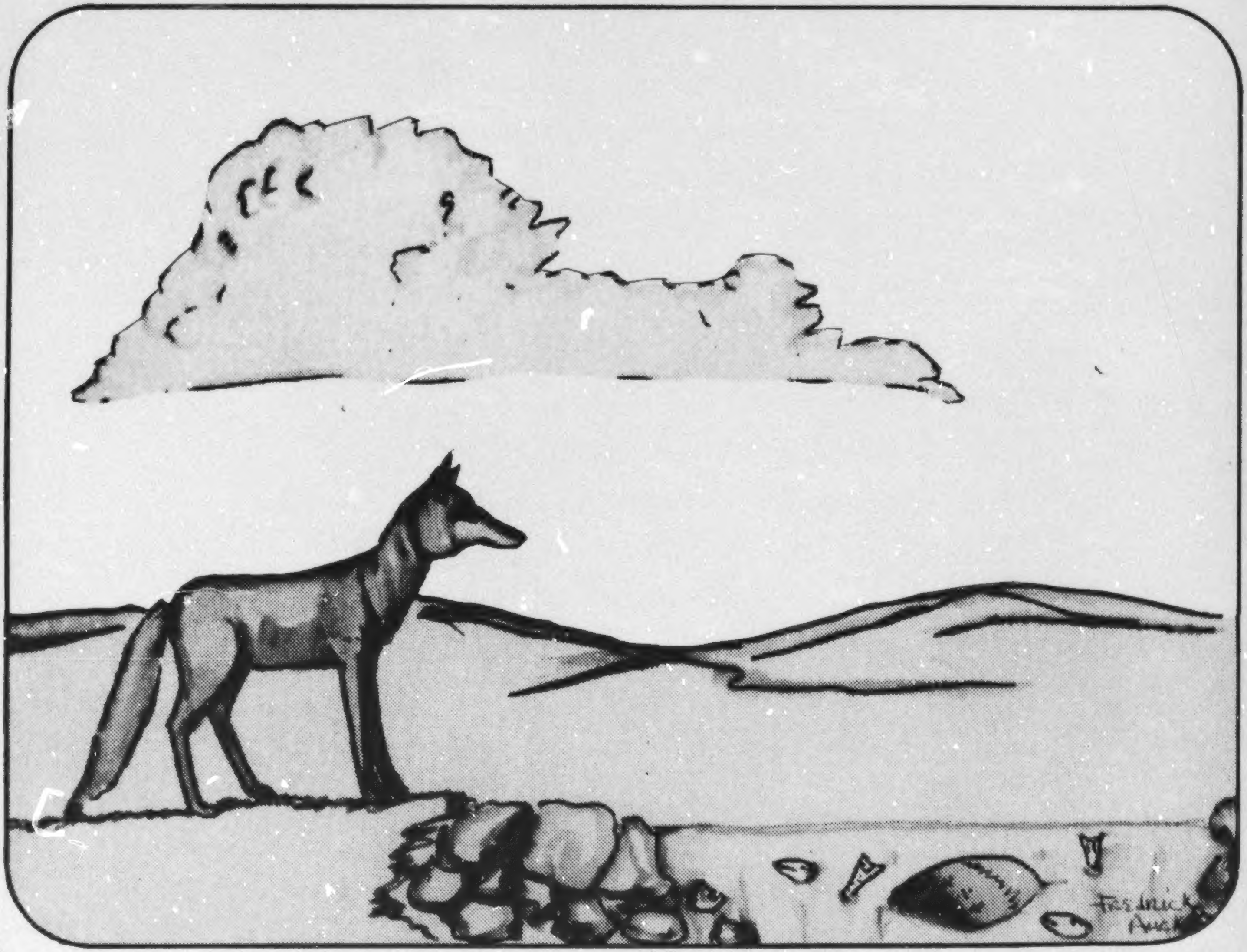
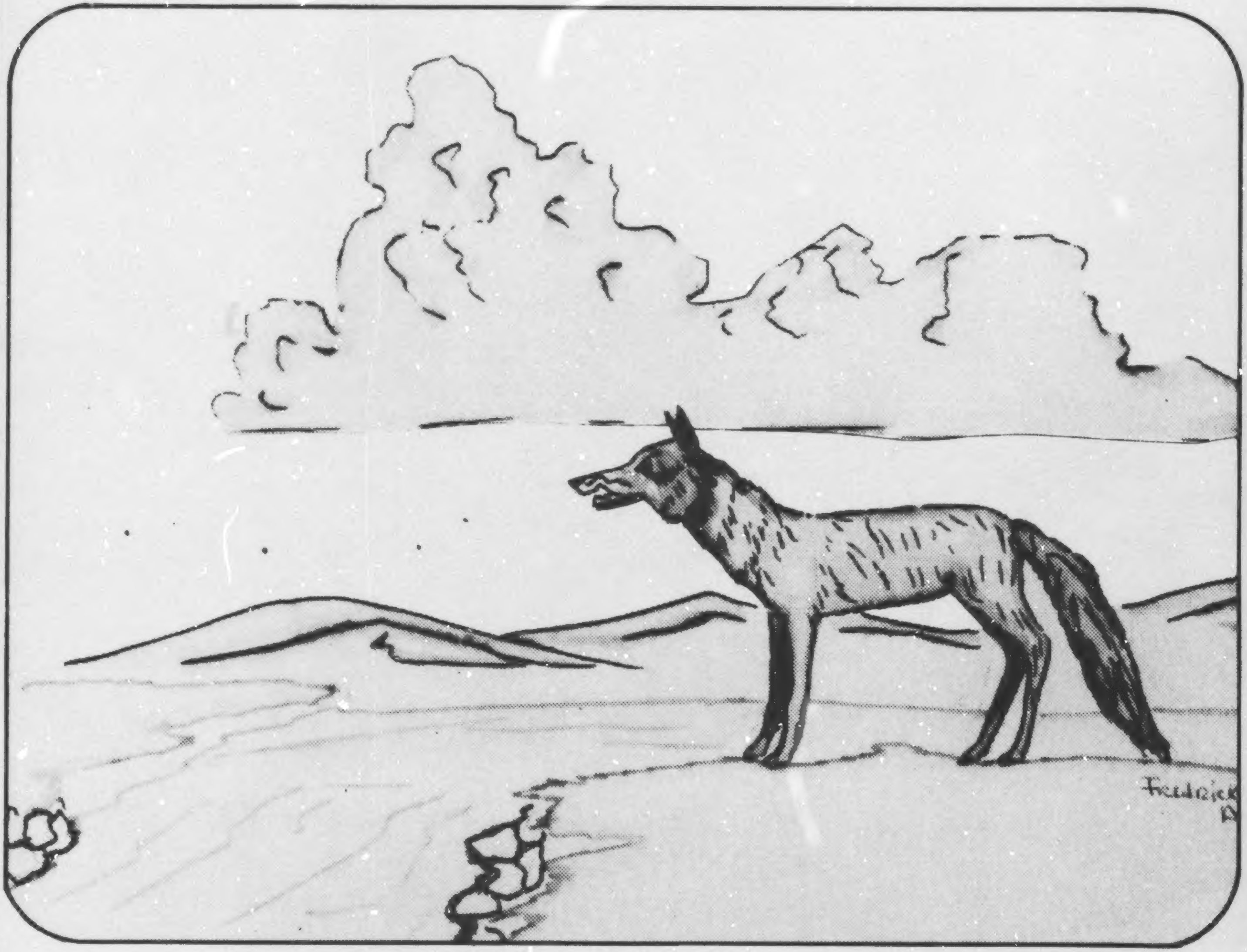
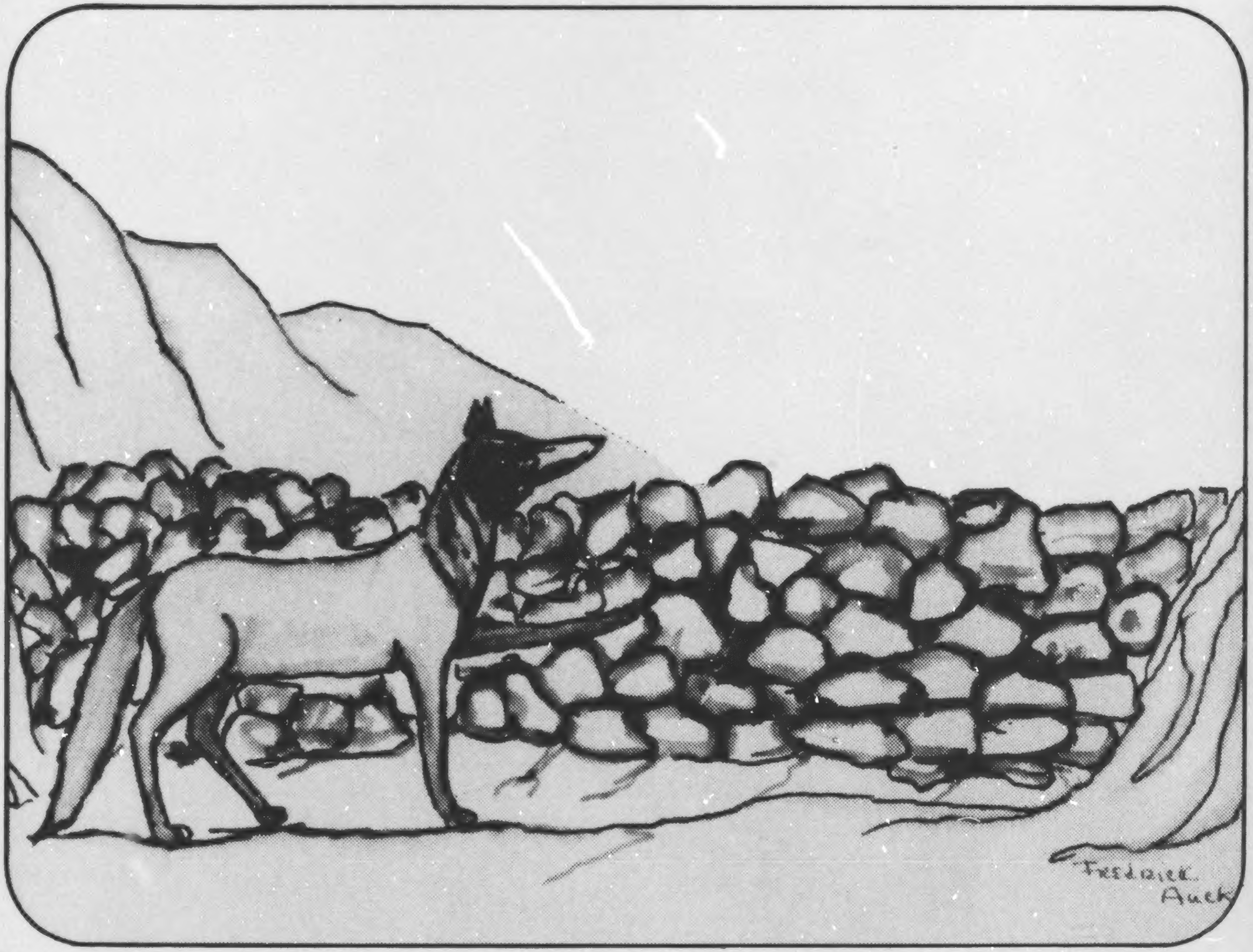
The first dam did not stop the fish.
The water flowed over the dam.
The fish went over the top and down the river.
That dam is now Idaho Falls.


Fredrick

Coyote ran further down the river.
He built another dam.
The water went over the top again.
The fish went over the top again.
The second dam is now American Falls.

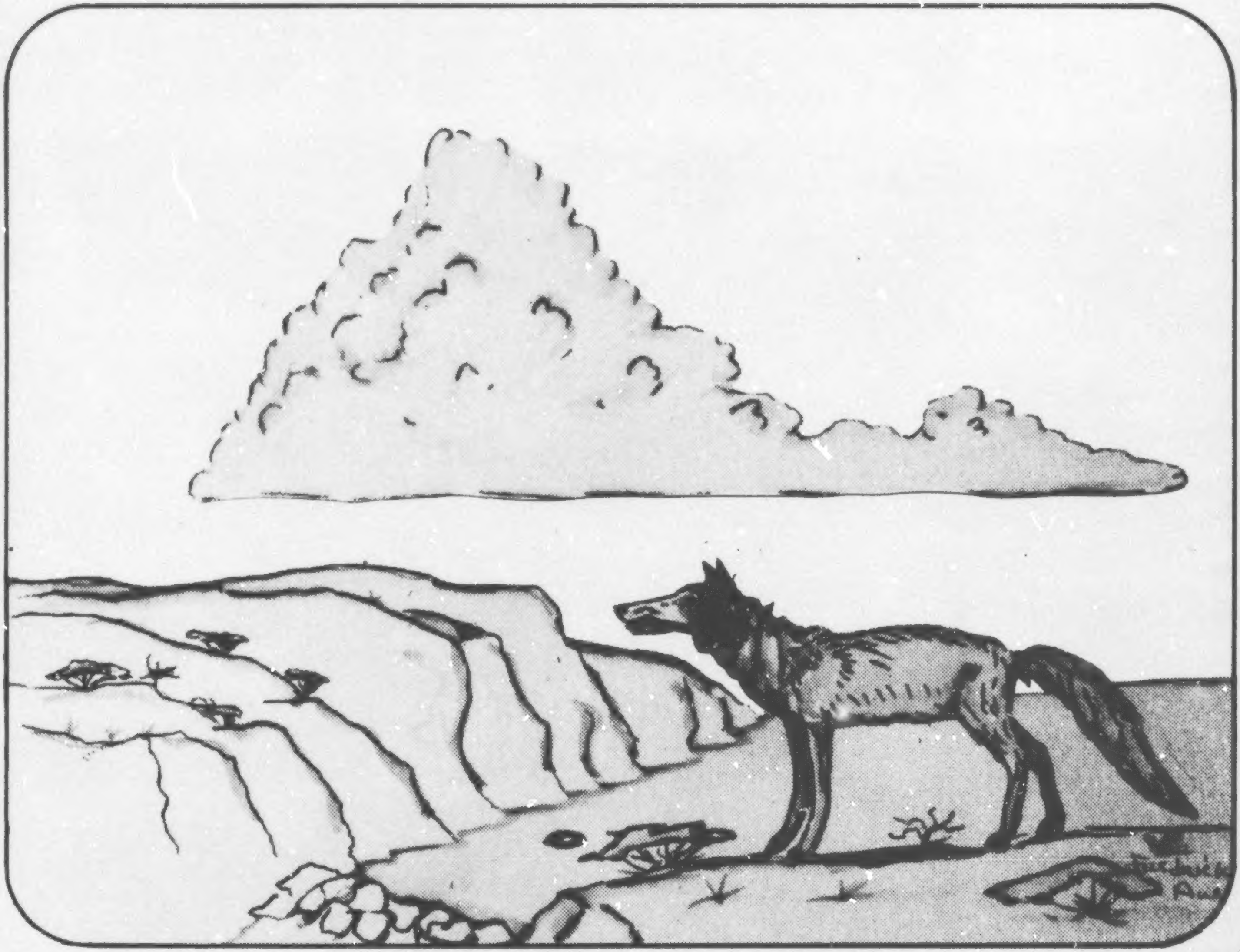
Coyote was getting angry.
He mumbled and grumbled.
"This time I will make sure it does not happen again,"
he said.



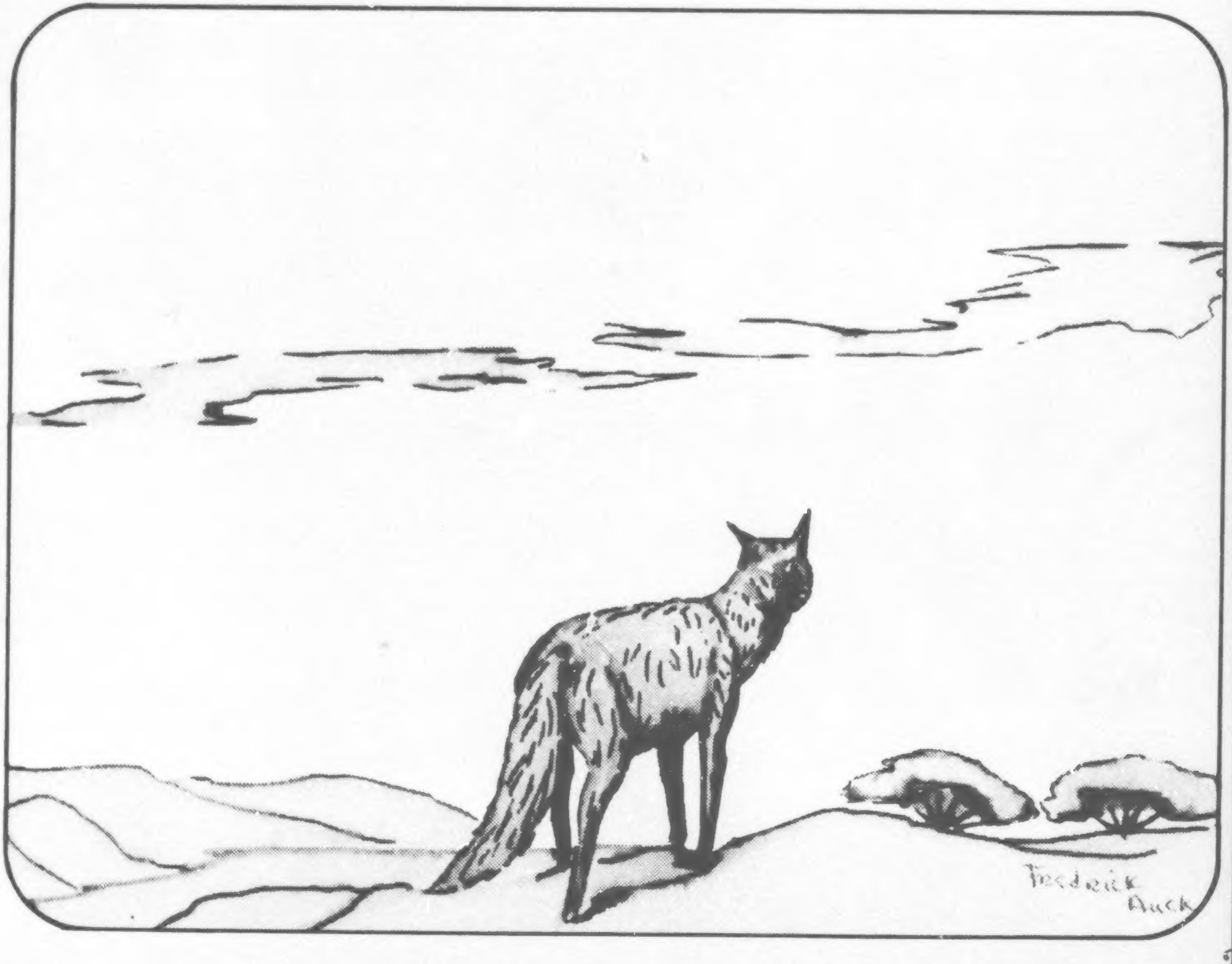

Fredrick
Auck

Coyote ran down the river again.
He started building a larger dam.
He waited for the fish.
This dam is now Twin Falls.

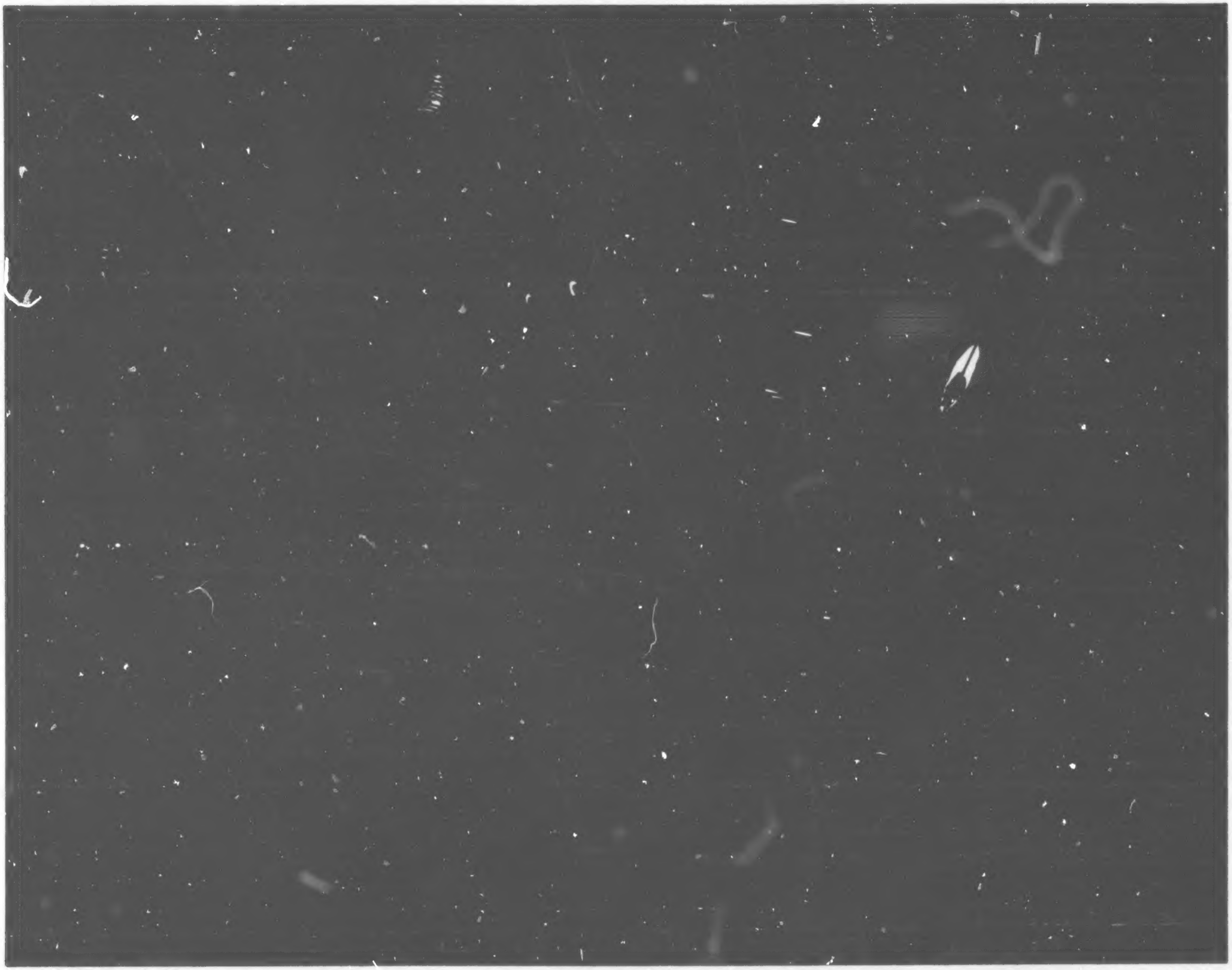
Guess what happened!



Coyote decided he should hunt honestly for something to eat.



Fredrick
Auck



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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Coyote and Trout

Level III Book 10

Developed by the Kootenai Cultural Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

Mary Andrews, *Consultant*
Joe Antiste, *Consultant*
Susan Blixt
Sarah Bufton
Glenda Burke, *Illustrator*
Madeline Couture
Debbie Joseph, *Illustrator*
Alex Lefthand, *Consultant*
Basil Lefthand, *Consultant*
Naida Lefthand, *Coordinator*
Adeline Mathias, *Consultant*

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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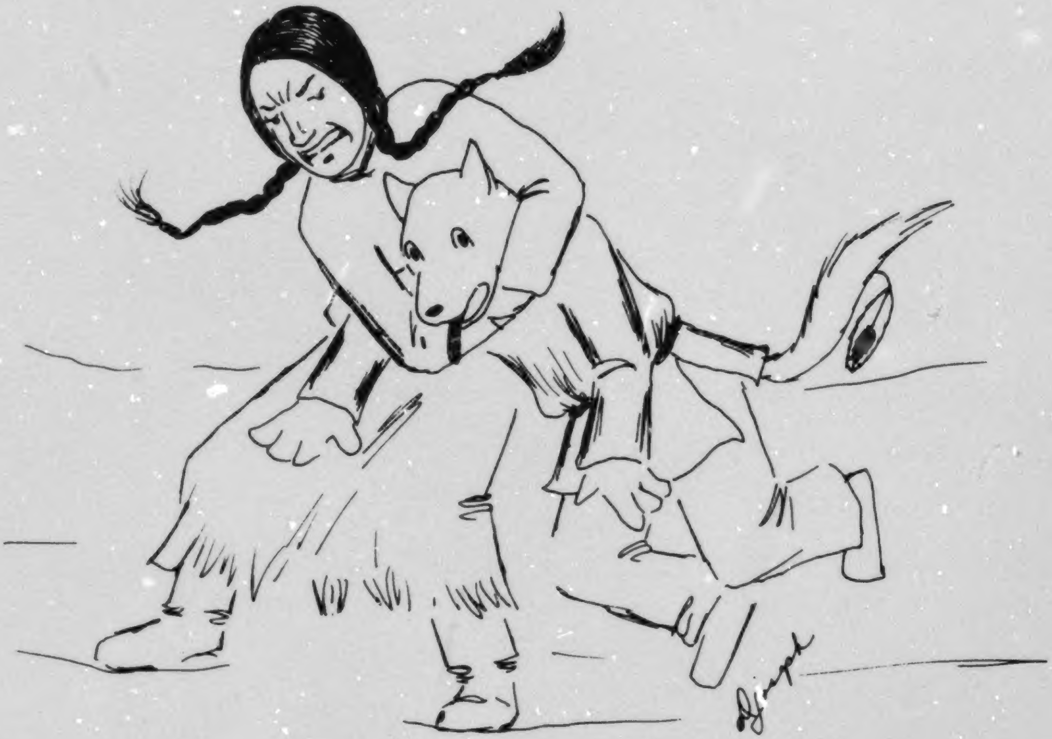
One winter day, Coyote went for a walk by a lake.
He saw a woman standing not too far away.
He thought to himself,
"I will walk by and have a closer look."

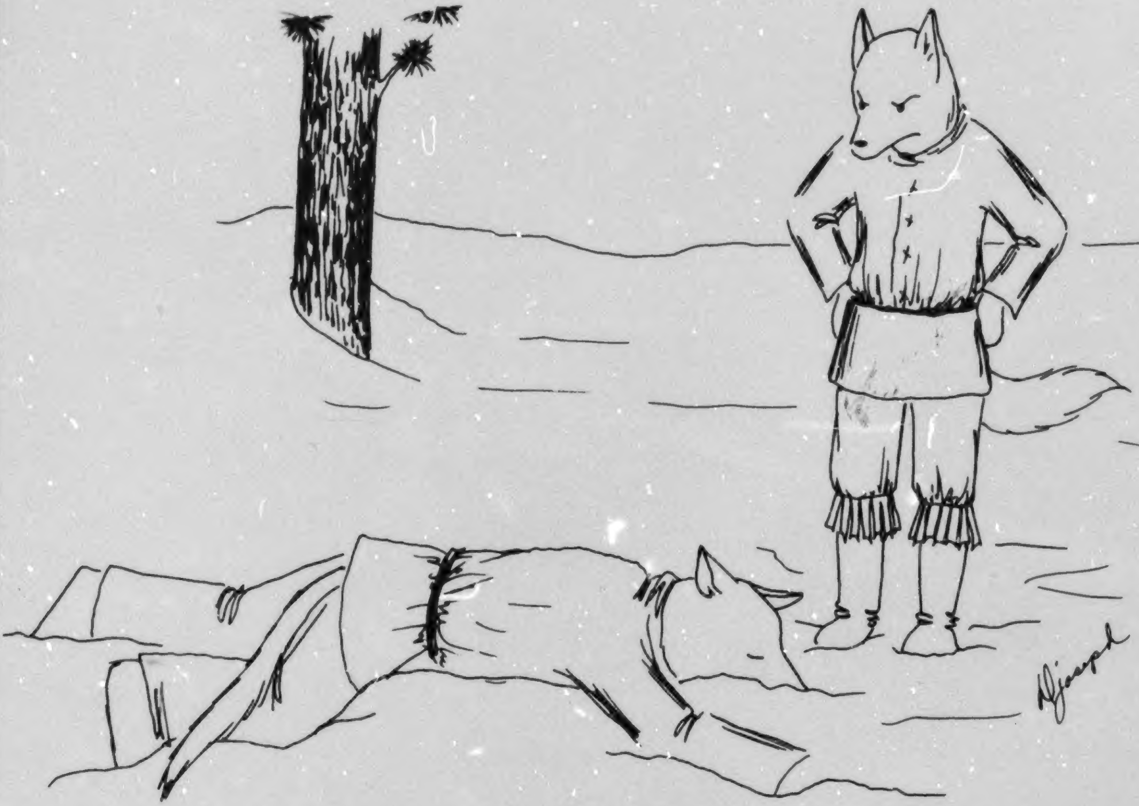
As he got near, the woman said,
"Coyote, come over here and wrestle with me!"

"Ha!" said Coyote.
"You must be kidding!
I am too strong!"



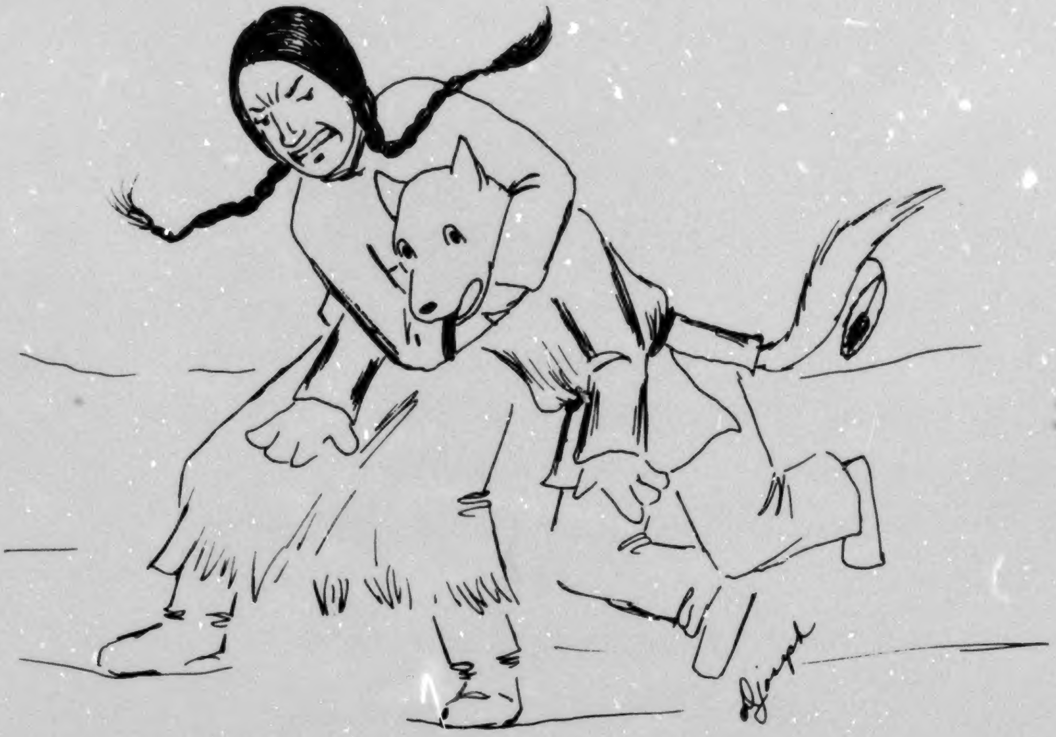
The woman got hold of Coyote and they wrestled.
Finally, Coyote went down.
He was dead!

Meanwhile, Fox, who had been traveling here and there,
realized he hadn't seen Coyote for quite awhile.
He knew something must be wrong.
So, being a faithful friend, he went looking for Coyote.



Fox came to the shore of the lake.
There he found Coyote's body.
Fox used his powers to bring Coyote back to life.
With no shame at all,
    Coyote told how the woman had knocked him out.

Coyote and Fox left together,
	but hadn't gone too far when they became separated.
Coyote wandered back to the place by the lake.
Again the lady asked Coyote to wrestle with her.
But this time it would be different,
	because Coyote's powers told him not to get knocked out.
It hurt Coyote when she threw him down.
He almost passed out.
He was so still, the woman thought she had killed him.
She turned to run.
Coyote jumped up and tried to grab her, but he missed.



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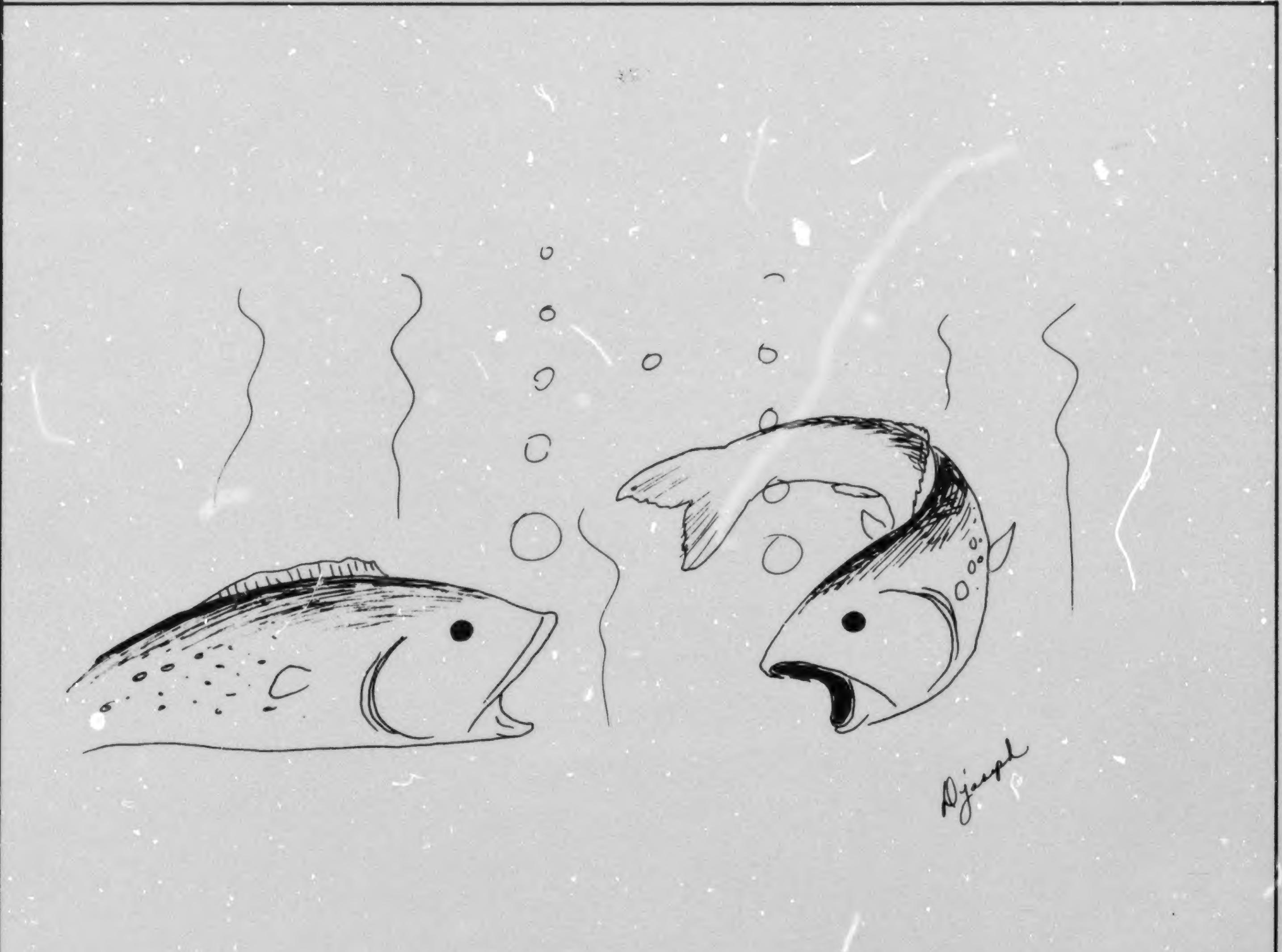
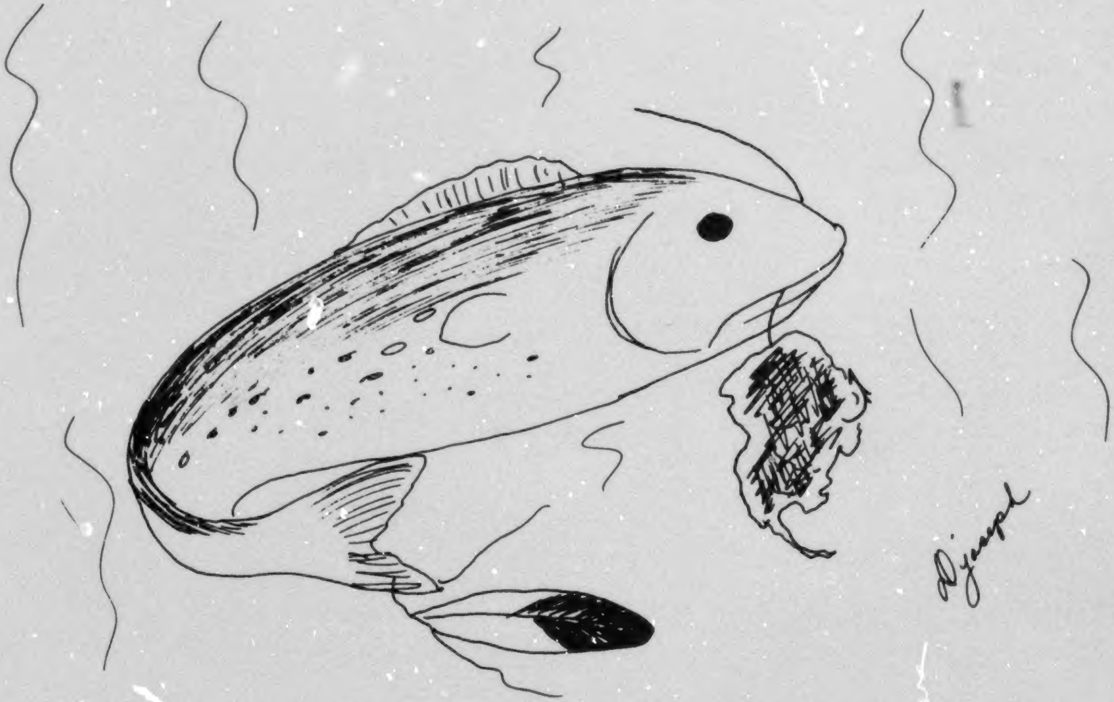
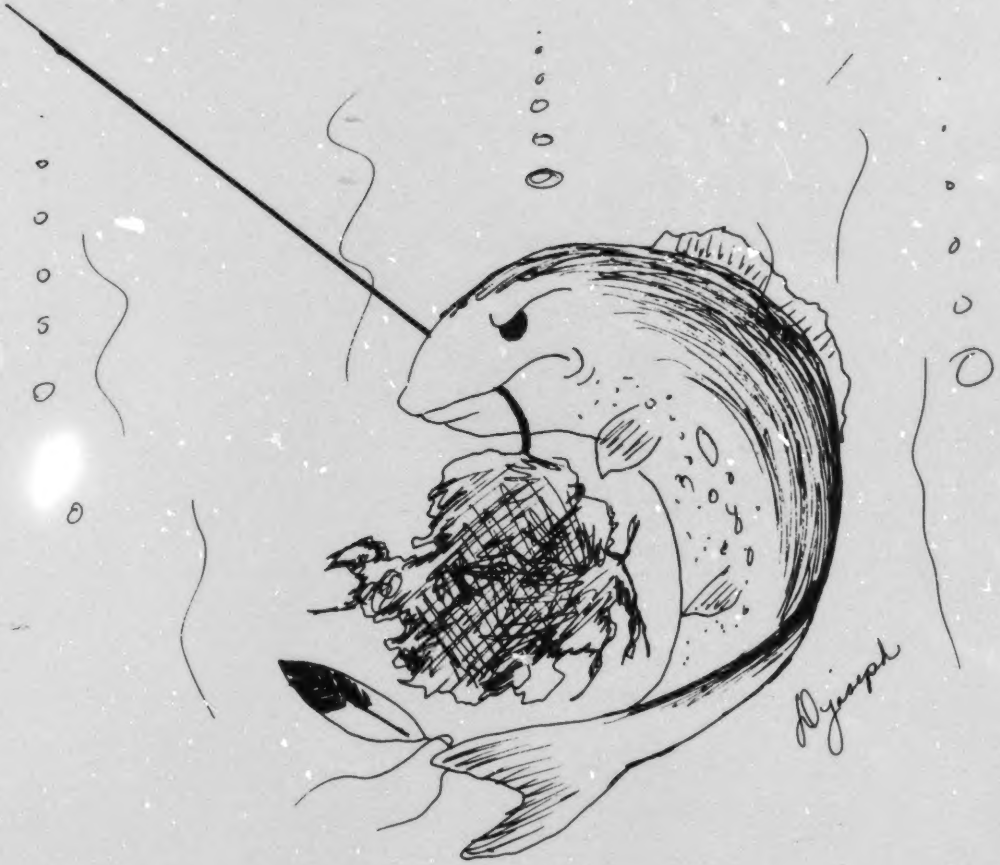
The woman ran down to the lake as Coyote chased her.
The lake was covered with ice except for a small hole.
The woman jumped through the hole,
    with Coyote right behind!
When she was under the water, she turned into a trout.
She turned Coyote into a trout, too, and married him.
Every morning the trouts would leave camp.
When they returned, they would have some meat.
This made Coyote very curious
    because he was greedy and wanted some meat.


DJoseph
9

One morning Coyote told his wife,
"Let me help you bring in the food."
It was all right with her, so he went along.
They came to a place where some pieces of meat
were dangling in the water.
Coyote looked for the biggest piece.
When he found it, he grabbed the string with his mouth,
pulled and broke it off.
He did this all morning.
From then on, Coyote went with the trouts every day.
Soon he had all the meat, and the other trouts had none.



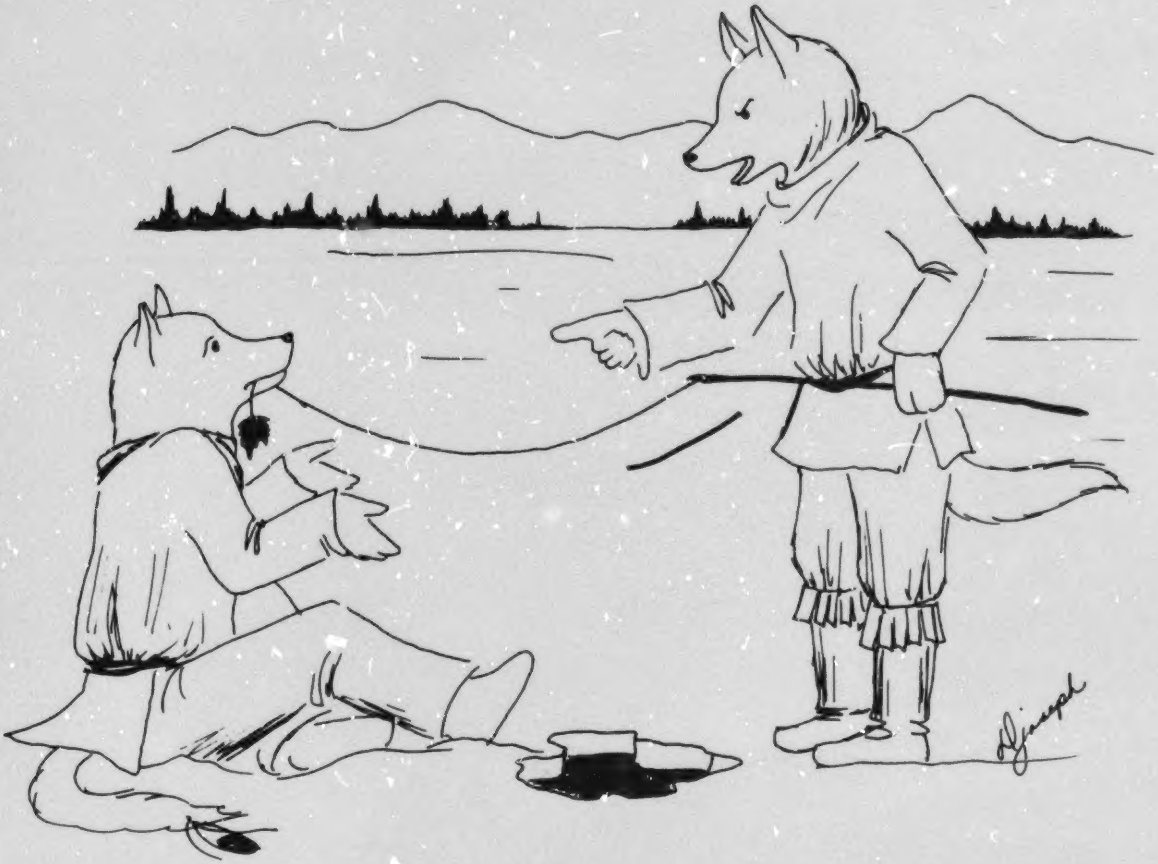
Meanwhile, Fox, who had been traveling everywhere,
heard that the trouts were starving.
Right away, Fox knew that Coyote was behind it all.
Fox made a fish line out of tough sinew.
The next day, he went fishing.
The trouts were already biting.
Fox threw in his line, hoping to catch Coyote.
Coyote grabbed the line because it had the biggest piece of meat.
He tried to break the line, but he couldn't.


Djoseph

Fox pulled his friend out of the water.
He took a big club
    and pretended he was going to kill Coyote.
Coyote yelled, "Don't kill me!
I'm your friend, Coyote."

Fox mocked him, saying, "Don't kill me!
I'm your friend, Coyote."
He then asked Coyote, "Why did you do this?"

Coyote said, "I married a trout
    and have been living in the water with them.
I didn't mean to harm anyone."



Fox said to Coyote, "You were almost killed
because you tried to take all the meat
and left nothing for others.
This should teach you not to be so greedy."

NAIDA LEFTHAND

Naida Lefthand is a Kootenai Indian who was born and raised on the Flathead Reservation in Montana. She has worked for the Confederated Tribes in a variety of capacities and has been particularly involved in education and counseling. From 1970 to 1973 she was Assistant Director for the Kootenai Adult Basic Education Program and for two years served as Home School Coordinator of Elmo School, where she counseled elementary-grade students and was the liaison between the school, parents, children and teachers. From 1974 to 1975 she was a counselor in the Tribal Drug and Alcohol Program, and for the past three years she has been Director of the Kootenai Cultural Committee, which has been trying to preserve the Kootenai culture by recording legends and developing cultural materials. She is married and has a little boy.

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HOW THE MILKY WAY GOT INTO THE SKY

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 11

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How the Milky Way Got into the Sky

Level III Book 11

By members of the Warm Springs
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Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Ada Sooksoit
Wilson Wewa

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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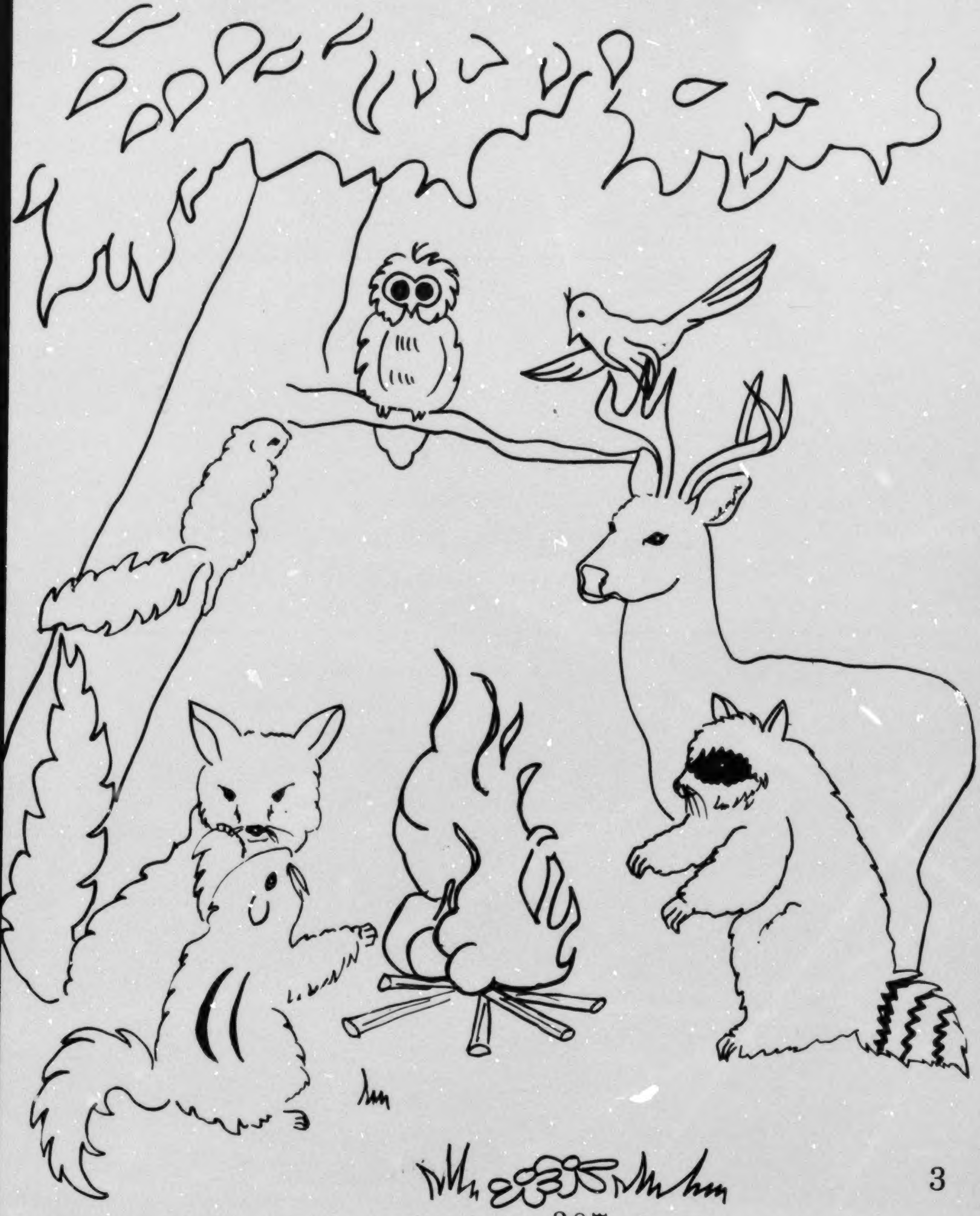
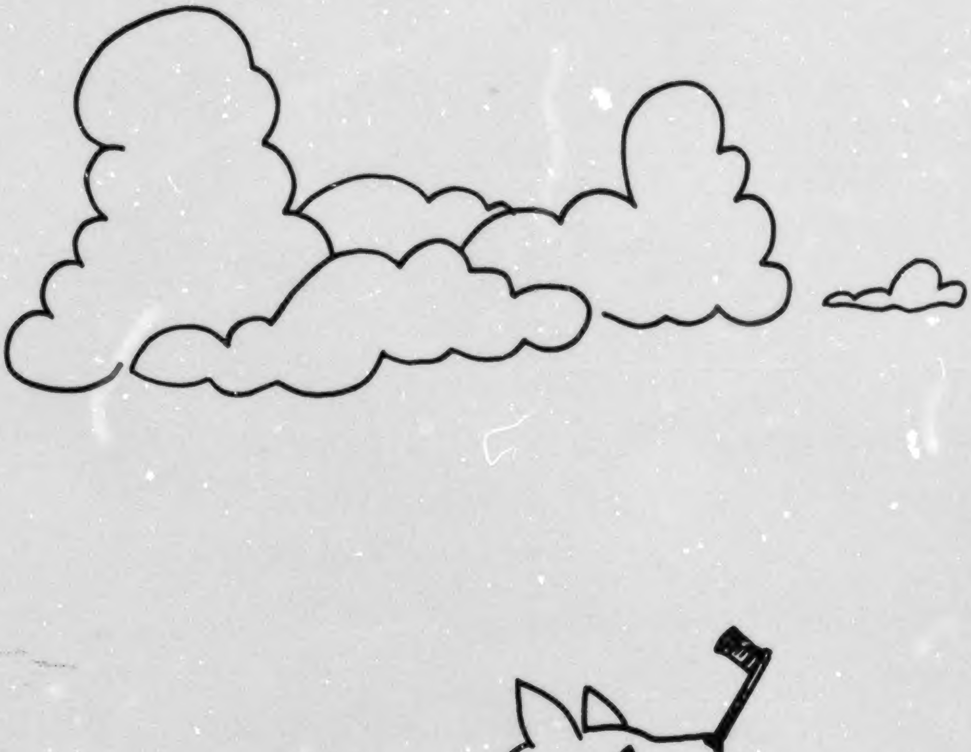
A long time before our grandfathers were born,
all the animals of the forest and prairie
and all the birds of the air
held a big council meeting.

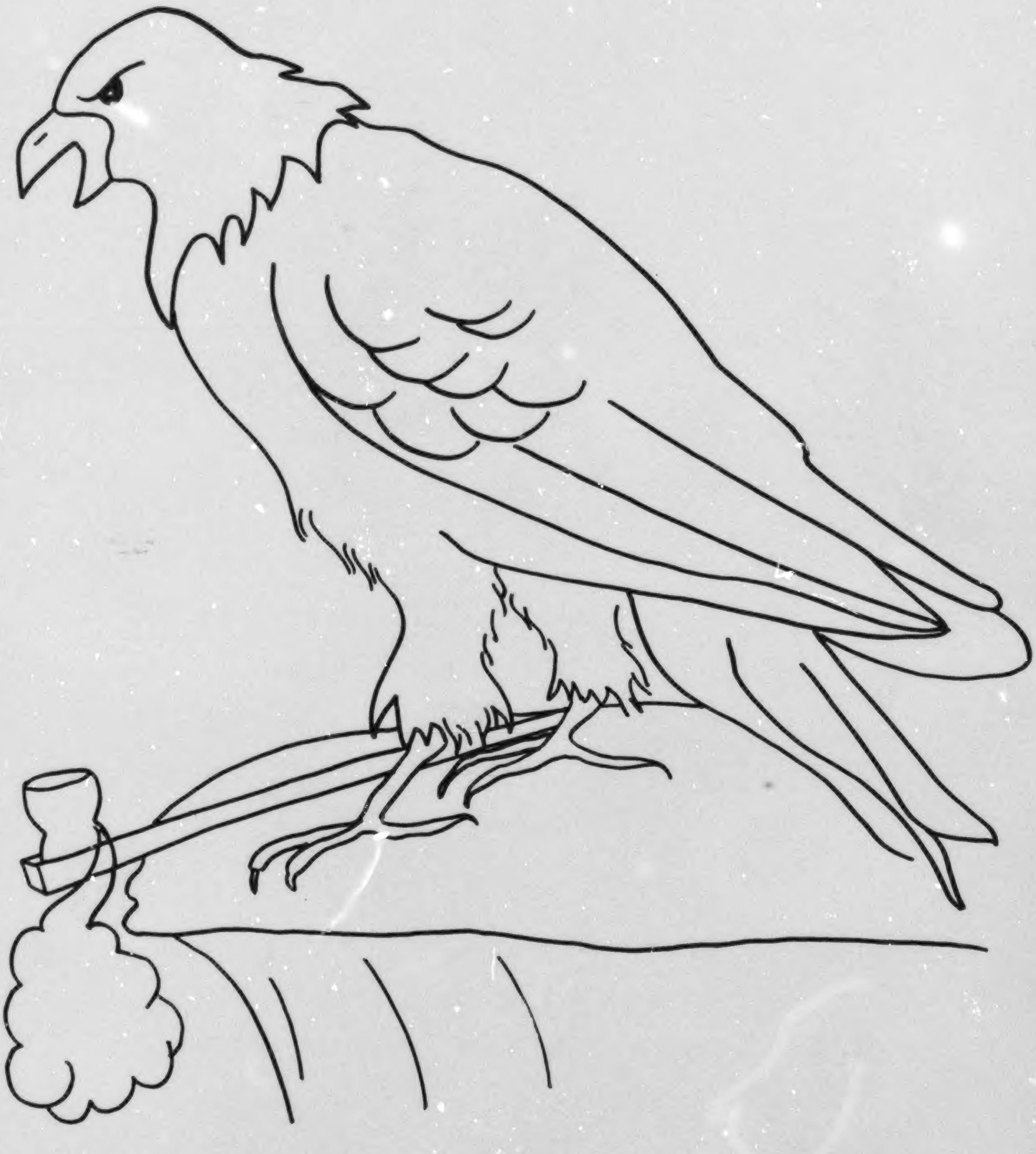
They built a big fire and made the flames
go as high as the trees.
All the animals seated themselves in a circle
around the fire.
They started talking about who could make
the greatest speed when traveling.

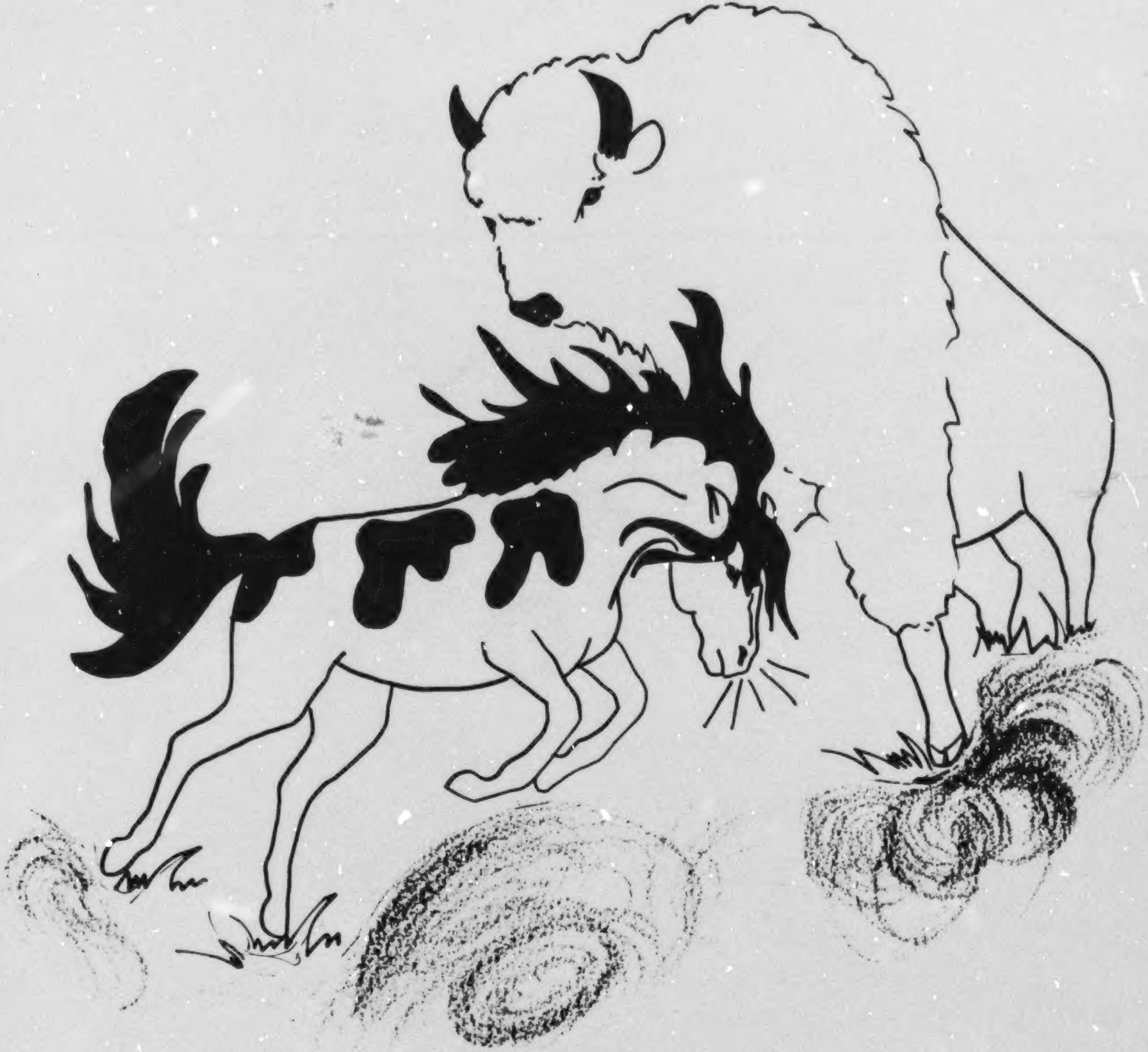


Puffing on his long pipe, Fox stood up and said,
"I can run so swiftly that every bush and wildflower
bow down as I pass.
They think I am their ruler, the wind.
I can travel so fast that the wind goes to rest
in his lodge behind the heavens."

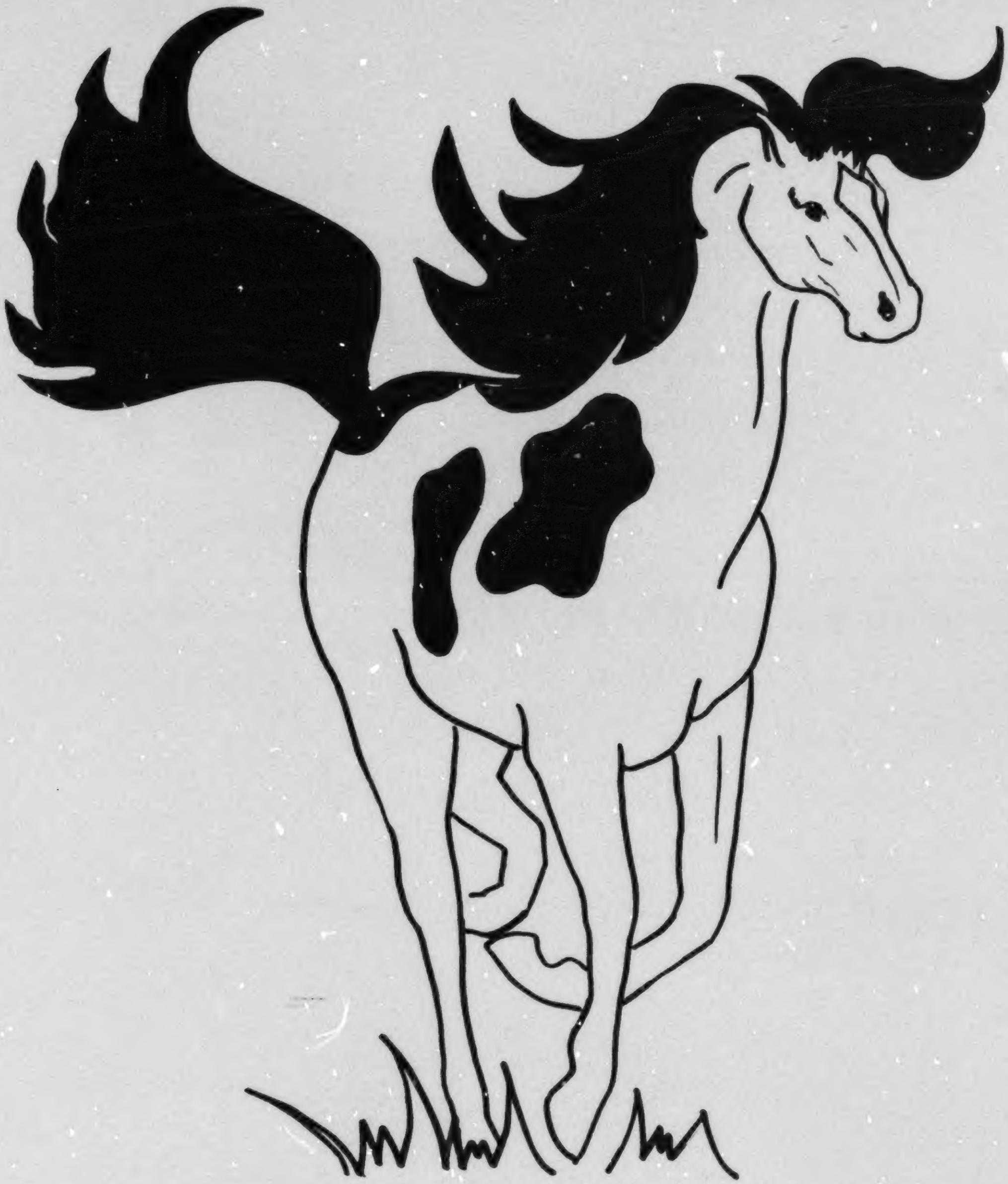


After puffing on his pipe, Eagle stood up to speak.
"I can travel swiftly too.
I can go so fast that I keep the wind under my wings
as I beat a pathway across the sky.
He cannot escape me.
I am the wind."
Soon all the animals and birds began to talk at once.
They talked loudly.
The air was shaking with their voices.
No one heard what the others were saying.





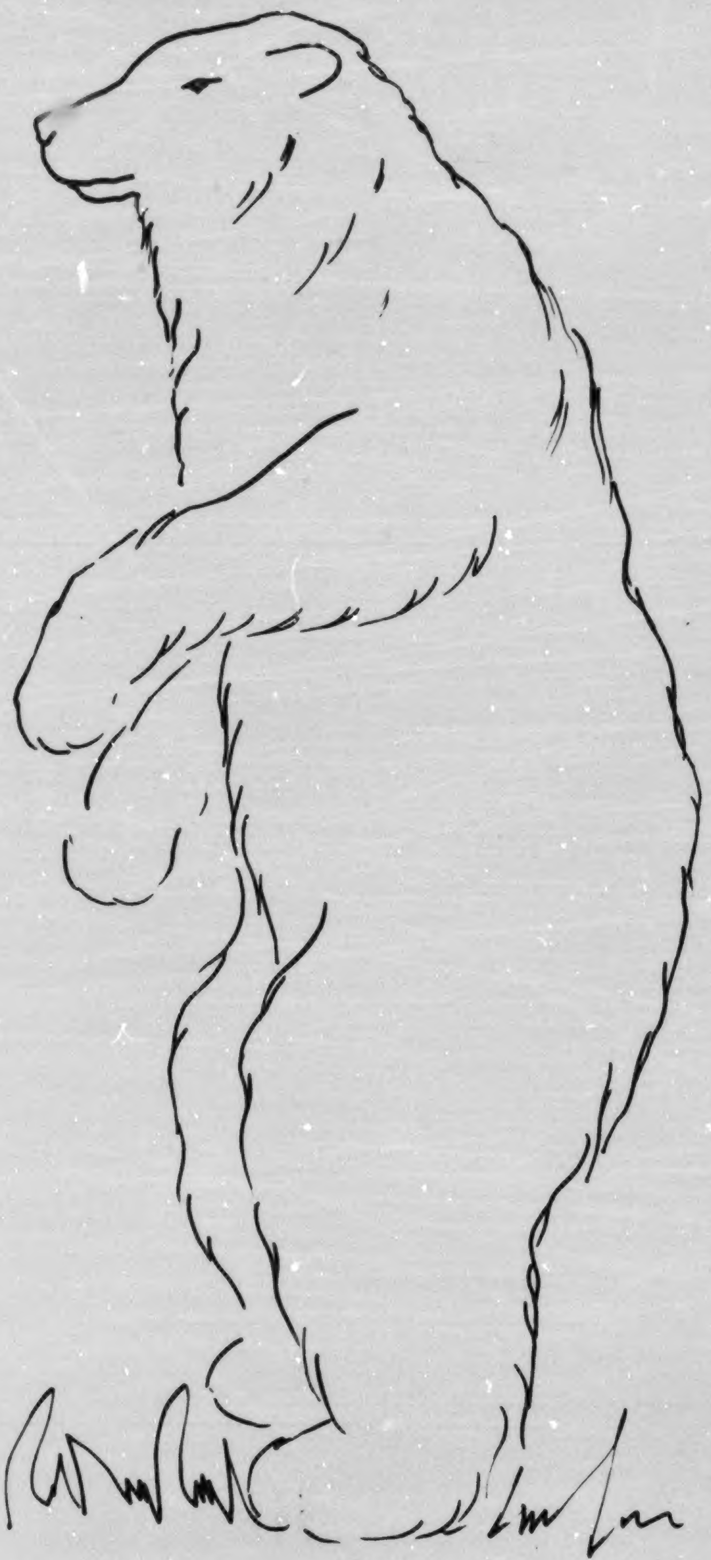
Finally, the big fire began to die.
Everyone was worn out from talking too much.
But Wild Horse and Buffalo began the argument
all over again.
"My hooves are the greatest and can make
the grass blades tremble," said Buffalo.



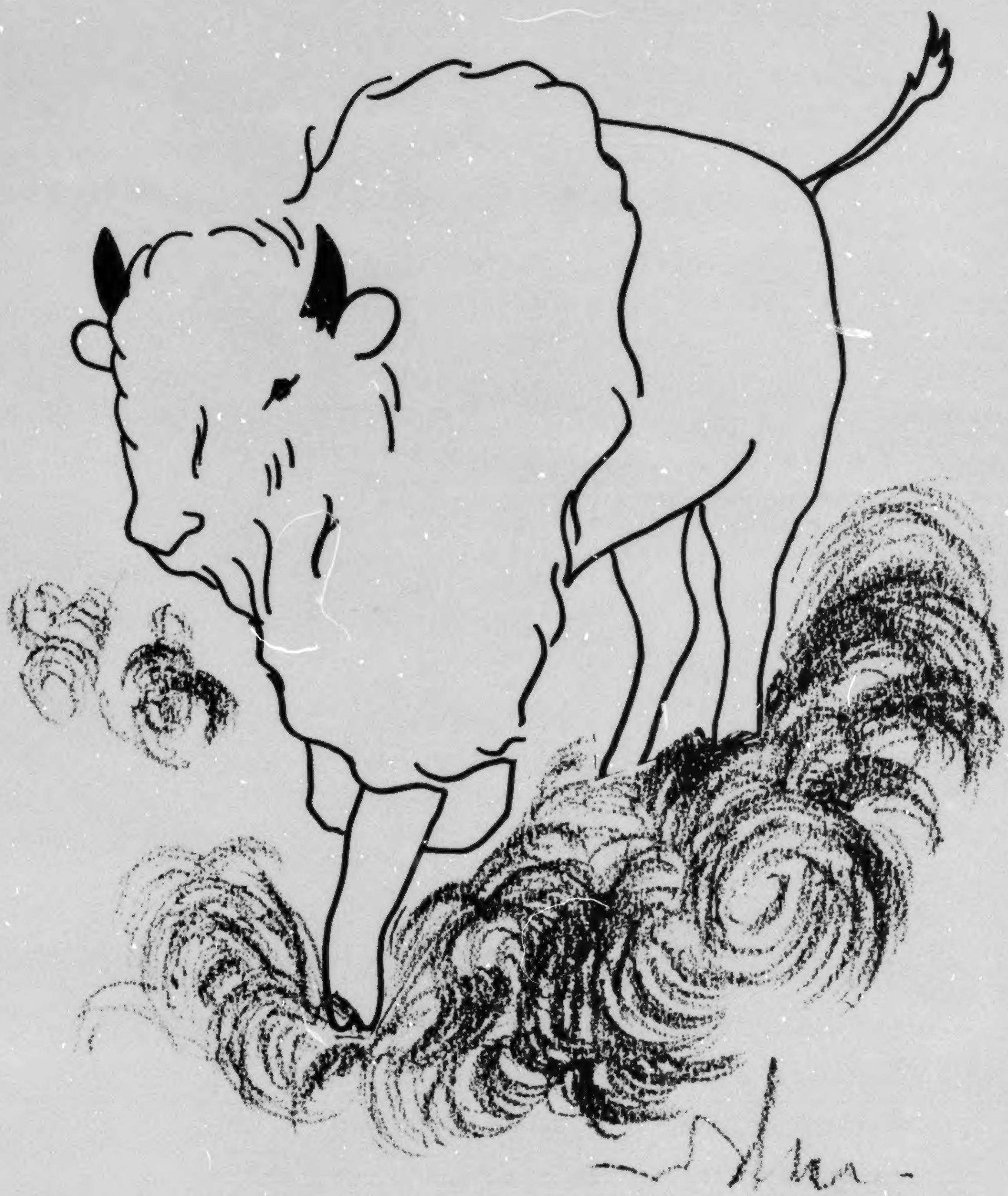
"My hooves are even faster," said Wild Horse.
"When I run, my mane is more beautiful than yours.
It waves like prairie grass in the wind."

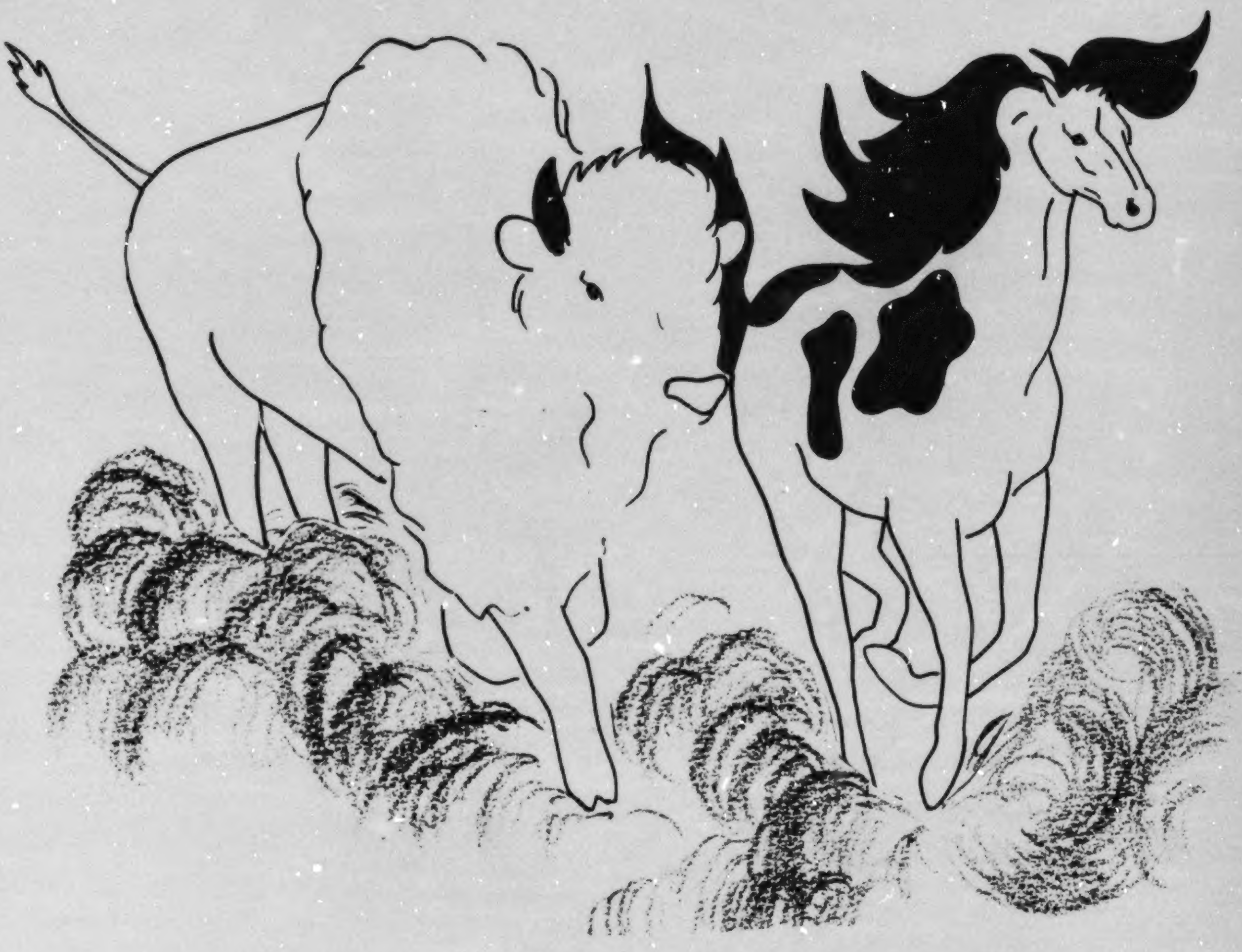
"When I run," said Buffalo, "I travel so fast
no one can see my mane in the wind."

Chief Bear said, "The two of you shall run a race."
The race took place the next night,
when all the world was asleep.
The moon shone brightly to make light.
Every tree was excited.
All the birds of the air stood about to witness the race,
and they were excited.

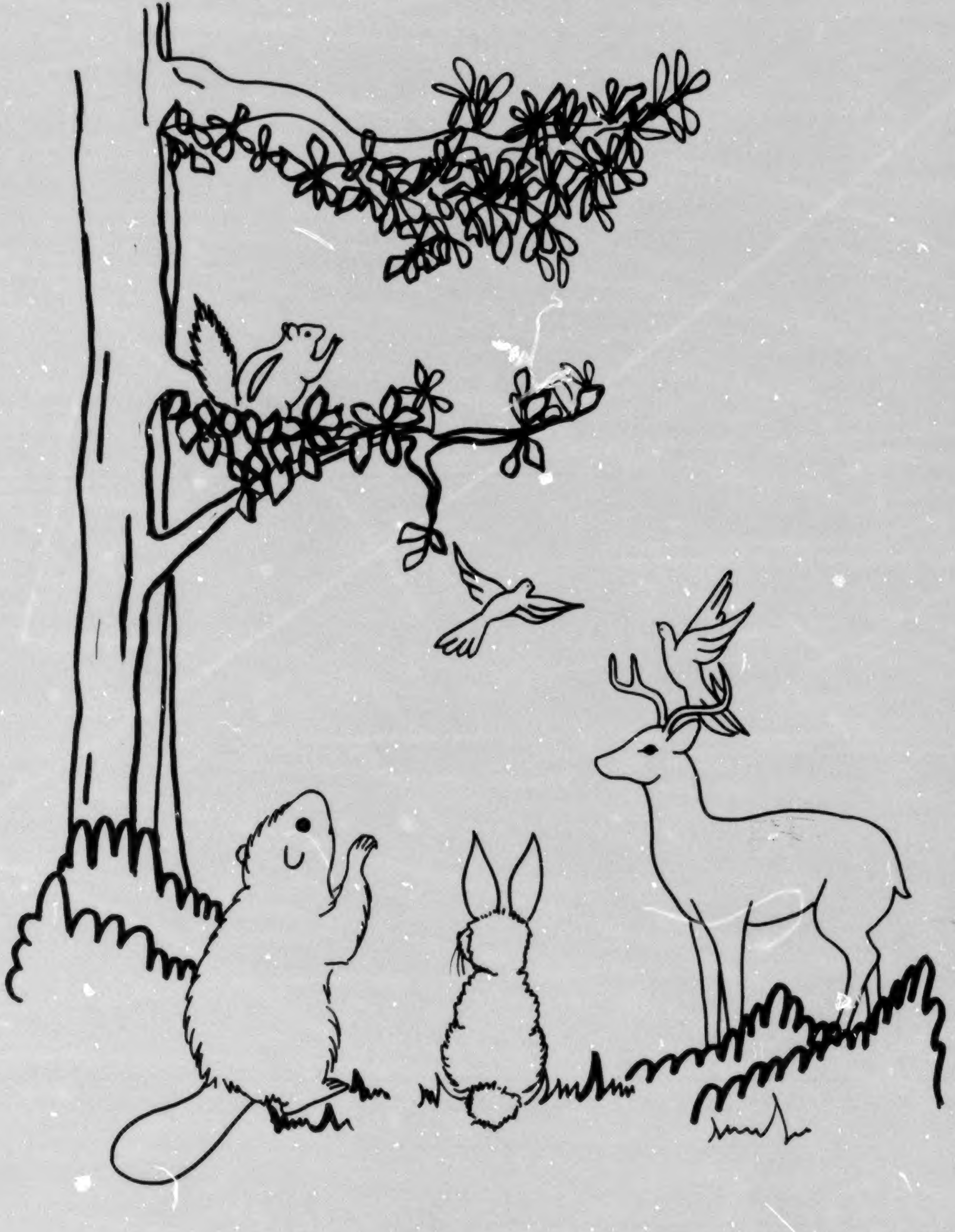


The race was on!
At first, Buffalo took the lead.
He lowered his head and made snorting noises
like a thousand bullfrogs.
He blinded Wild Horse with his dust.





By midnight, Wild Horse was gaining on Buffalo.
The little horse galloped closer and closer.
His pretty mane and tail looked like wings.
All the animals and birds cheered them on.
They said they would cheer whoever won.
The racers were neck and neck
as the dust rose higher and higher.



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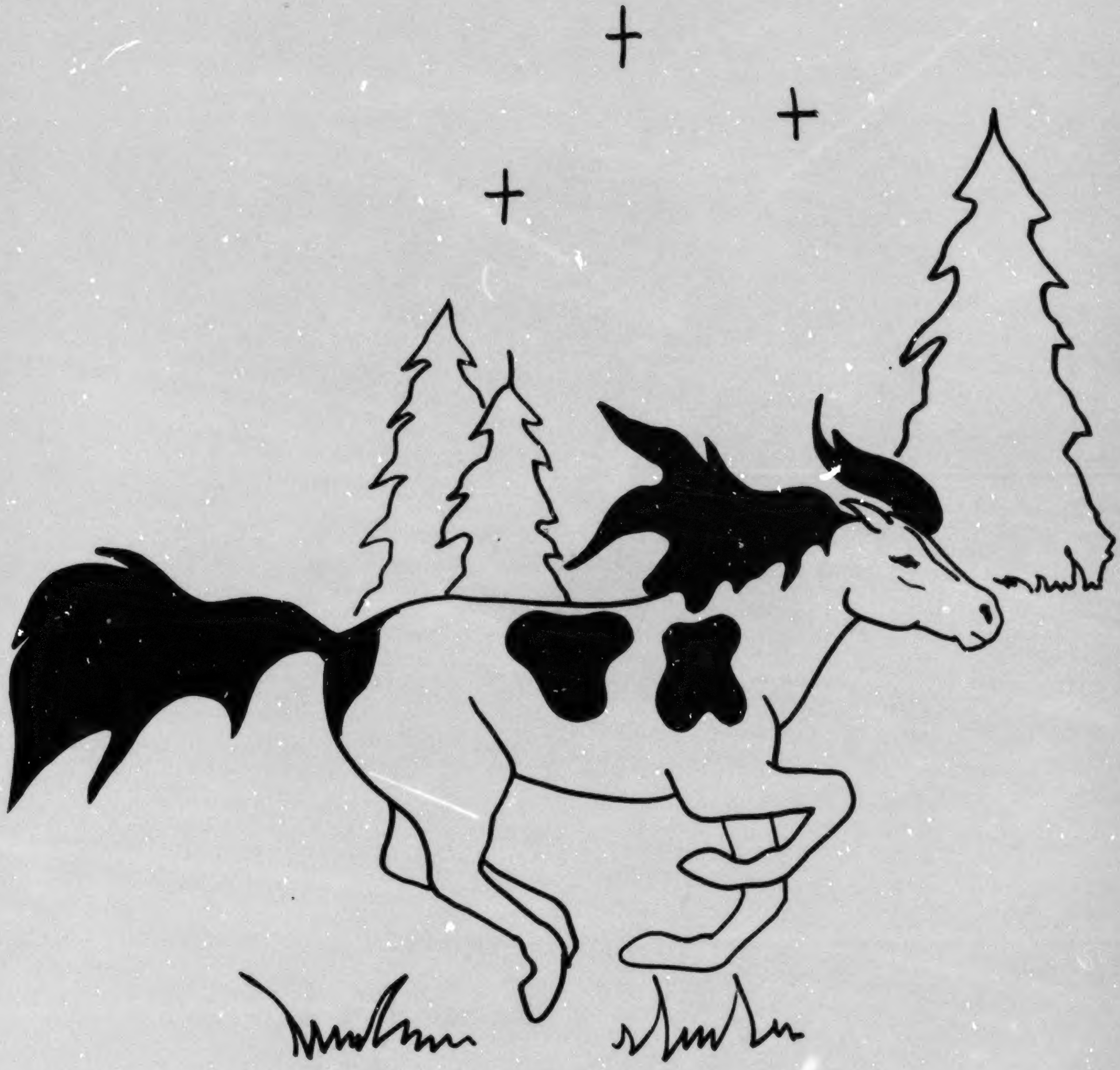
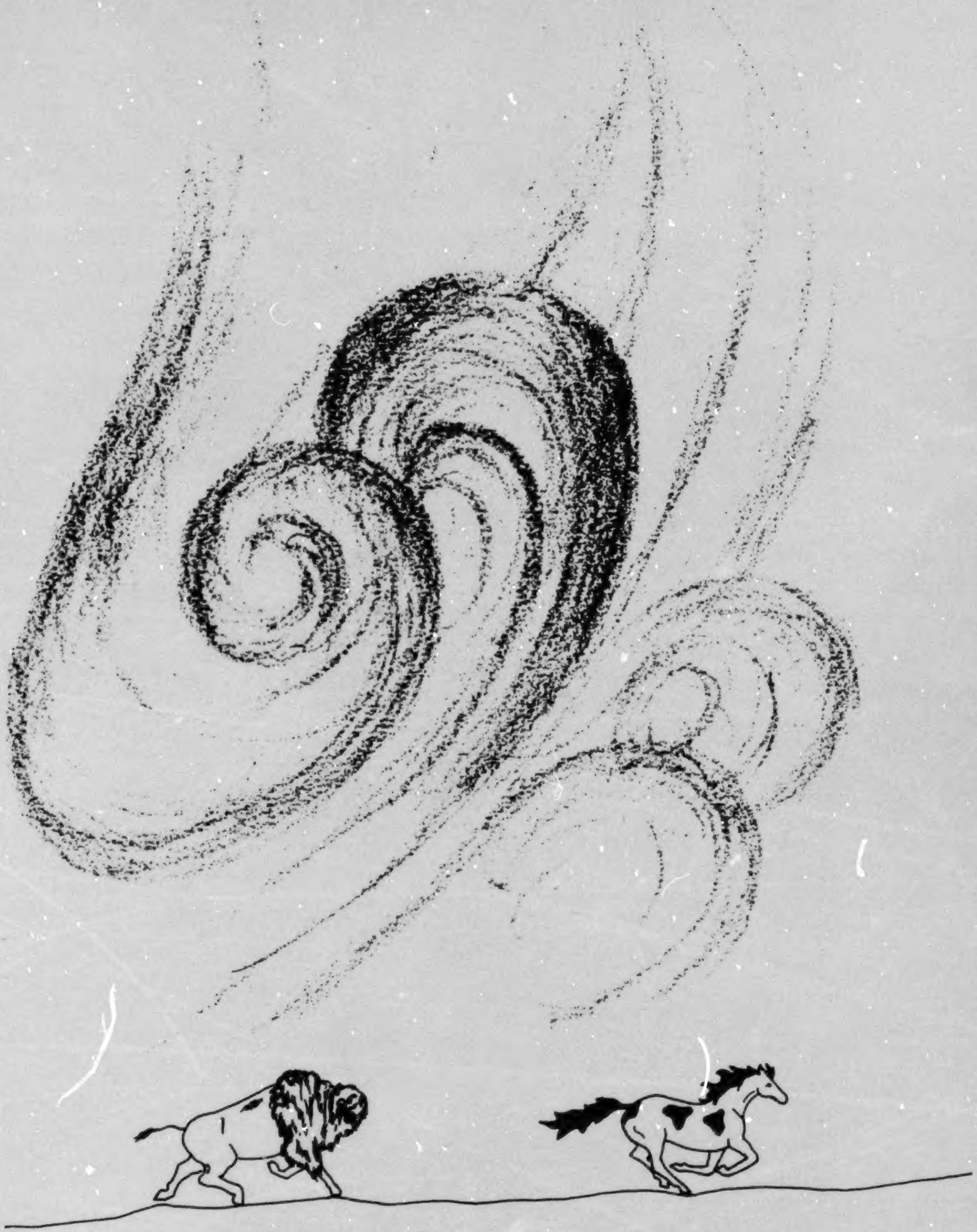
At last Wild Horse was ahead of Buffalo.
The finish line was just ahead.
With his last breath, Wild Horse leaped over the finish line
and won the race!

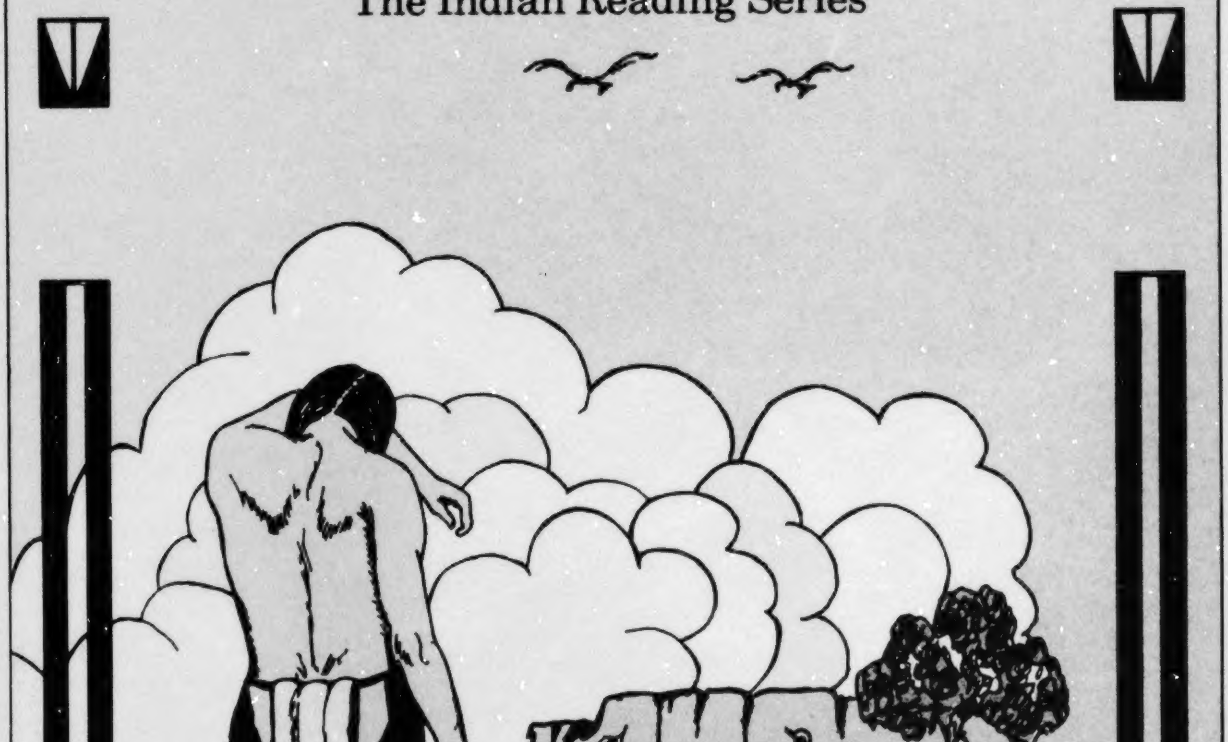




The smoke-like dust the racers stirred up
went into the sky and remained there.
Today the people call it the Milky Way.

Inkdomi and the Buffalo

The Indian Reading Series



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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Inkdomi and the Buffalo

Level III Book 12

An Assiniboine Story

As told by Jerome Fourstar

Illustrated by Douglas Runsthrough

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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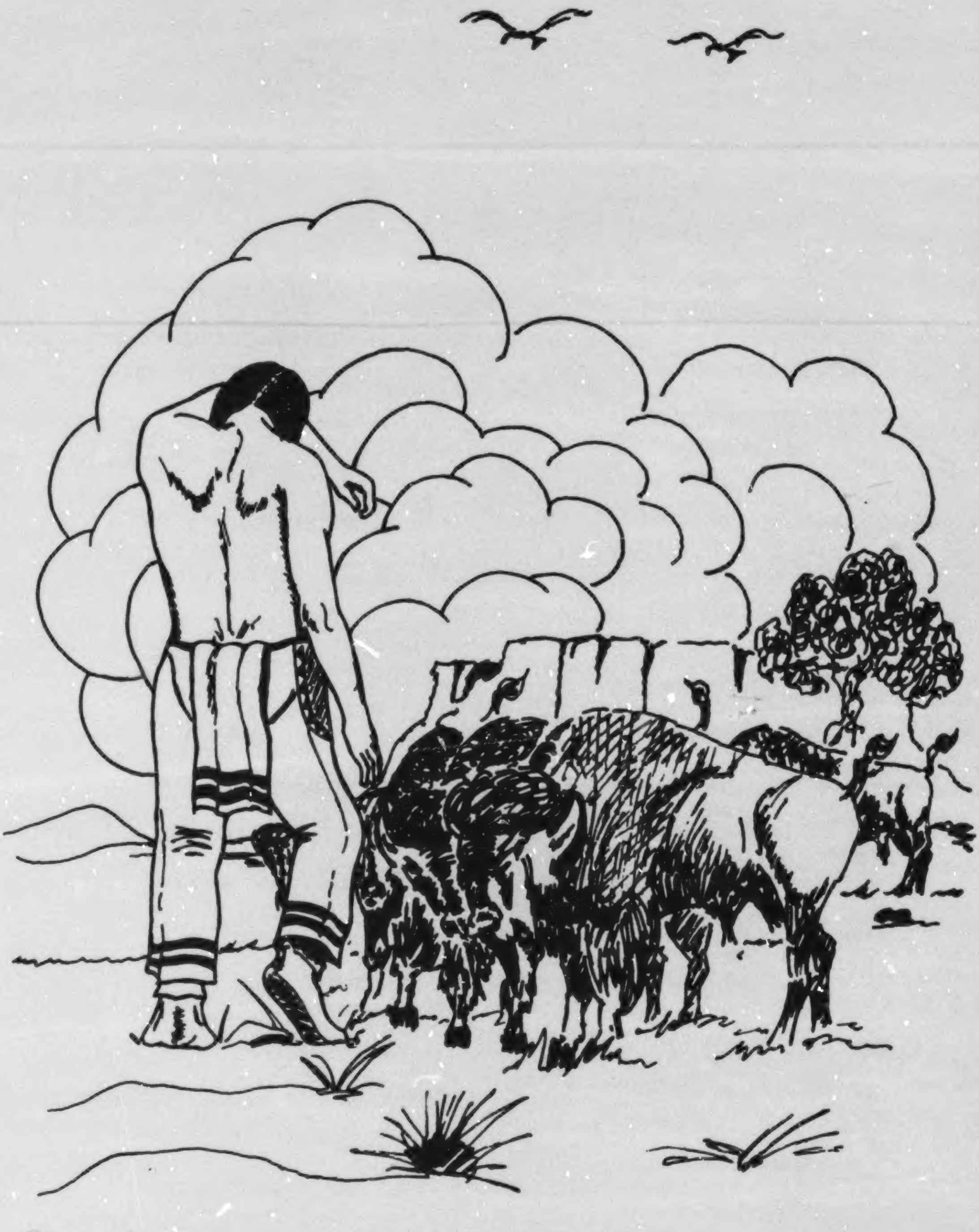
Inkdomi is a legendary figure in the Assiniboine culture. He takes a role similar to the Blackfeet's Napi. Although Inkdomi claims to be the Creator of all things, he really is a trickster and a liar. Often, he takes the form of different animals and birds in order to play tricks on people. He does both good and bad things.

Stories about Inkdomi have been passed on from generation to generation, and many times one story will have several versions. Some of the stories are humorous and others are more serious.

Once, long ago, while Inkdomi was on a journey,
he saw a herd of buffalo.
He had been walking for two days
without anything to eat
and was very hungry.

Inkdomi began to think how he could kill
    one of the buffalo.
Finally, he had an idea.
As he walked toward the buffalo,
    he started to cry.
The leader asked Inkdomi why he was crying.
Inkdomi said, "The enemy killed my whole tribe.
I am the only one left.
My brothers, if you would help me,
    we could go and kill the enemy."



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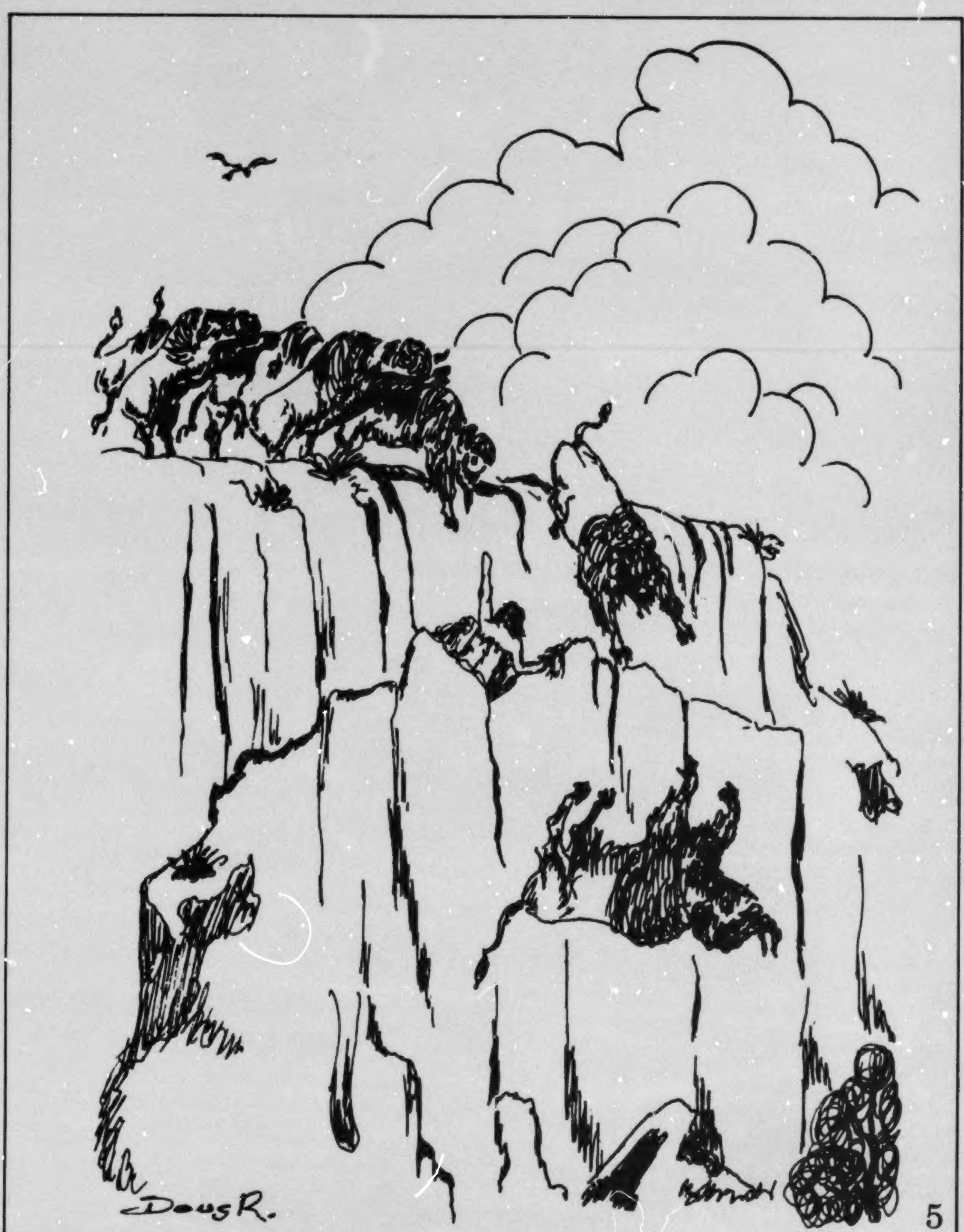
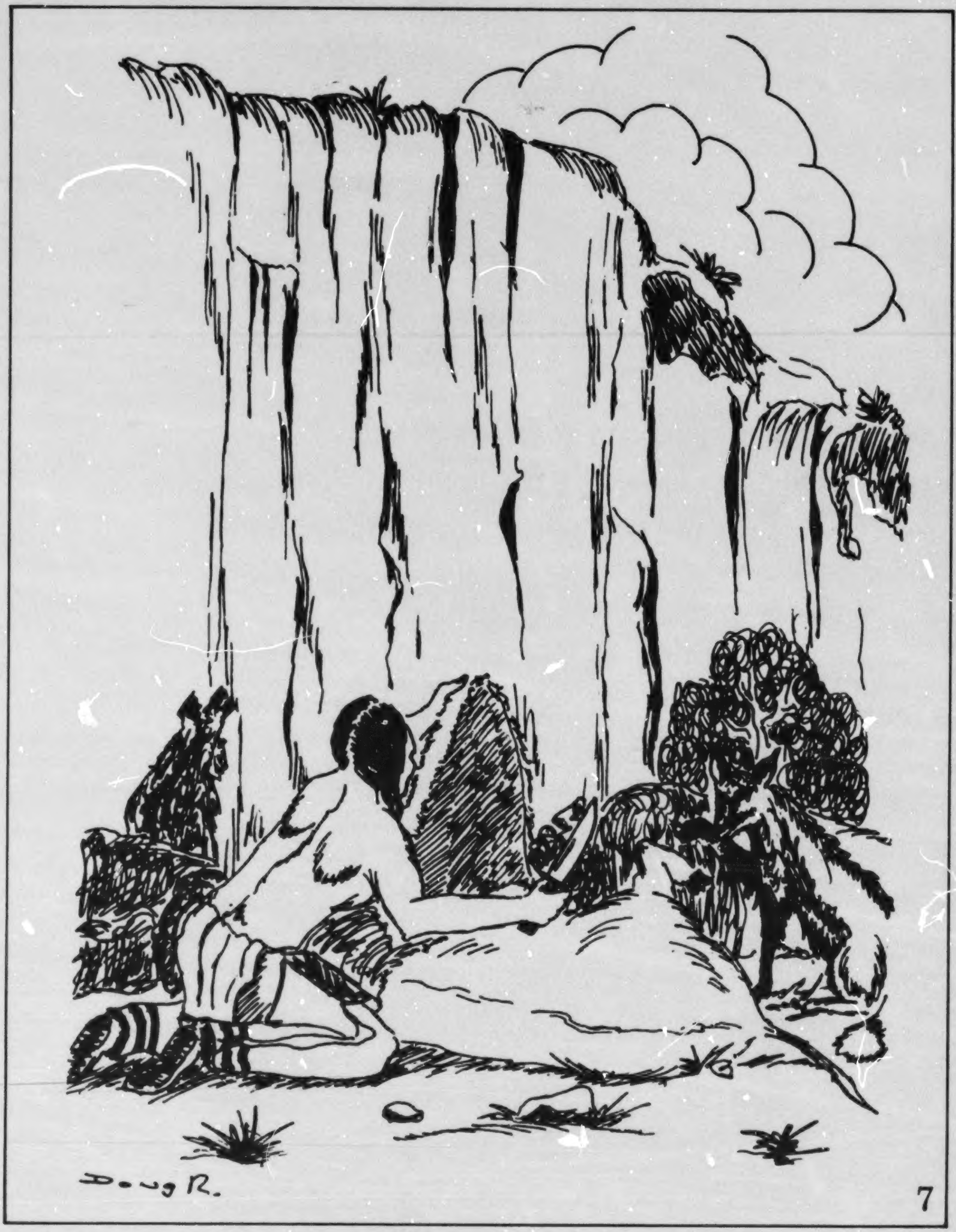
The leader asked Inkdomi how they could help him.
Inkdomi said, "You can run fast and are strong.
You can overtake the enemy and kill them."
The buffalo agreed to help.
Inkdomi said, "First, you must close your eyes
    and follow me as I sing with my gourd.
When I say to charge,
    all of you run as fast as you can.
But your eyes must be closed."
Inkdomi led the buffalo toward a high cliff.
As they got close, he said, "All right, charge!"
Inkdomi threw himself over the edge of the cliff.
All of the buffalo followed,
    killing themselves when they hit the bottom.

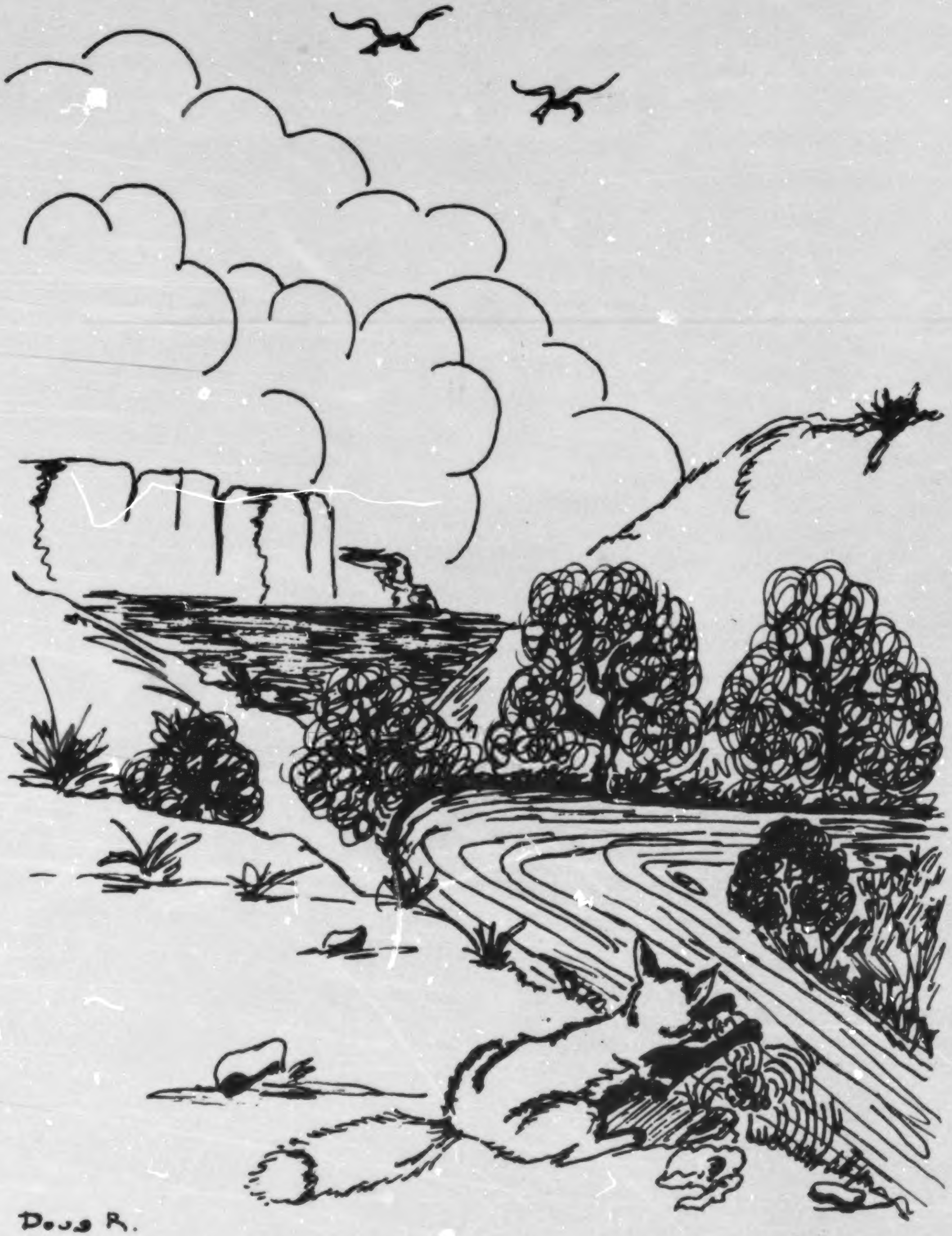

Doug R.
5

Inkdomi had lots of meat then.
As he skinned the buffalo,
    a lame fox came along and said,
    "Can I help you, my brother?
I am so hungry.
I would like to help you
    so we could eat some of the meat right away."

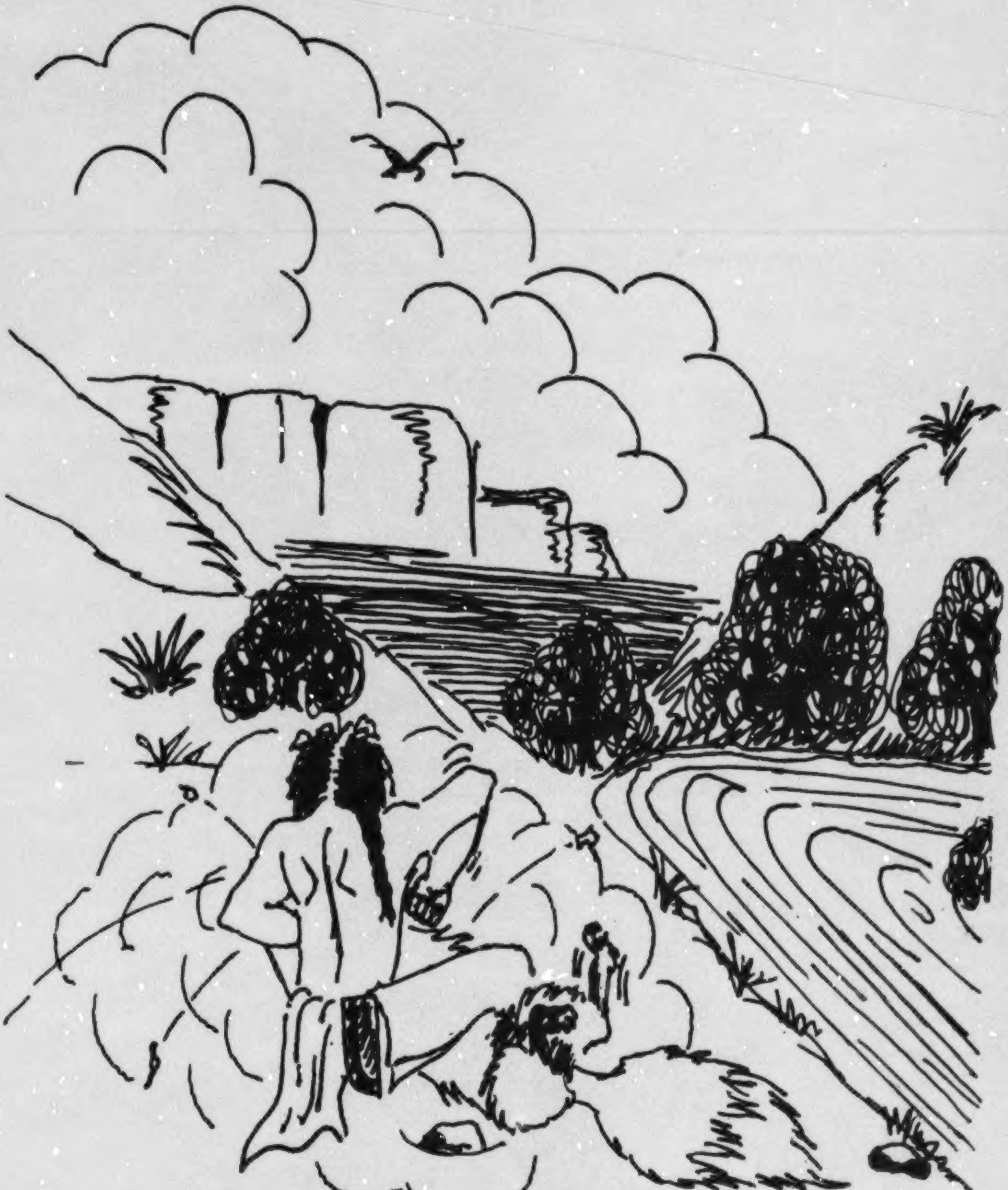
Inkdomi said, "No, first take some tripe
    to the creek and wash it.
We will eat it later."


Doug R.
7

Inkdomi gave the fox some tripe.
When the fox got to the creek,
he quickly washed the tripe
and ate it all up.
He went back and told Inkdomi a big fish
had taken the tripe away from him.
Inkdomi gave him some more tripe to wash.
Again the fox quickly washed the tripe,
ate it up and came back with the same story.

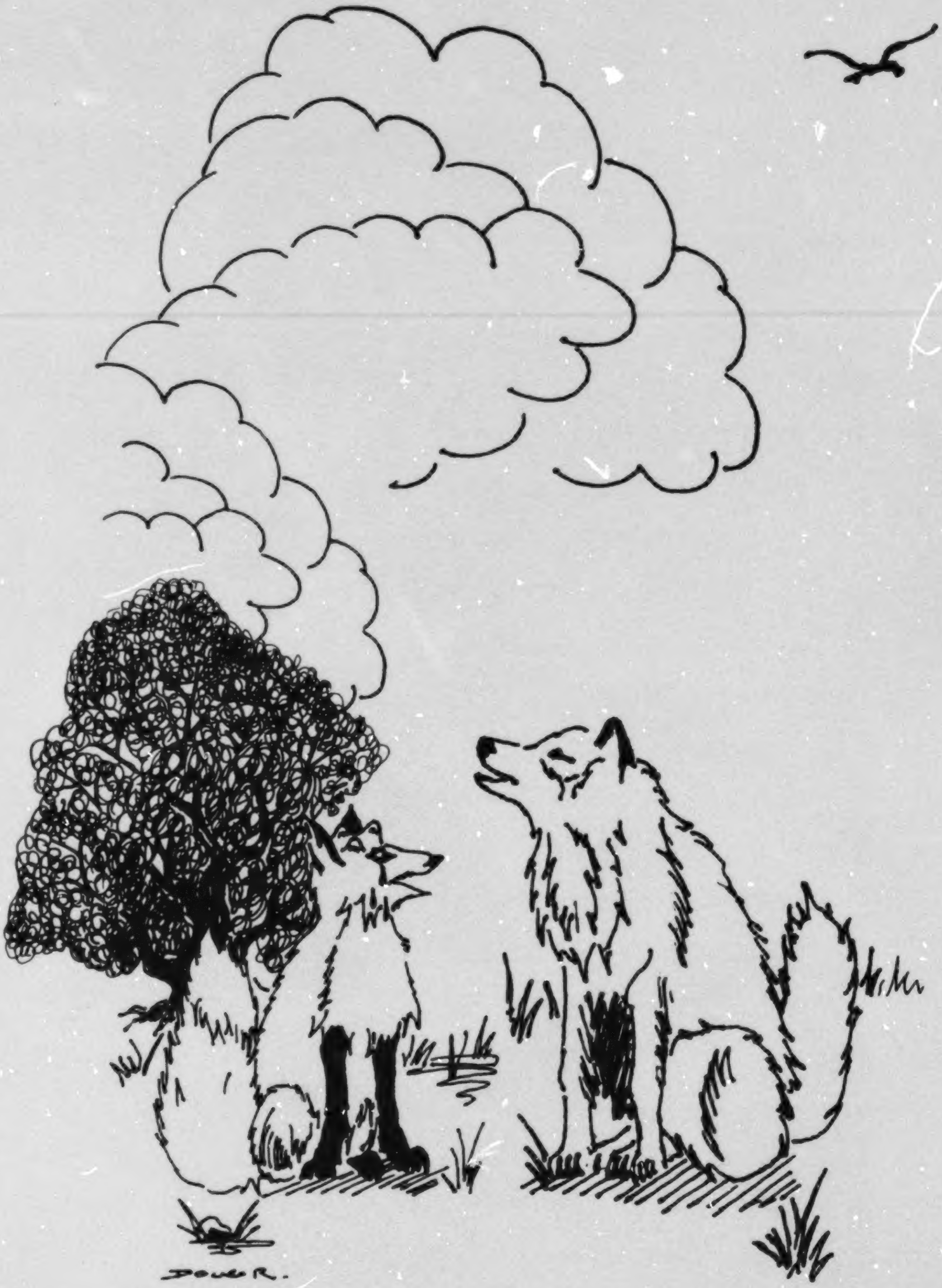

Doug R.

He did this several times,
and each time Inkdomi gave him more tripe.
Finally, Inkdomi followed the fox to the creek.
Again the fox quickly washed the tripe
and ate it all up.
About that time, Inkdomi went up to the fox
and beat him up!



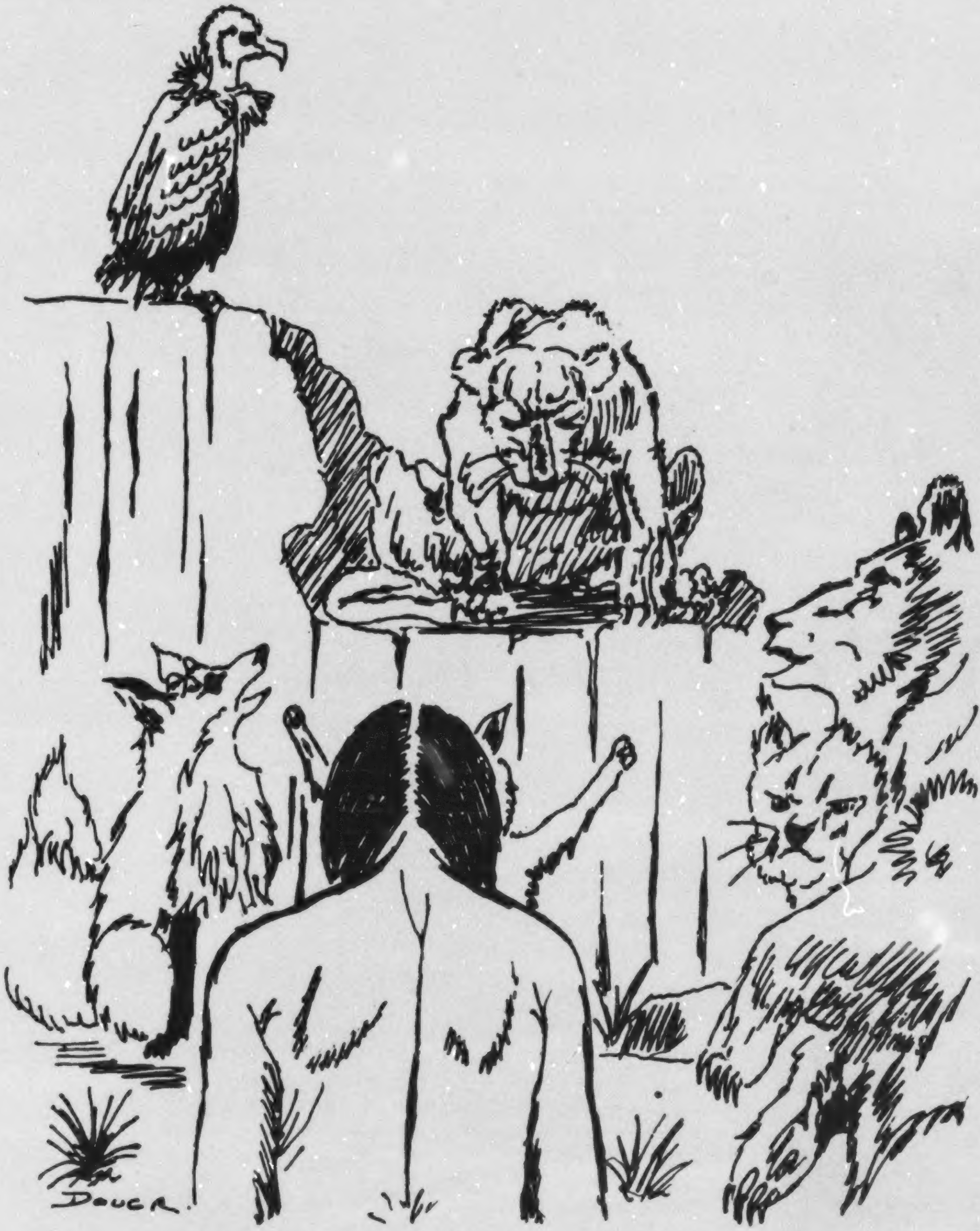
11

The fox left, crying as he walked along the creek. He met a wolf who asked him why he was crying. The fox told him what had happened.



13

The wolf said, "Don't worry, brother.
We'll get even."
The wolf called together
    all of the flesh-eating animals
    and told them what to do.
So, the animals went to Inkdomi
    and told him some stories.
Inkdomi fell asleep.
While he was sleeping,
    they ate up all of his meat and left.
When Inkdomi woke up, all of the meat was gone.
Because of Inkdomi's trickery and greed,
    he wound up with nothing.


DOUCR.

JEROME FOURSTAR

Jerome Fourstar is an Assiniboine Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. He attended elementary school in Frazer, Montana, and received his G.E.D. from Glasgow High School. He served in the Montana National Guard and for many years worked as a carpenter and supervisor of electrical, plumbing and construction work. After taking college coursework in bilingual education, he served as a bilingual teacher at Wolf Point (Montana) High School. For the past five years he has taught Indian culture and religion in the Wolf Point public schools. He has served as a cultural and spiritual leader for both on-reservation and urban Indian groups and for Morning Star, Inc., which trains rehabilitated alcoholics. He also taught youth and served as a spiritual and cultural leader at an ecumenical conference of medicine men in Morley, Alberta, and each summer he is director of a youth camp in Billings.

EUNICE BIRTHMARK

Eunice Birthmark is a Sioux Indian who was raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. She spends much of her time teaching Indian singing, dancing and culture, and serves on the Plains Area Curriculum Development Committee for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program. For three years she also worked as a bilingual teacher in Brockton Public School, in Poplar, Montana.

DOUGLAS RUNSTHROUGH

Douglas Runsthrough is an Assiniboine and Sioux Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck reservation in Northern Montana. He attended Eastern Montana College in Billings and has had considerable professional art experience. In addition to illustrating, lettering and drafting, he painted a series of pictures which were displayed and televised, and then reproduced in pamphlet form by the Education Department of the College of Great Falls. He is married and lives in Frazer, on the Fort Peck reservation.

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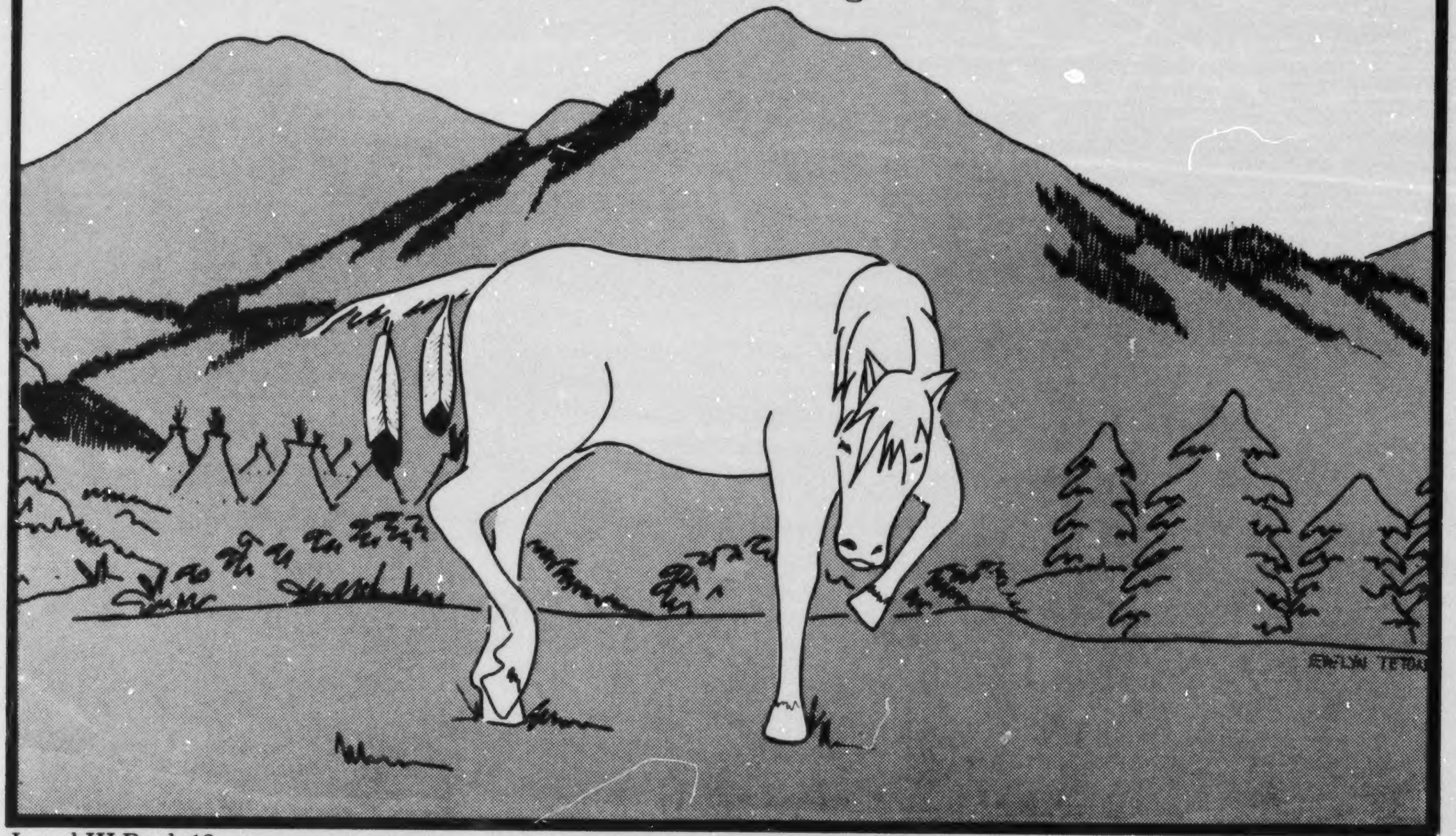
Medicine Horse

The Indian Reading Series



Level III Book 13

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Medicine Horse

Level III Book 13

By members of the Fort Hall
Reservation Committee

Fredrick Auck, *Illustrator*
Maxine Edmo, *Coordinator*
Inez Evening
Charlene Farmer
Cora George, *Consultant*
Lillie Little, *Consultant*
Alene Menta
Evelyn Teton, *Illustrator*
Mary Washakie

Illustrated by Evelyn Teton

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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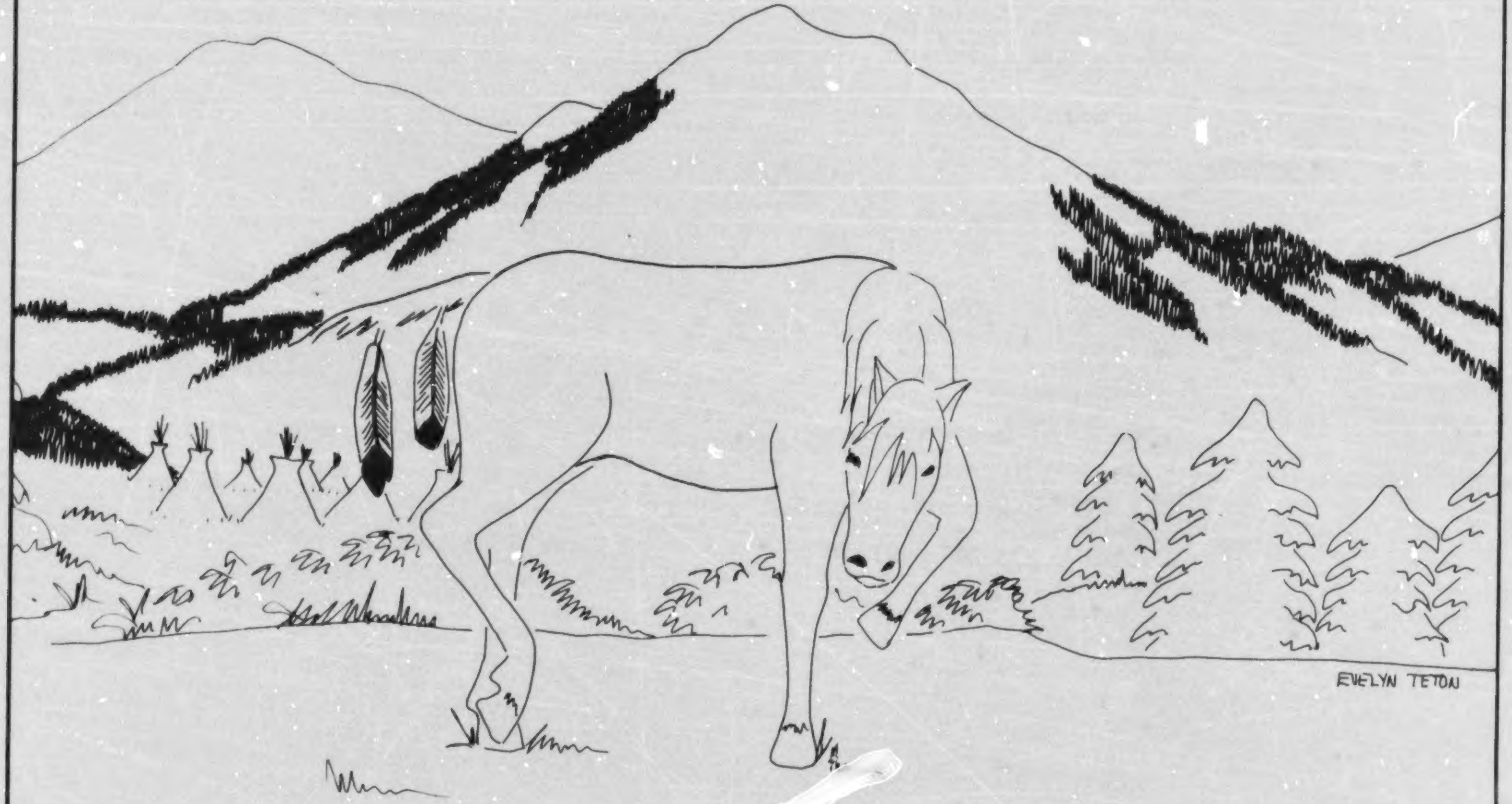
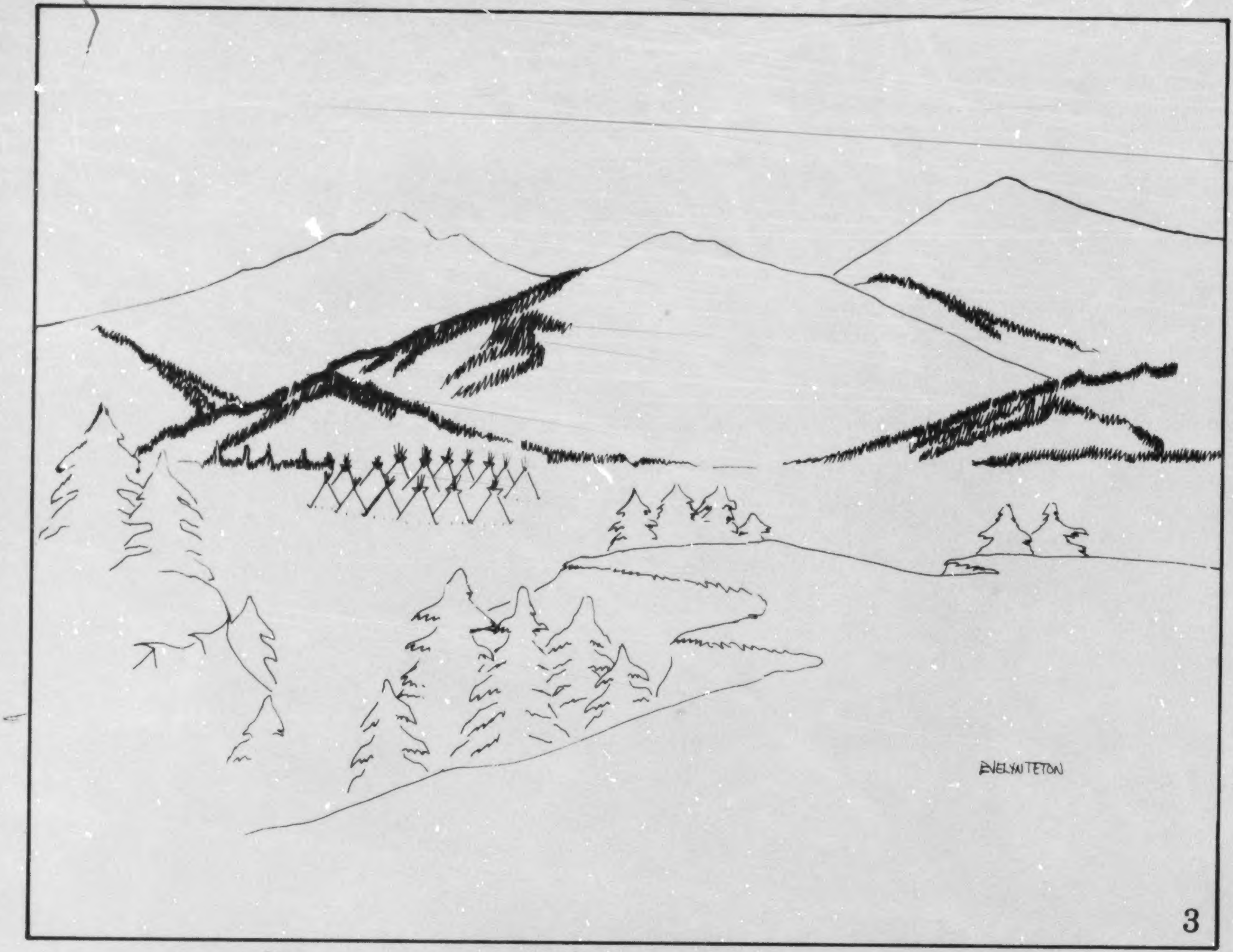


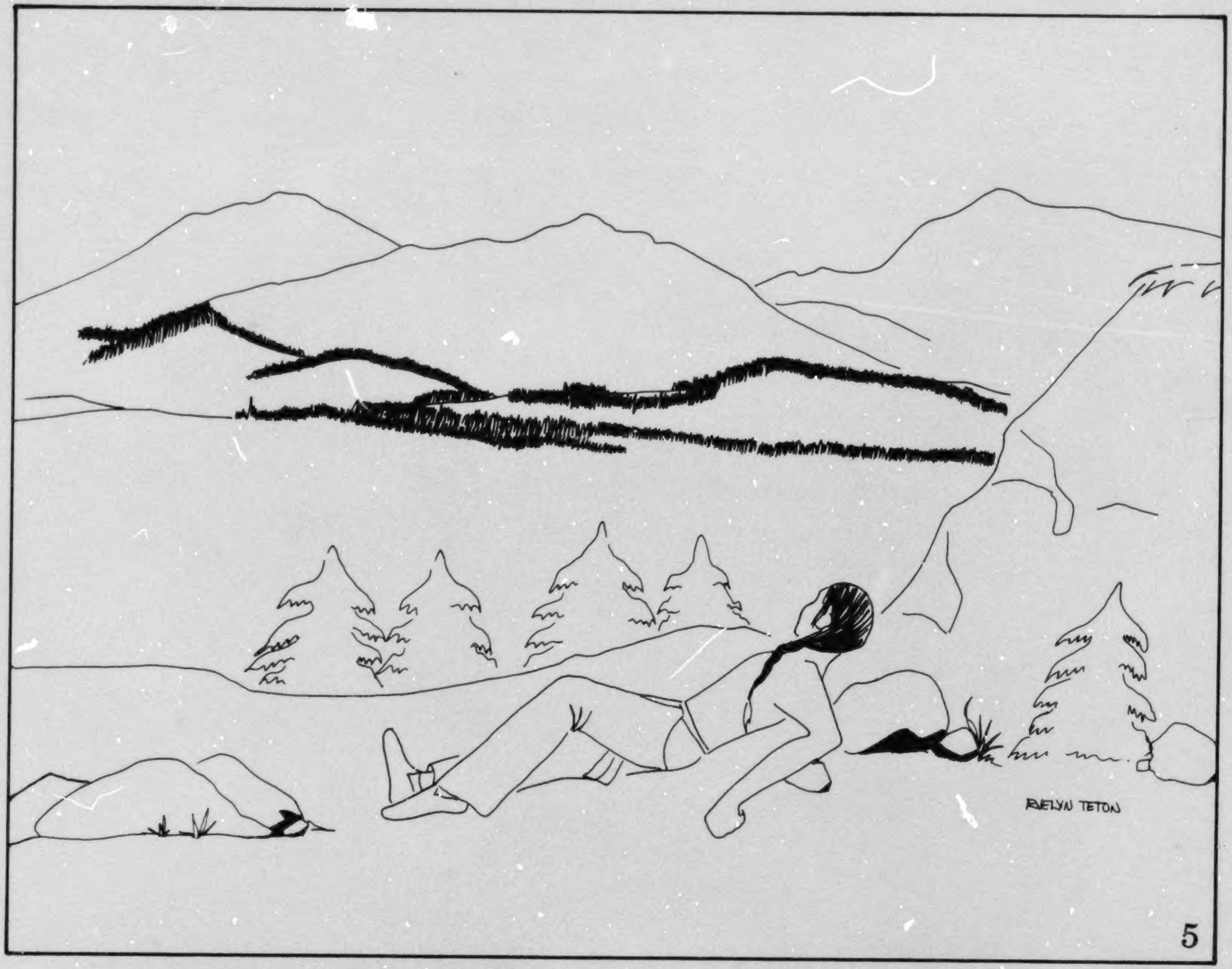
Shoshone horsemen say that the Indian Medicine Horse,
with its short, almost hairless tail,
makes a fine Indian pony.

Long ago, our people lived along the foothills
of the great Continental Divide.
This was before the horse had come as a great friend
of our people.
Our people, Ne-wah as the Shoshone called themselves,
had many strange friends.
One of these friends was a dwarf-like man
called Nin-num-bee.
It was said that when you passed through the mountains,
it was a very good idea to leave him a gift
so that bad luck would not come to you.


EVELYN TETON

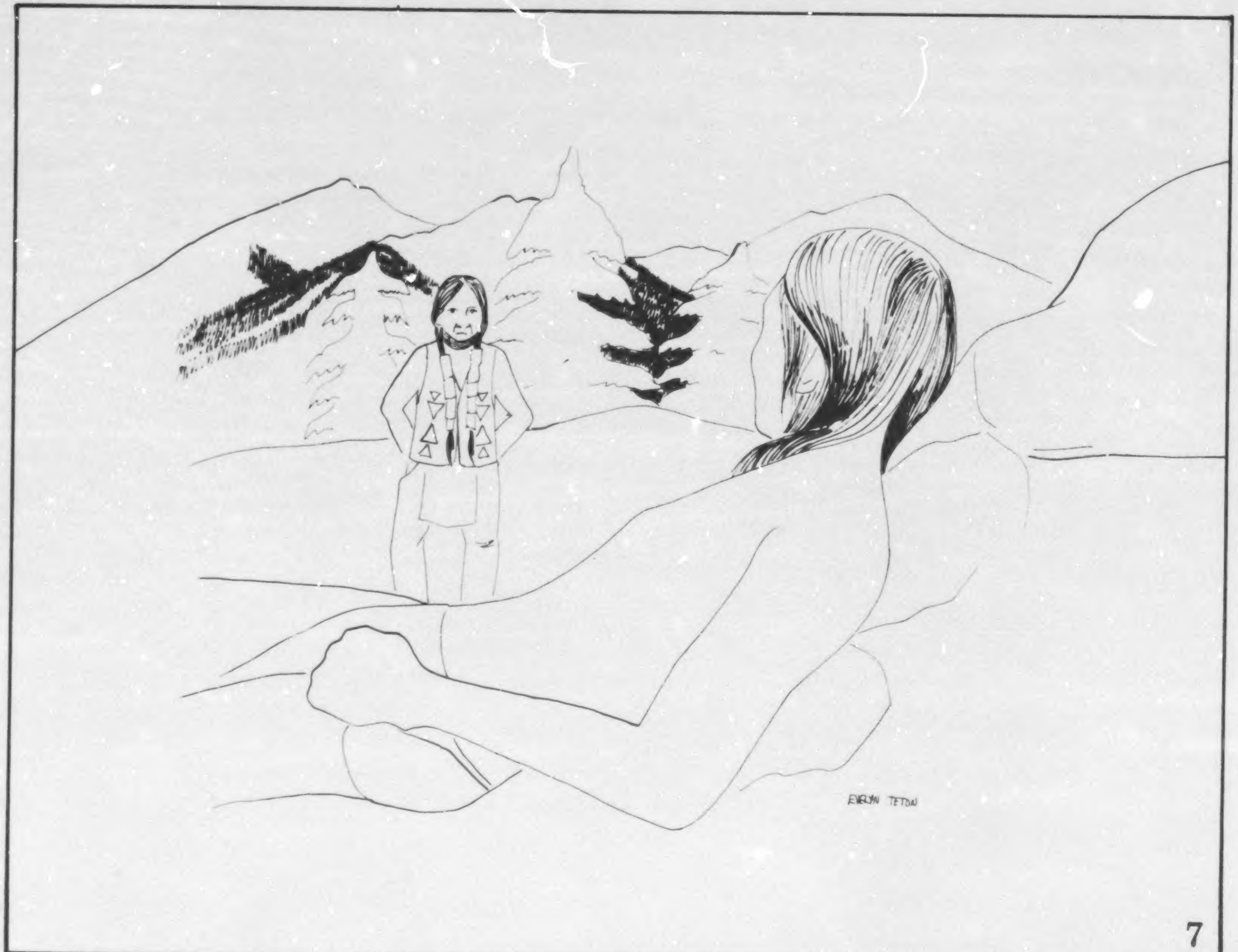
3

Once long ago, a young boy went into the mountains.
He fell and was hurt, which made it impossible
to get back to his people's camp.
He suffered quietly.


EVELYN TETON

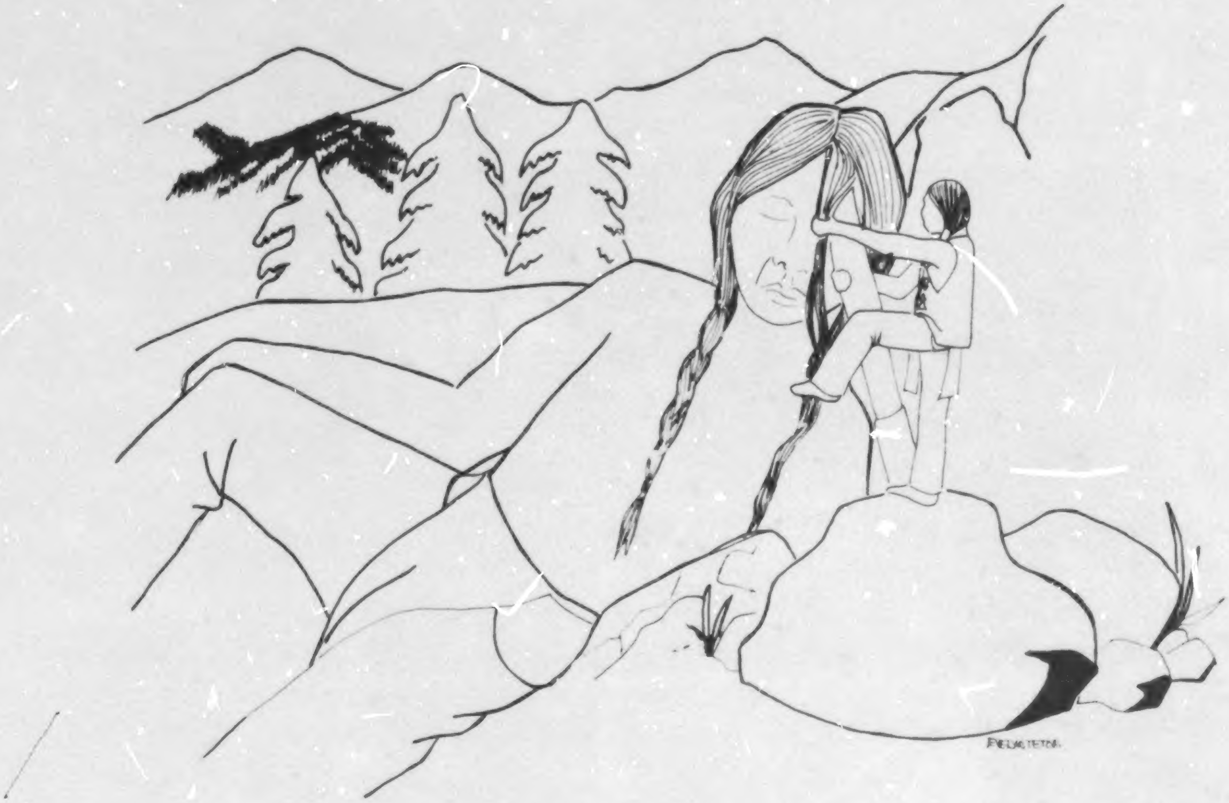
5

In the early hours of the morning on the third day,
he felt the nearness of someone.
He looked up and saw the image of the Nin-num-bee.



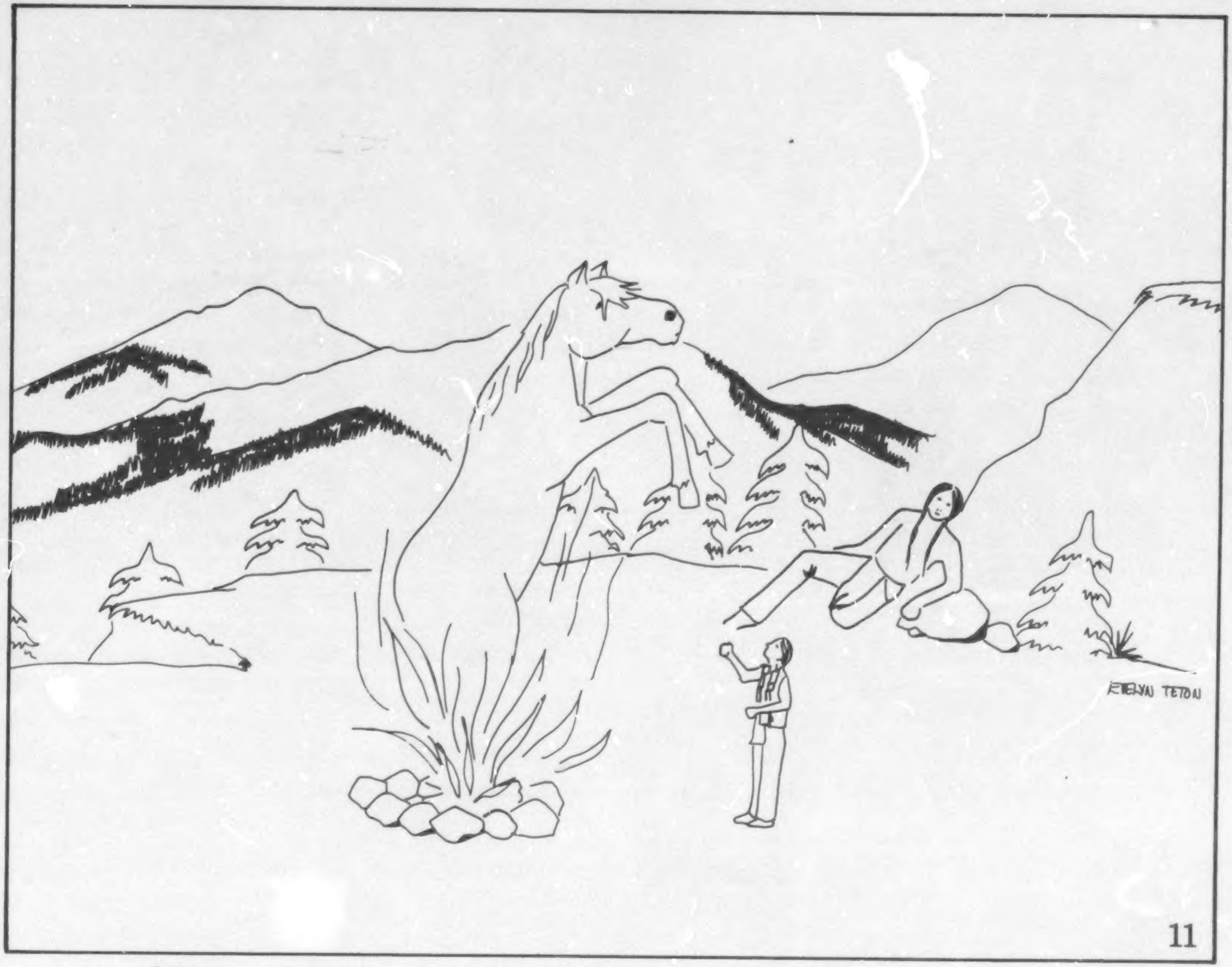
EVELYN TETON

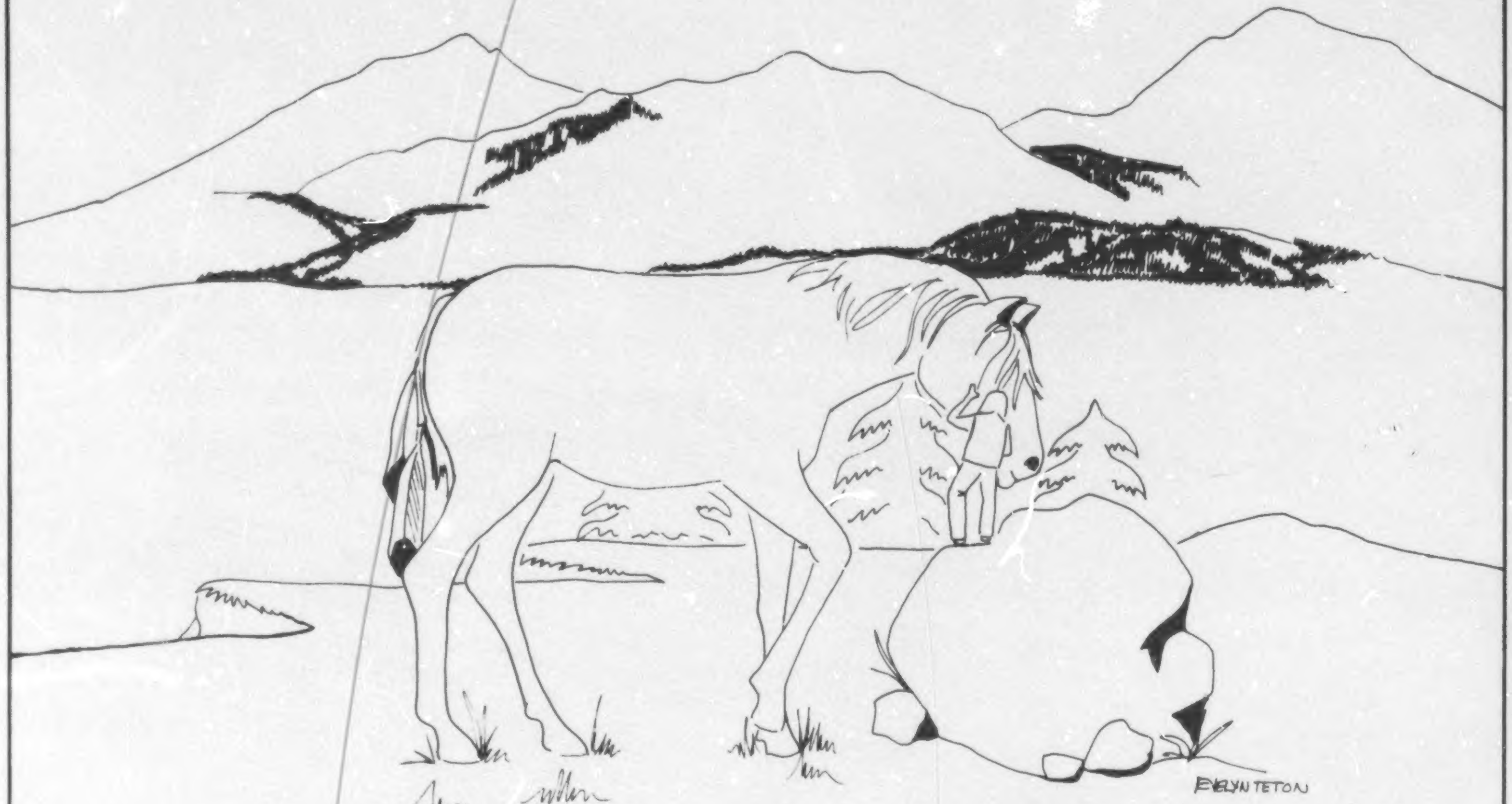
He remained quiet and gave the little man
his cherished hunting knife.
The Nin-num-bee took the knife
and cut off a piece of his hair.
He took the soft feathers from the eagle
who sat upon the cliff's edge,
and gathered several handfuls of crushed cedar.
He then built a fire and made his medicine.



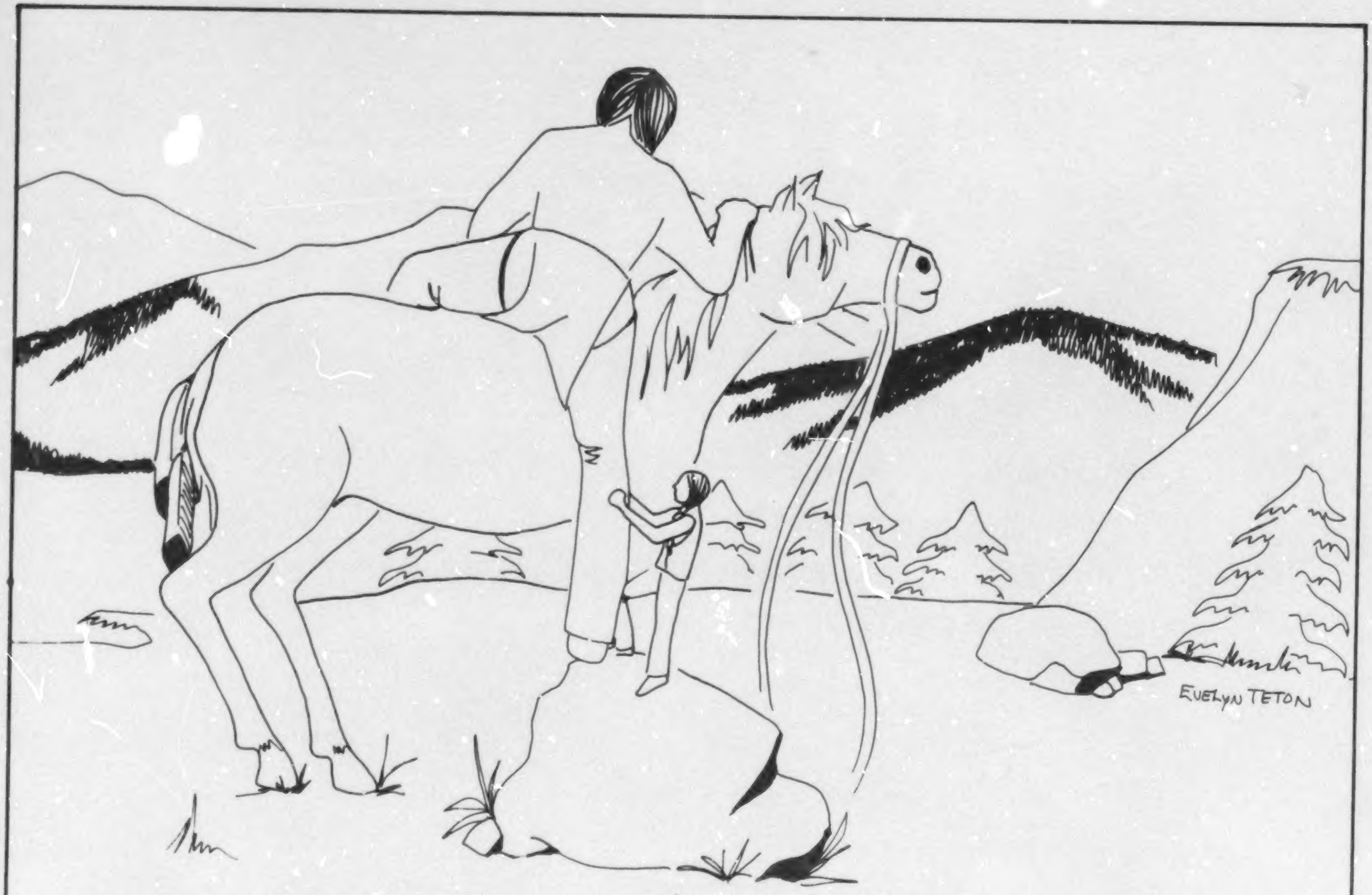
9

The young Indian boy watched.
An animal the boy had never seen before
came from the smoke.
The great and beautiful animal stood there,
magnificent and powerful.


EVELYN TETON
11

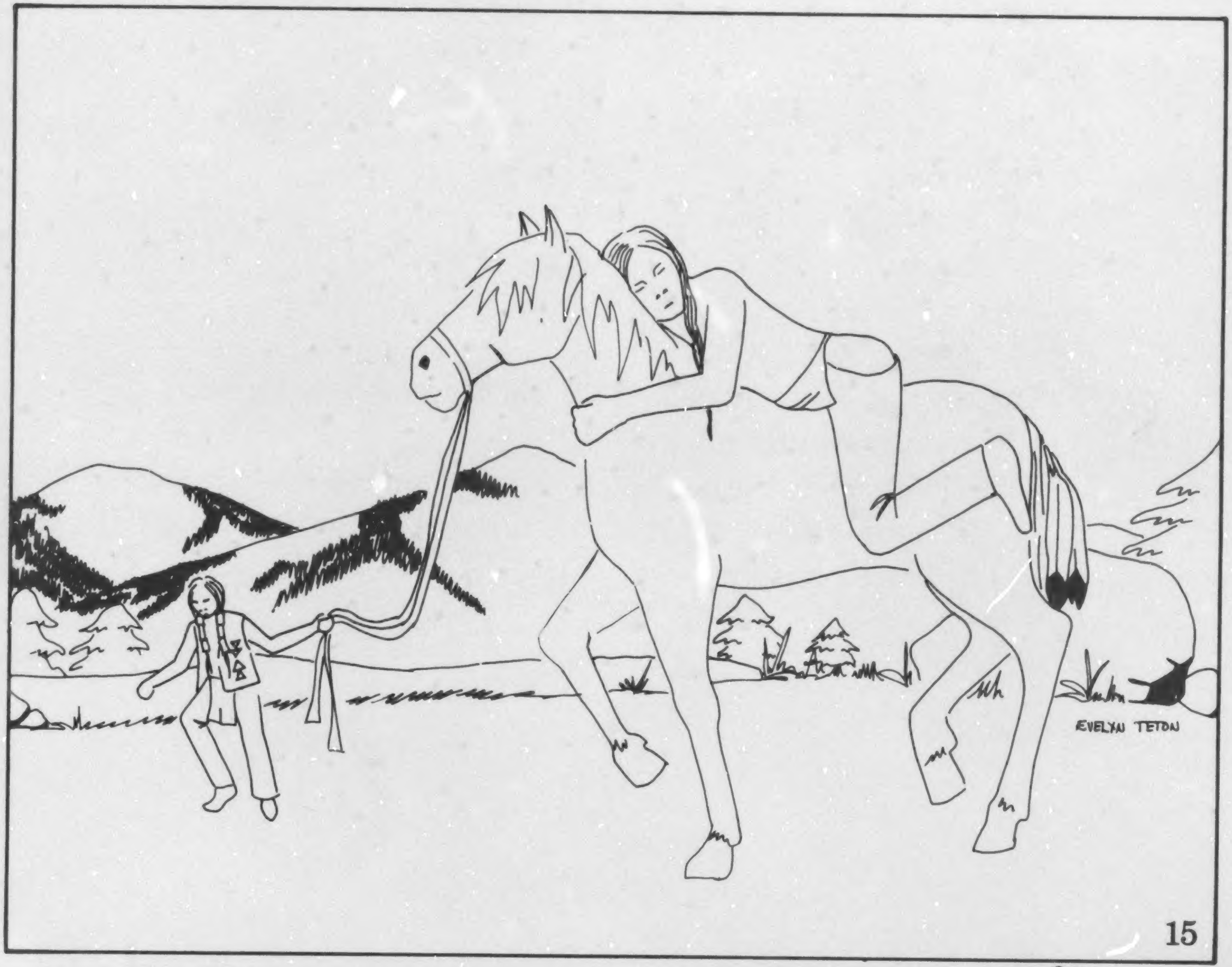


The little dwarf then picked up the eagle feathers
and tied them to the tail of the animal.
He spoke to the animal, but never to the boy.

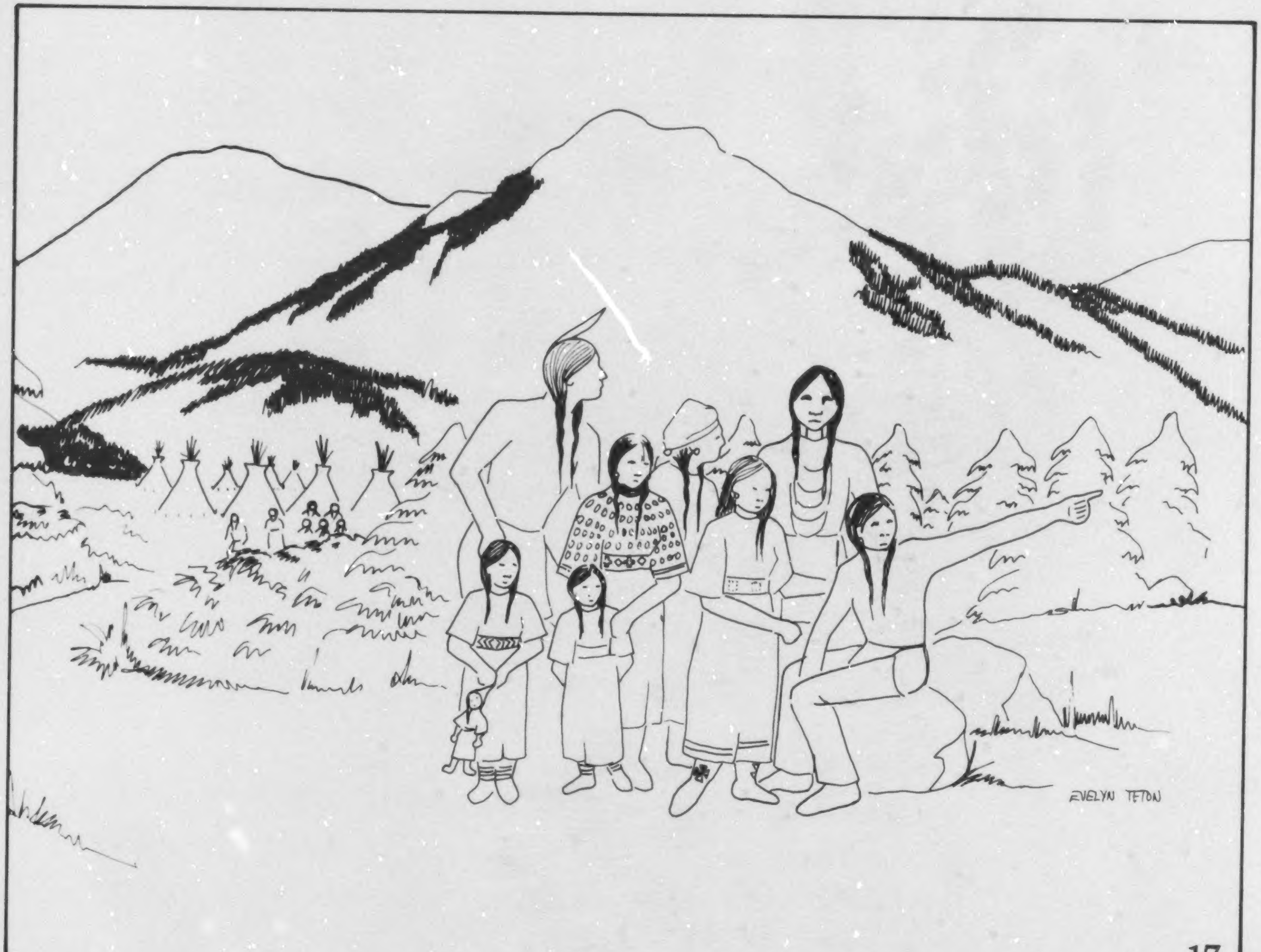

EVELYN TETON

The Nin-num-bee then placed the boy onto the animal and led him out of the mountains.

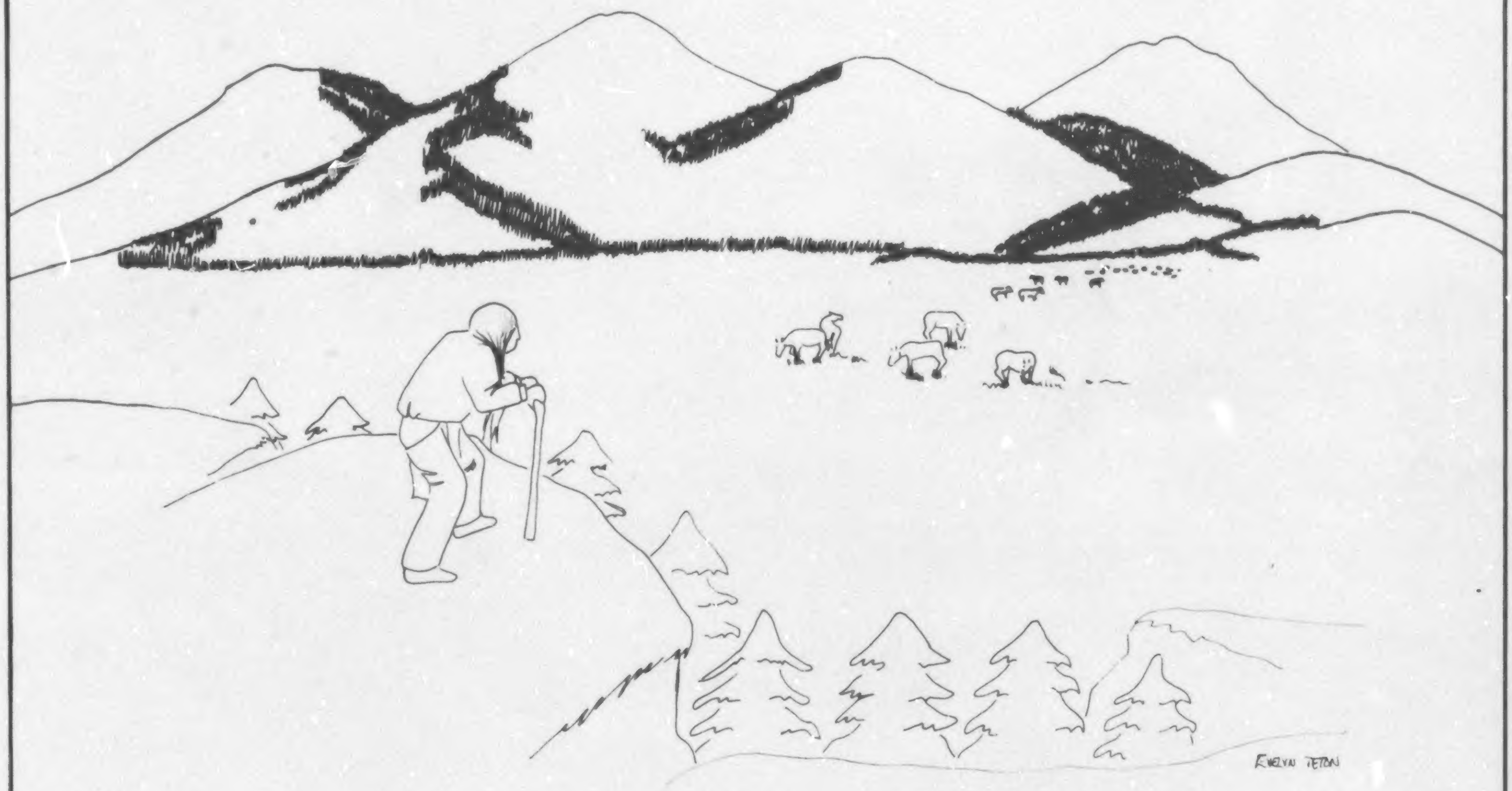
He took him close to the boy's camp before pulling him
from the animal's back.
The dogs had begun howling and whining,
so the dwarf-like man left quickly.


EVELYN TETON
15

The boy told his people about the visit from the little man
and the strange animal.
Years later, when the boy had become an old man,
his people found herds of the same kind of animal
he had seen years before.


EVELYN TETON

17



This is why our people have been great horsemen,
and why our people have always said,
"It is good to place the feathers of the great eagle
among the hairs of the Medicine Horse's short tail."

The Good Hunter and Fisherman

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 14

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Good Hunter and Fisherman

Level III Book 14

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Wilma Petty
Seahtlhuk (Gary Hillaire)
Bernice Lozier Tanewasha
Charlotte Williams

A Jamestown Clallam Legend

As told by Jim Cook

Illustrated by Seahtlhuk (Gary Hillaire)

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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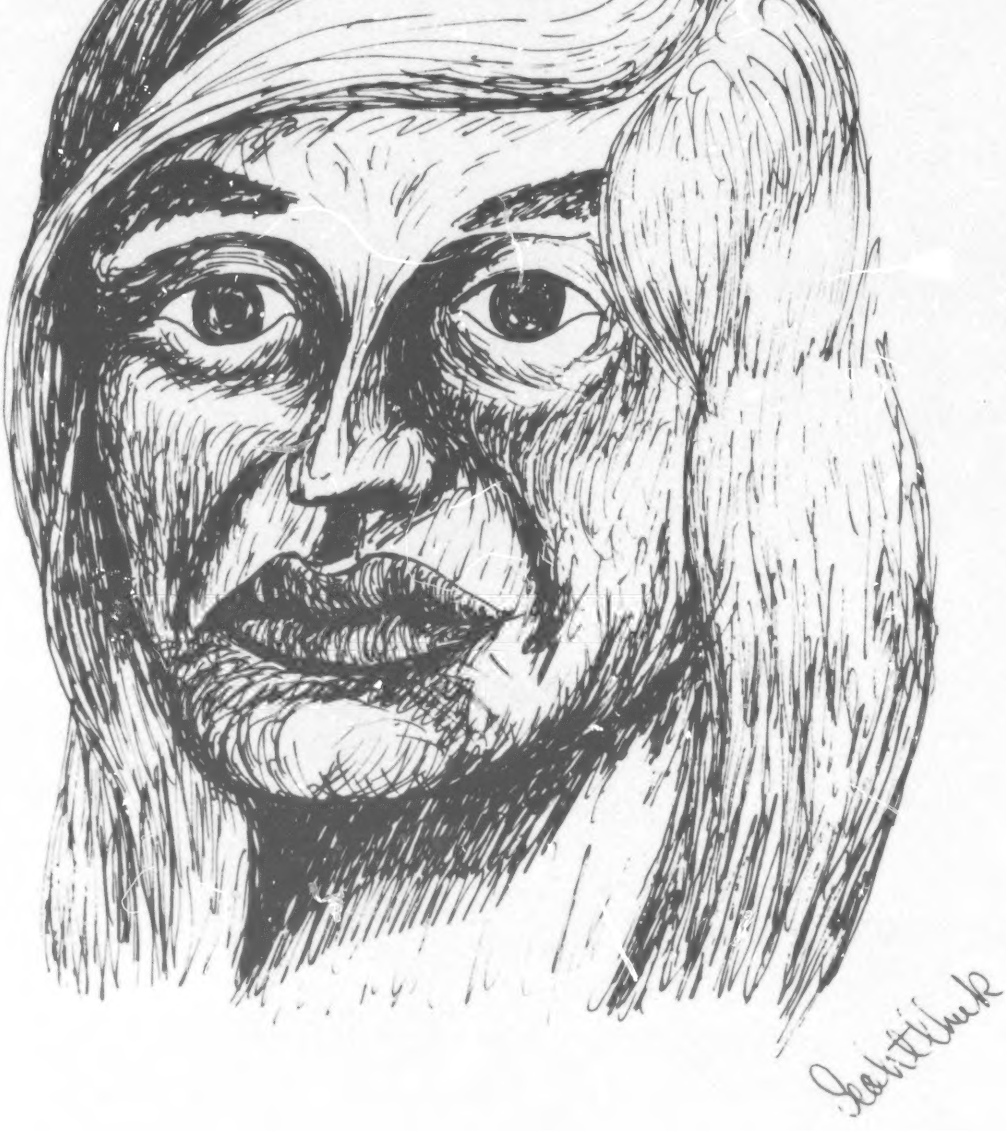
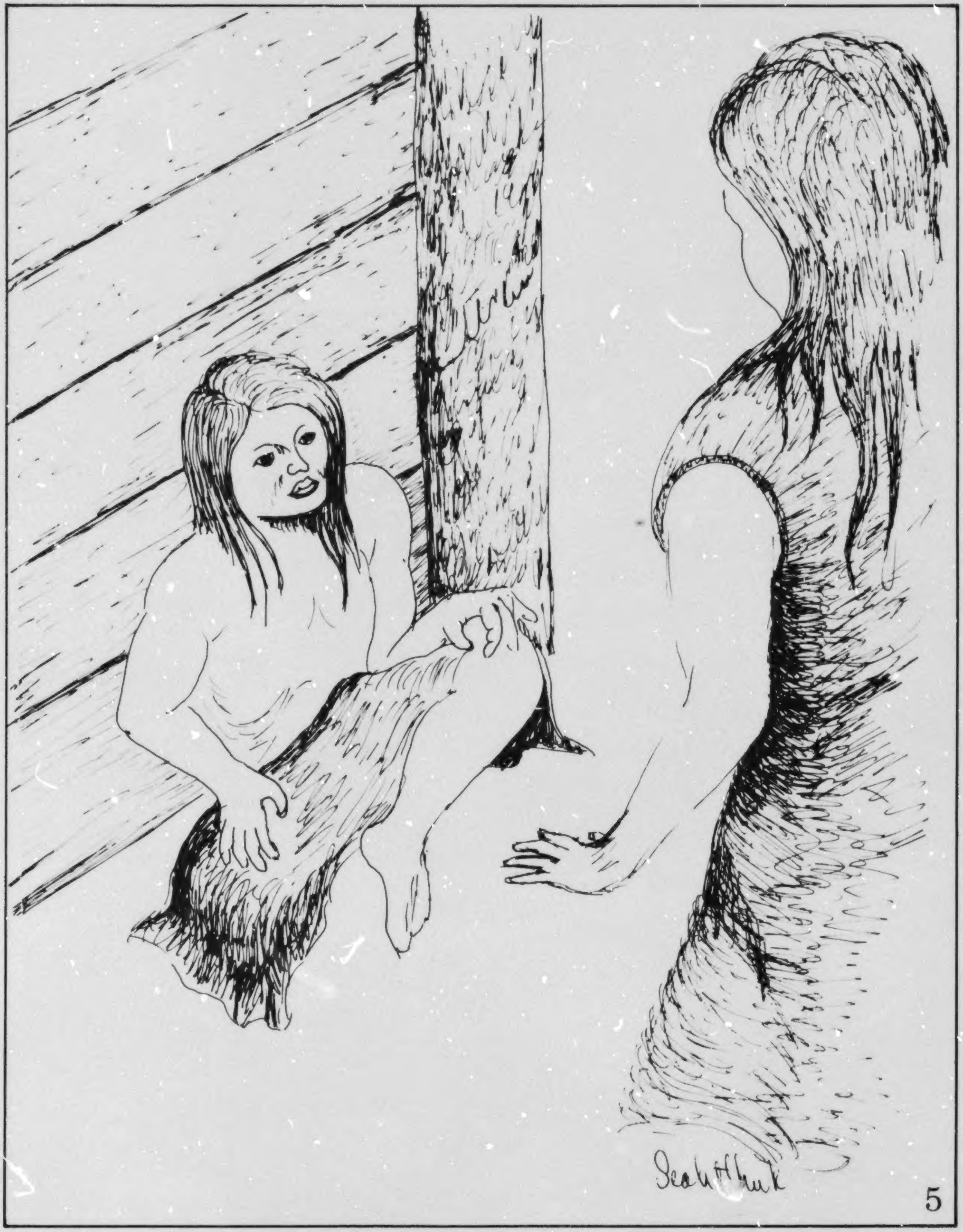
In the old days,
 the Indians would teach their young menfolk
 the way they should live.
This is the story of one particular young man
 named Sonny.

Sonny's father wanted his son to be a good hunter,
a good fisherman, and great in all
that he would do.
He began working with his son.
He showed him the things that he should do.
He prayed to his God that Sonny might be great
in all that he'd do.



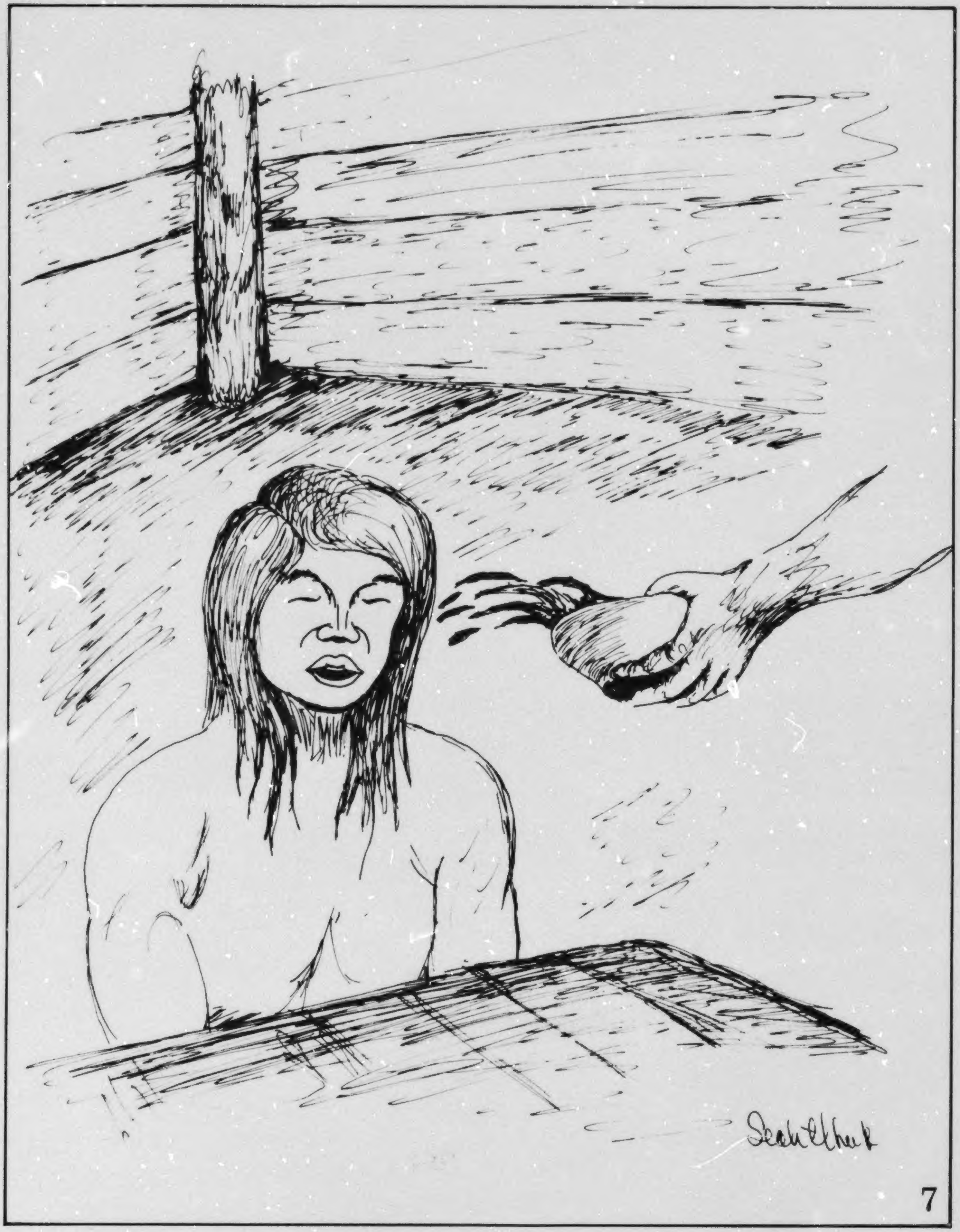
3

Sonny's father put him on a strict diet
for quite some time.
One day when the father was away,
old Motherlove saw her son sitting outside,
next to the old home.
He looked so hungry.
Old Motherlove brought him into the house,
made some soup and gave it to him to eat.



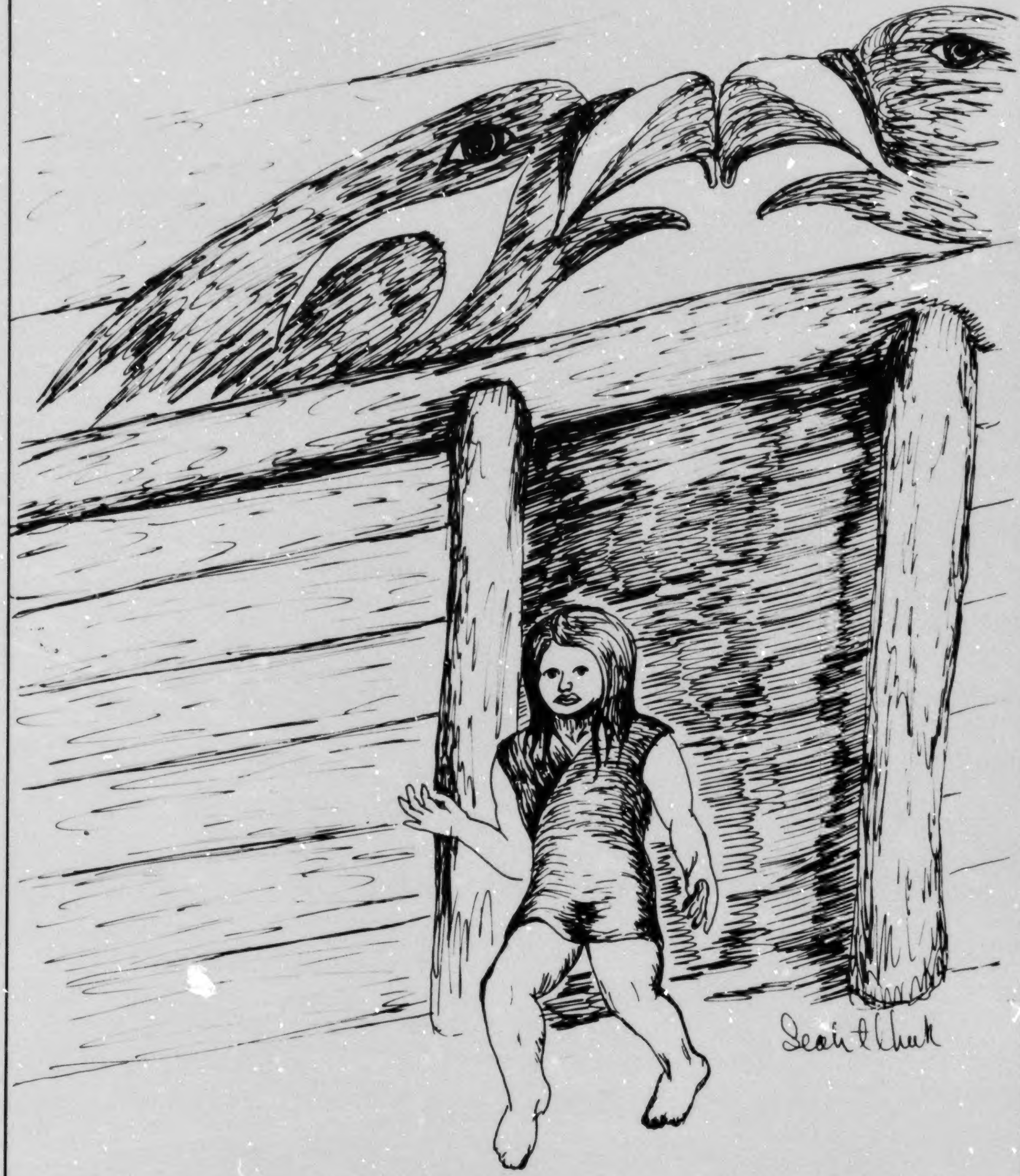
5

About halfway through the meal, the father returned.
When he saw that Sonny was eating,
he lost his temper.
He grabbed the bowl of soup
and threw it in the boy's face.
He said angrily to his wife, "Don't you know
I'm trying to make something out of this boy!"

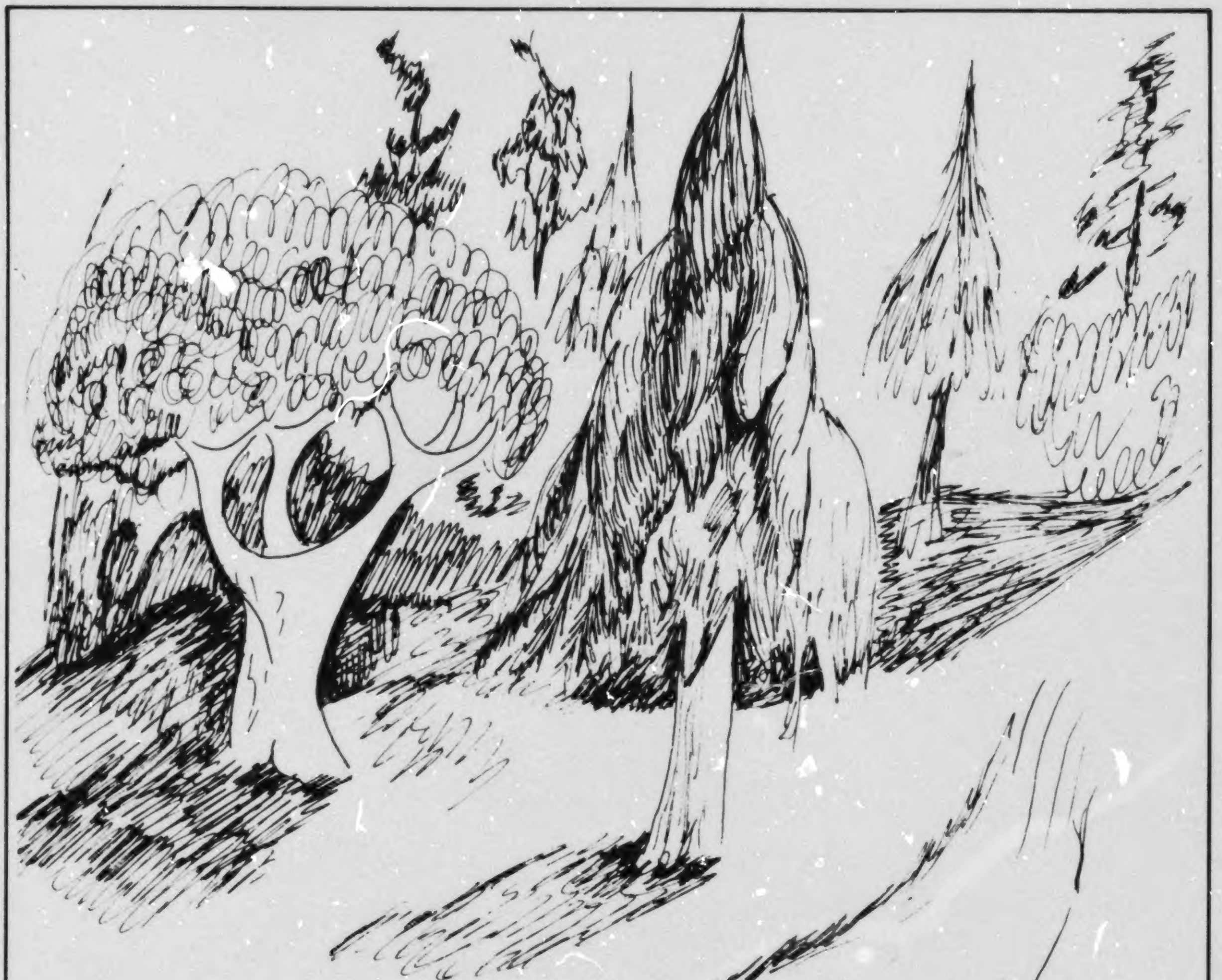


7

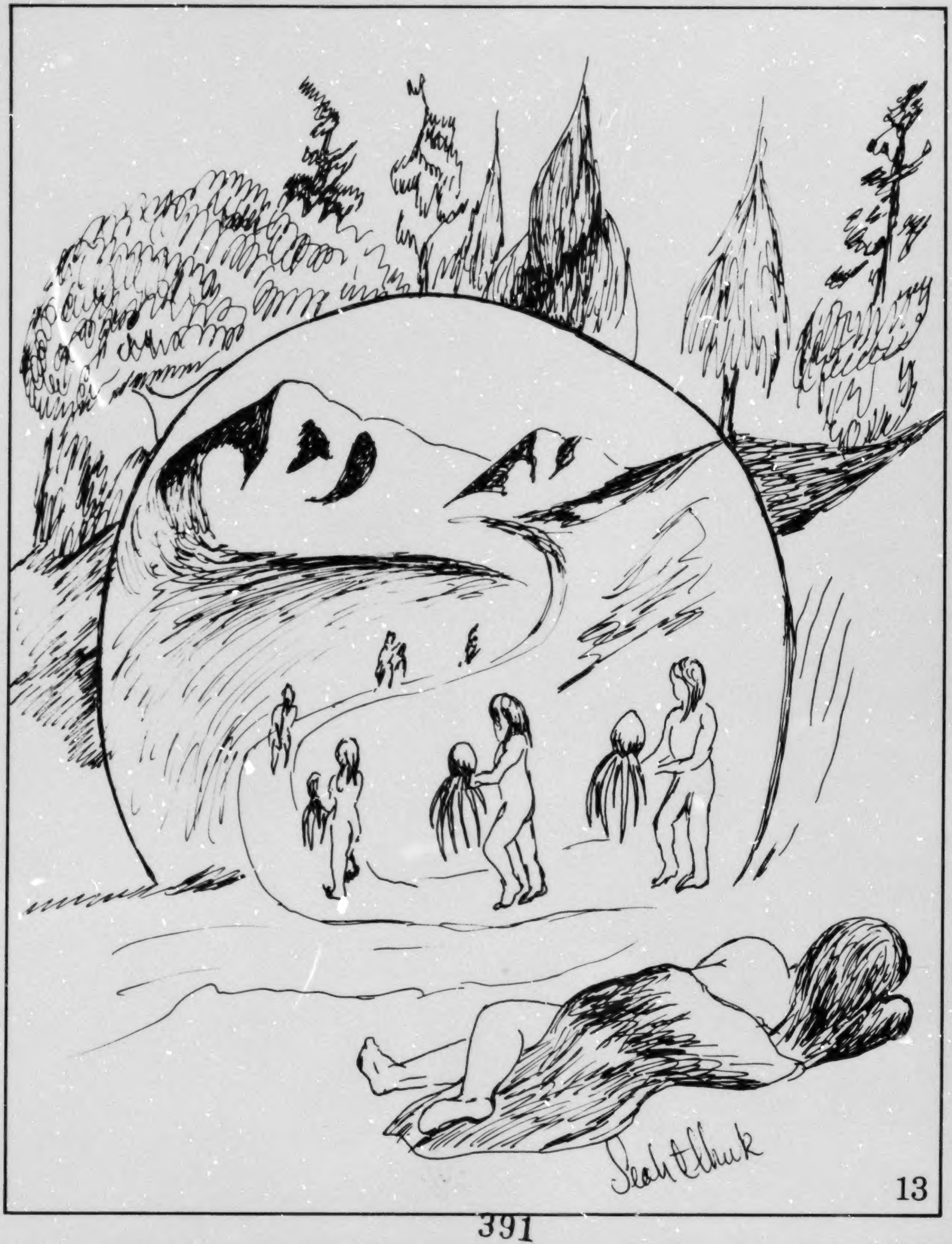
Sonny went outside.
He thought, "This is about the end of it.
I might as well leave home."


Seah t Chuk

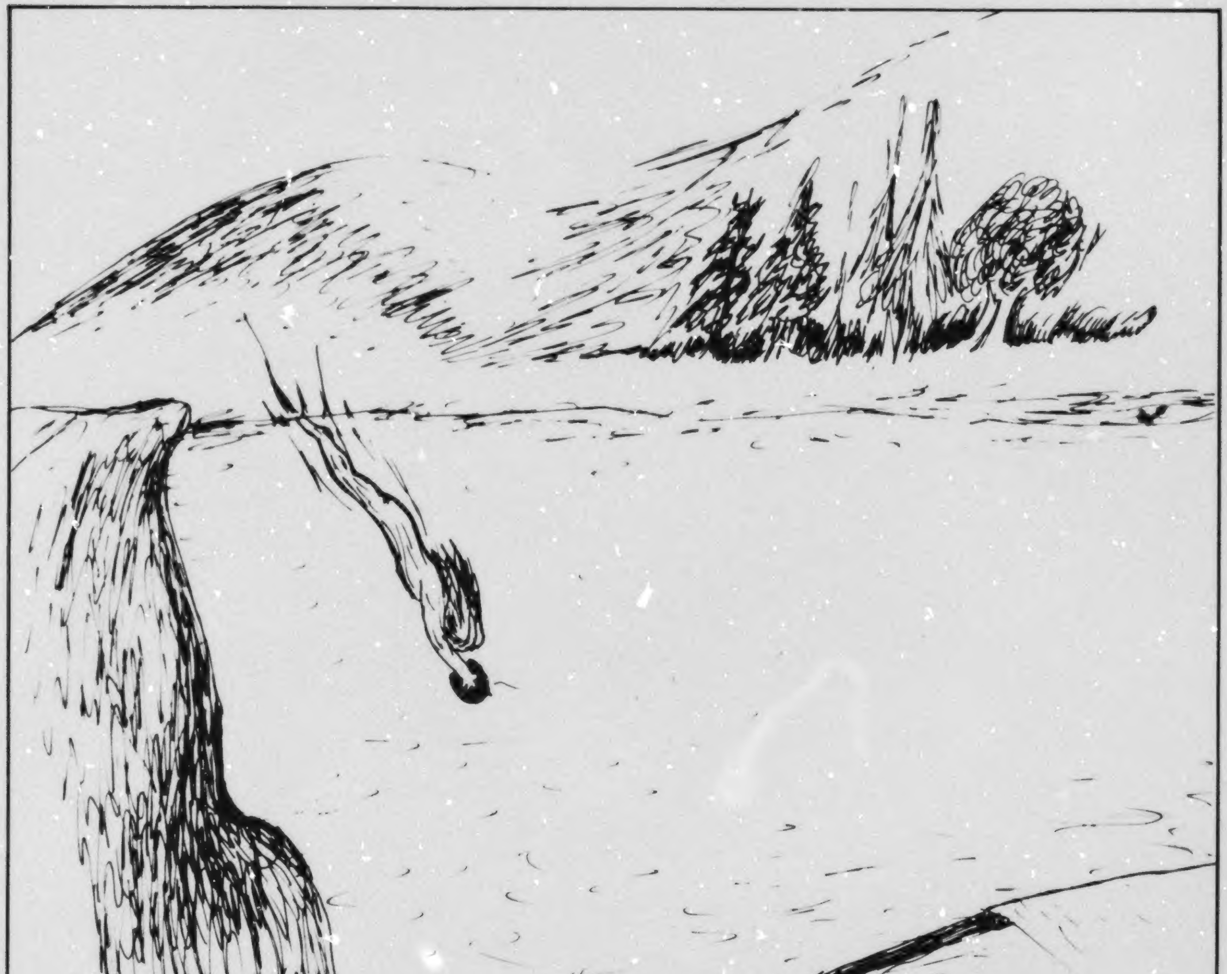
Sonny walked until he came to a small stream.
He laid down, tired and hungry.


Seah tlhuk
11

While he was asleep, he had a dream.
In his dream he saw people walking along the trail.
They were carrying octopuses.
He thought, "Well, I have nothing to lose.
I might just as well follow these people."


Seahtlhuk
13

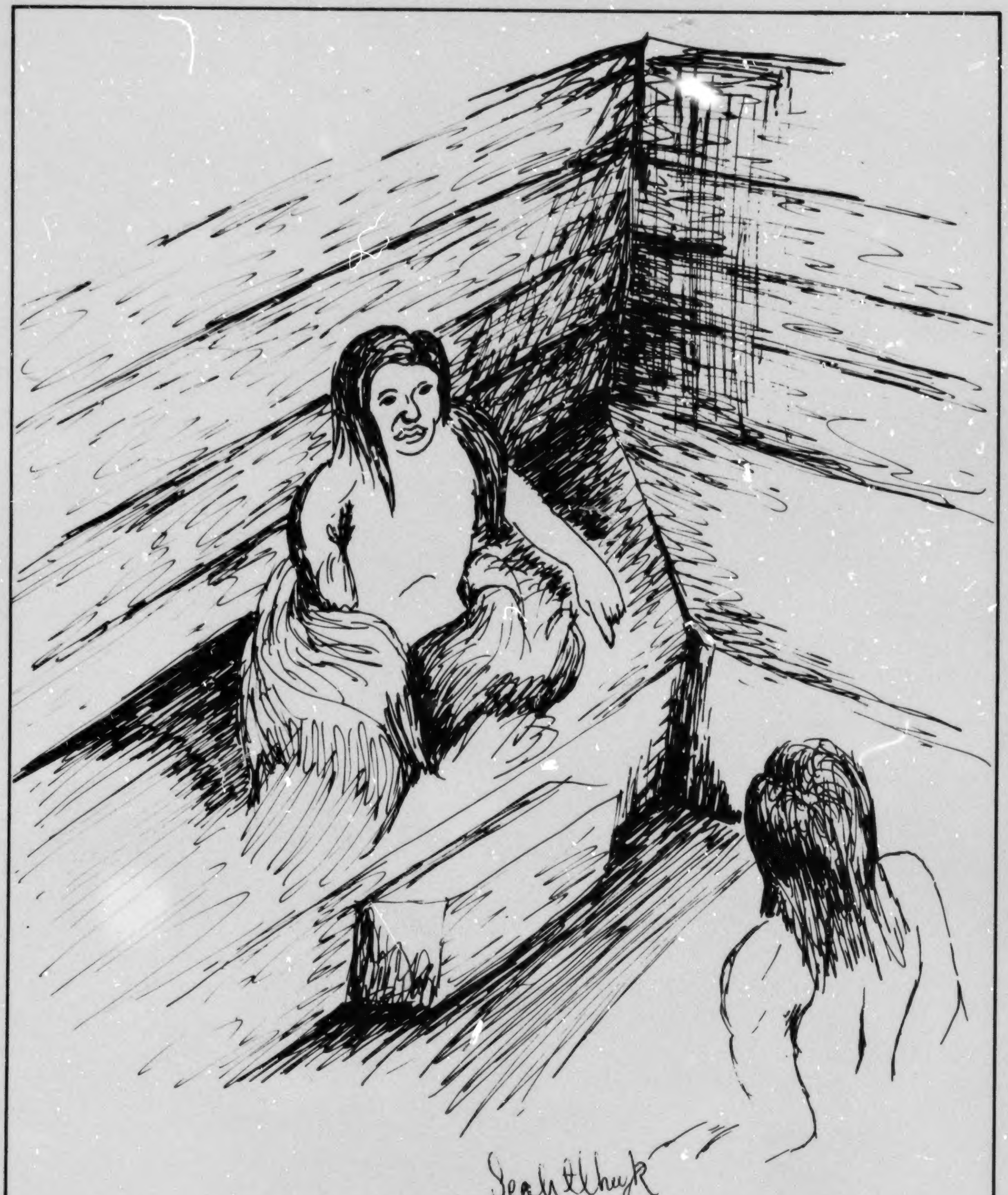
Sonny followed the people into the hills.
He came to a crystal-clear lake.
He looked down into the lake and saw some houses.
With a heavy rock to weigh him down,
he dove to the bottom of the lake.



15

The chief of the tribe at the bottom of the lake
asked him, "Young man, what are you doing here?"

"My father wanted me to be a great hunter,
a great fisherman and great in everything I do,"
said Sonny.
"But I think I might have spoiled the whole thing
by my behavior.
I don't know whether I'll ever amount to anything."



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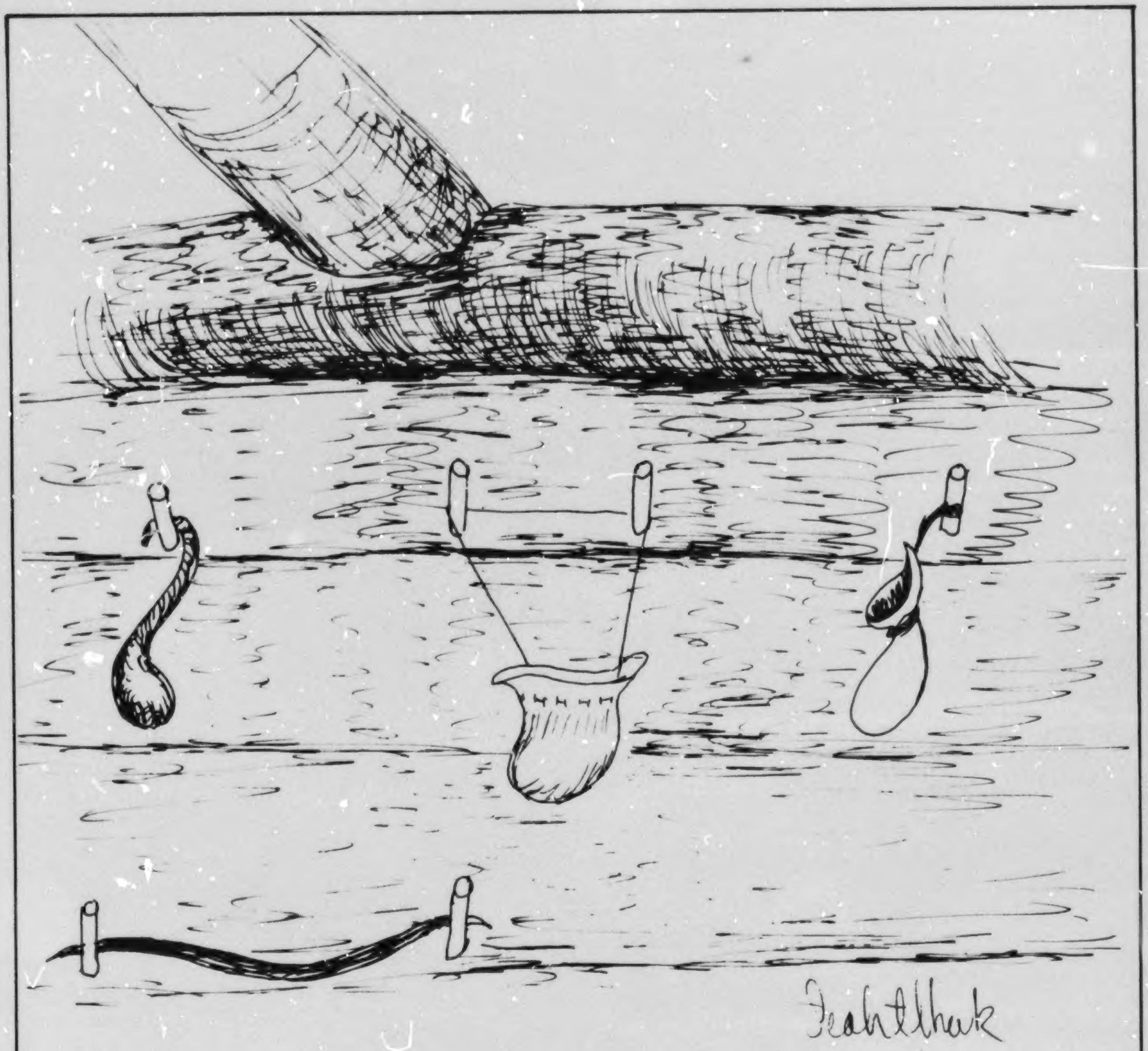
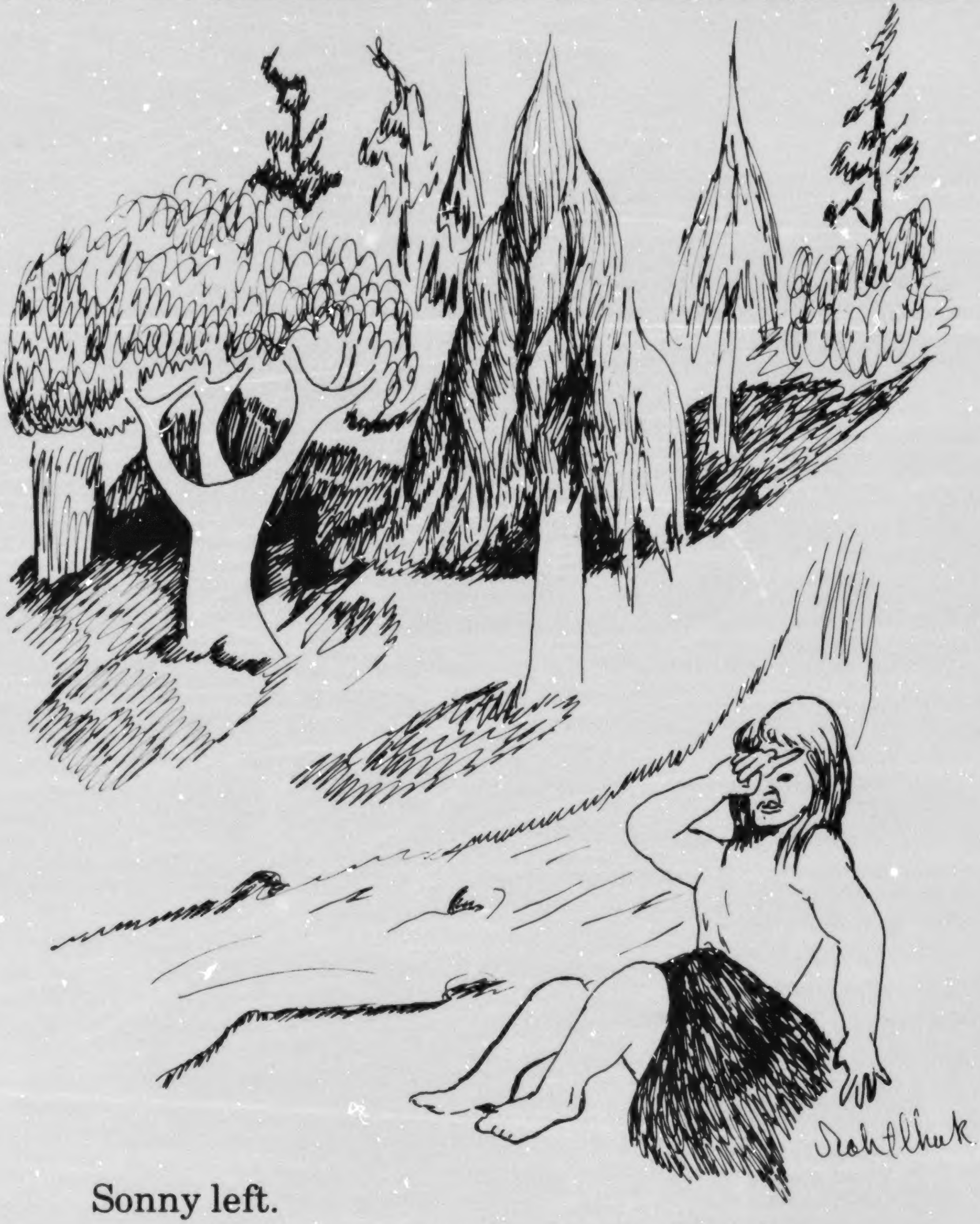
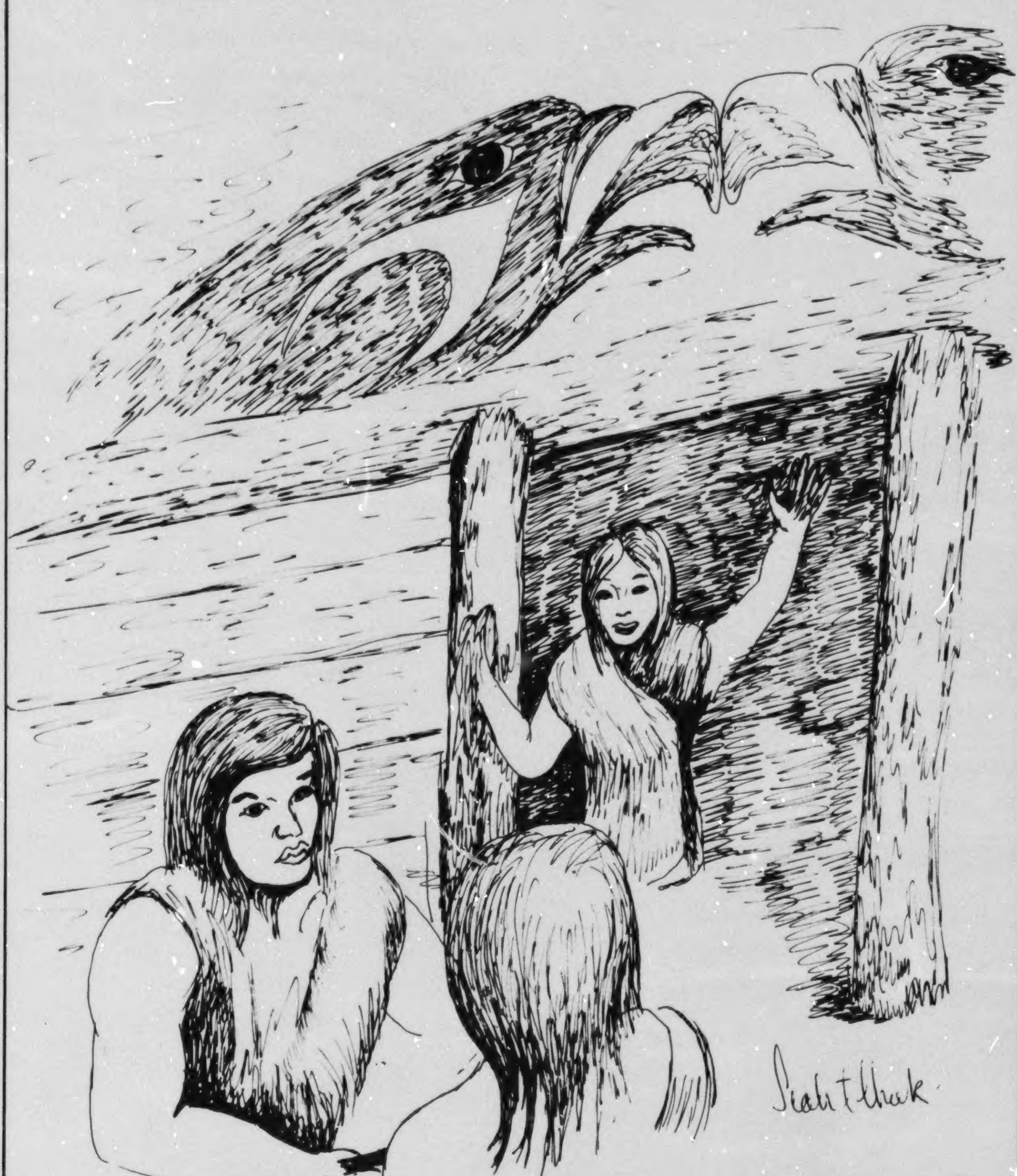


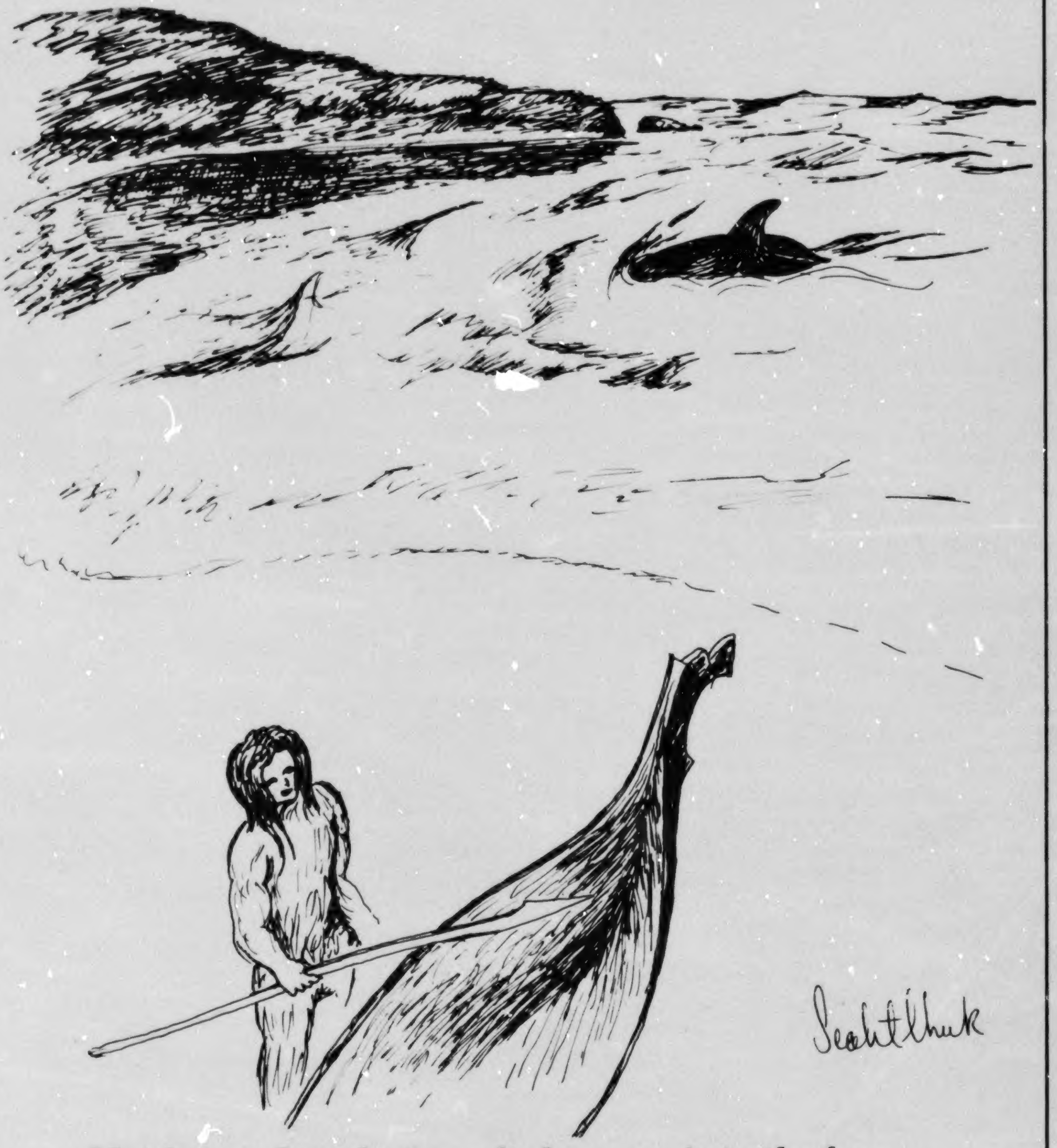
The chief said to him, "Look at the wall.
You can see my powers up there.
Young man, I am going to give you a lesser power.
Then I'm going to send you home."
He gave one of the lesser powers to Sonny
and said, "Now, you be on your way home."



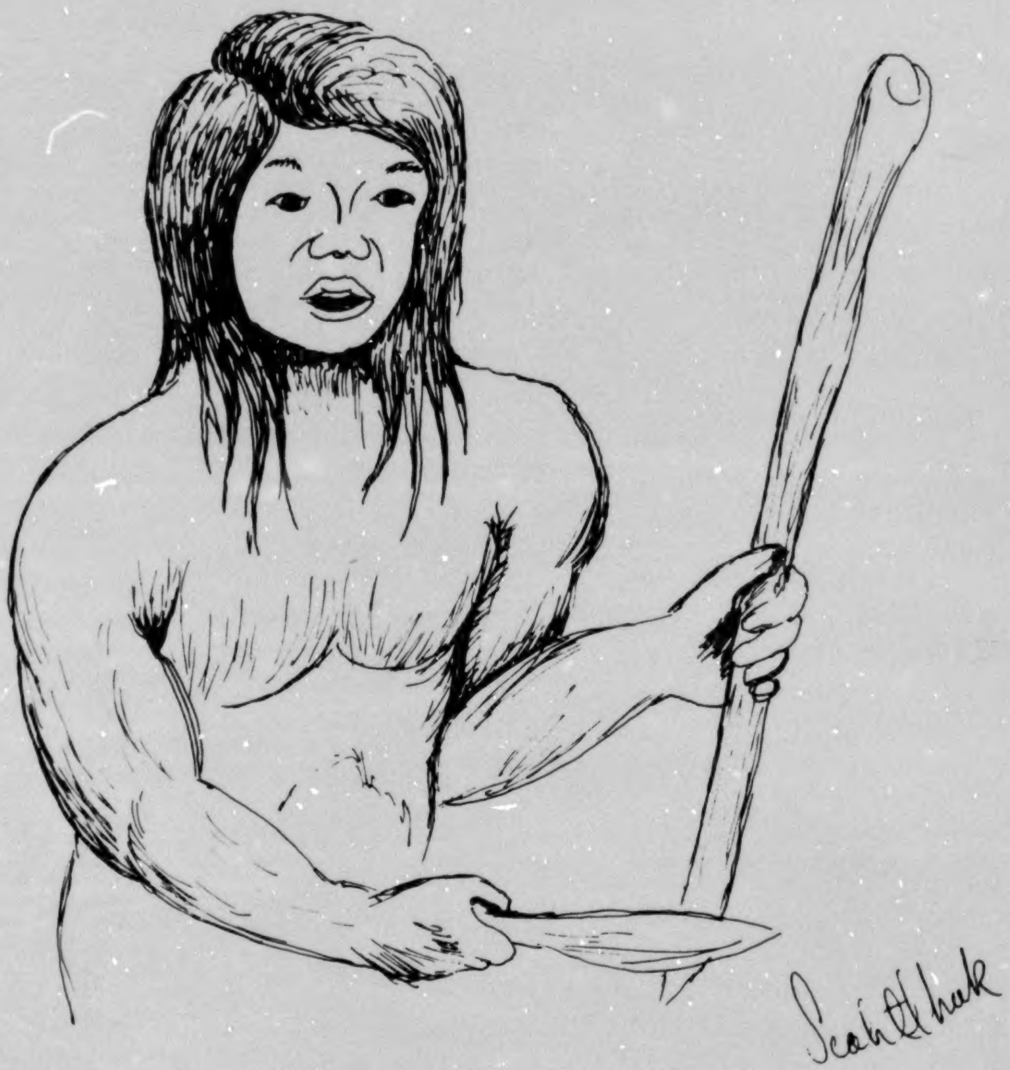
Sonny left.
He woke up from his dream, right back where
he had fallen asleep.

In the meantime, several days had gone by.
Sonny's parents had gone from village to village
asking about their son.
But nobody had seen him.
When Sonny returned,
they were glad to have him back.
They went out and gave him a royal welcome.



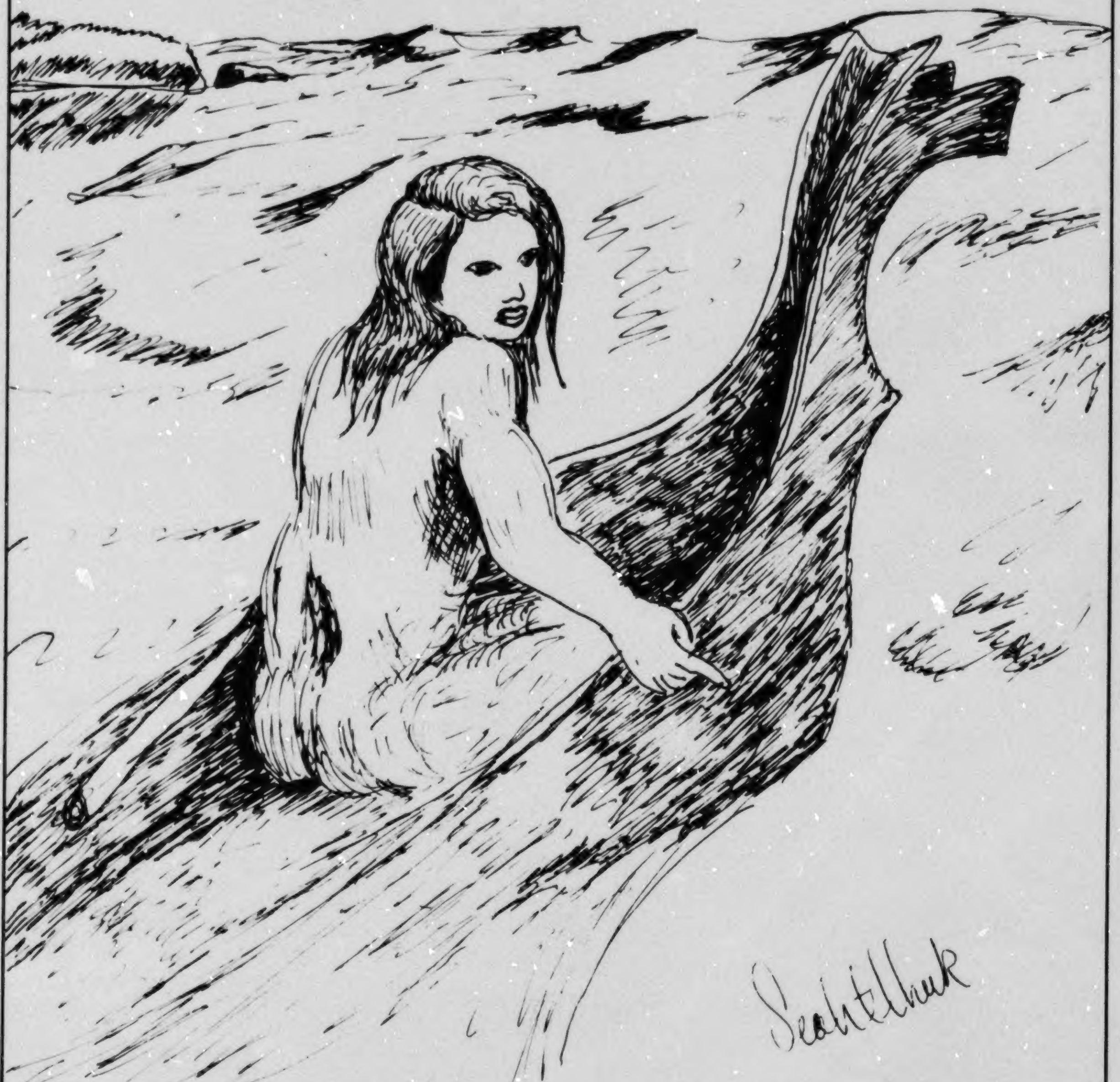


Not long after that, a whale came into the bay.
All the great fishermen and hunters
got in their canoes and went after the whale.



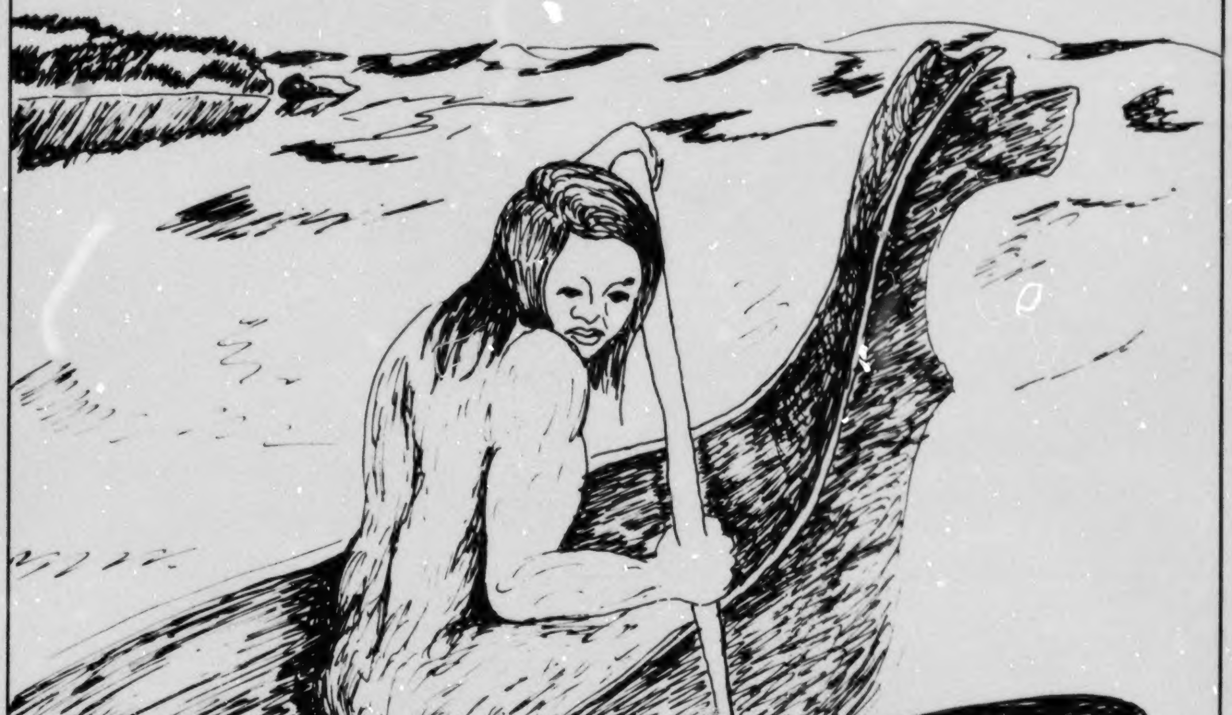
Sonny got a short pole
which he sharpened at one end.
He called his little brother and said,
"Come on, Brother.
We'll go and get that whale."

They got into a small canoe
and paddled out into the bay.
Sonny stopped the canoe.
"Brother, that whale is going to come up
right here," he said.
"We'll wait here for it."



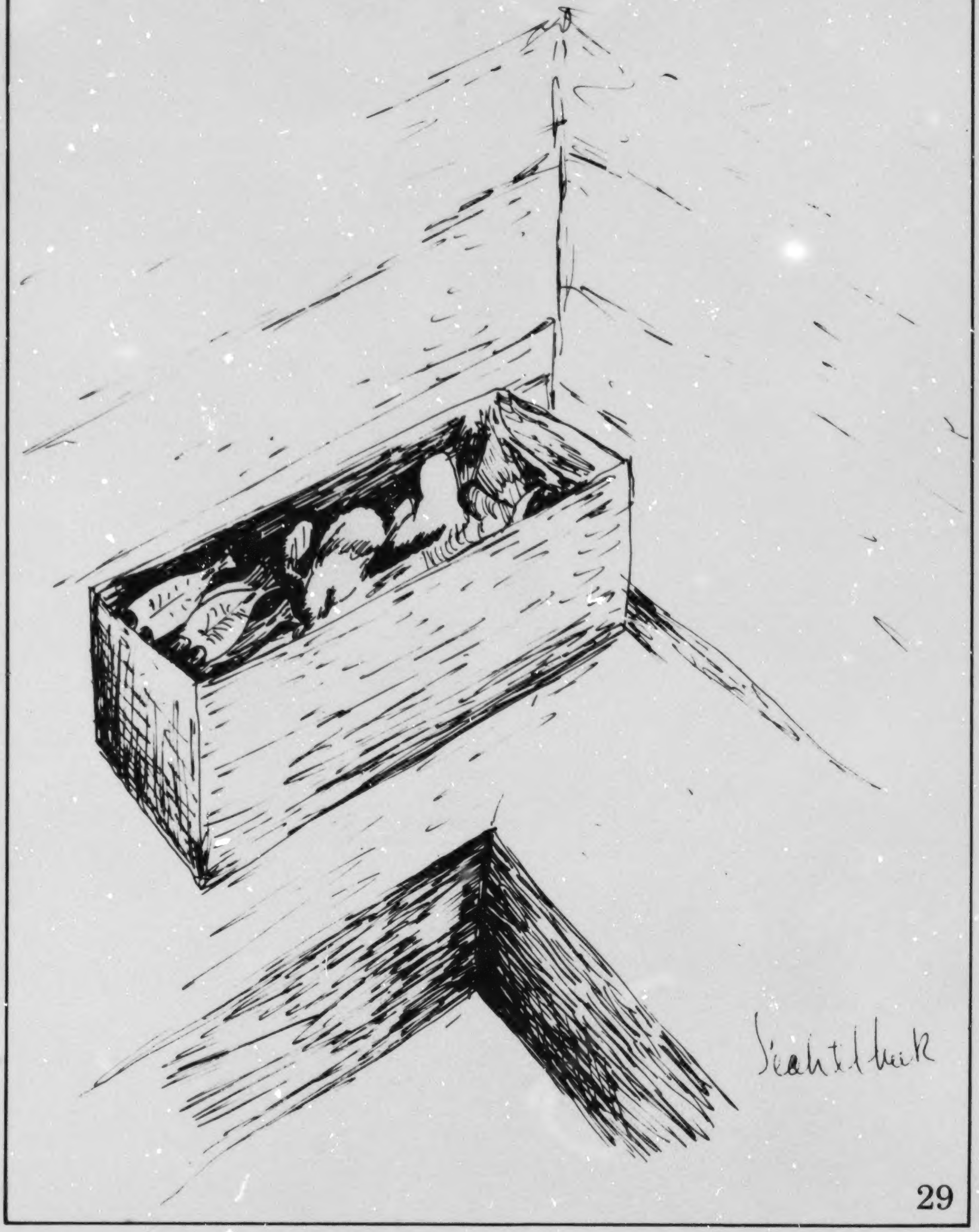
25

So they waited while the other fishermen
    and great hunters tried to get the whale.
But soon, sure enough,
    the whale came right alongside of the boat.
Sonny took his stick and speared the whale
    in a vital spot.
He killed it right there,
    and then he and his brother towed it home.



27

The story goes that after that,
Sonny's people were never in want.
They had all kinds of fish and game to eat,
because Sonny had gotten his power
from his dream.


Seahtlthuk

29

EDITH CUSACK

Edith Cusack is a member of the Jamestown Band of the Clallam Indians and is the Business Manager of the Jamestown Clallam Tribal Council. Throughout her professional career she has been active in many Indian-related organizations, particularly in the areas of health and education, which are her greatest concerns. She serves on the Clallam County Mental Health and Retardation Board and for several years has been Chairman of the Johnson O'Malley, Title IV and Urban/Racial/Disadvantaged Programs in the Sequim, Washington, schools. She has served as a Board member and represents the Clallam Tribe in the Small Tribes of Western Washington Organization. In 1976 she was one of eight Indians in the United States to receive a Ford Foundation Fellowship to participate in the American Indian Educational Leadership Development Program operated by the National Indian Training and Research Center. All of these activities keep her on the move, and she travels about 2,000 miles per month in her work with the many agencies and organizations with which she is involved. She also is the mother of five children.

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Wild Buffalo Ride
Level III Book 15

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

Written by Joan Kennerly, Carmen Marceau, Doris Old Person, June Tatsey

Illustrated by Peter (Rusty) Tatsey

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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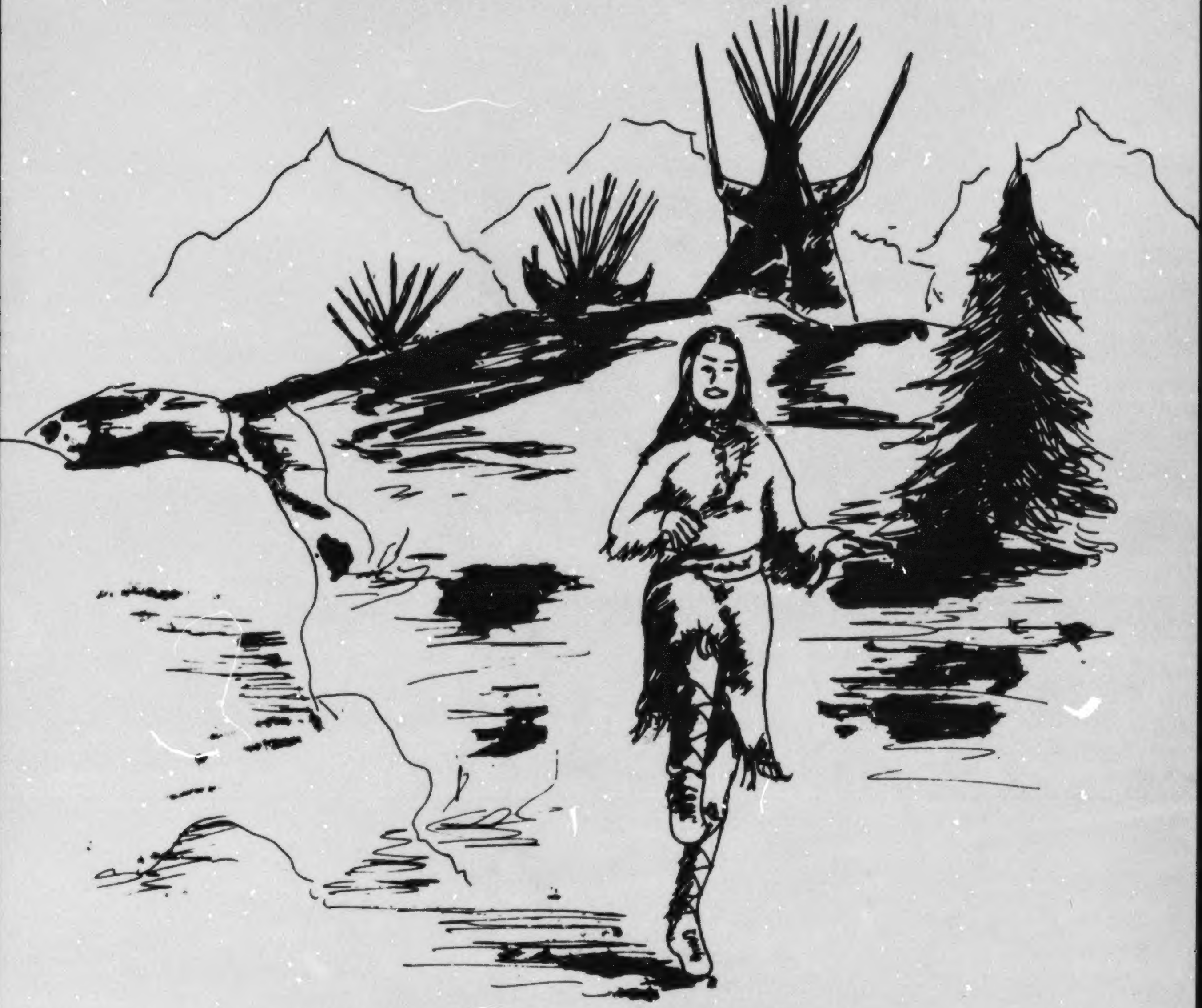
This book is based on a true story told by Old No Coat to Francis Bullshoe, Sr.

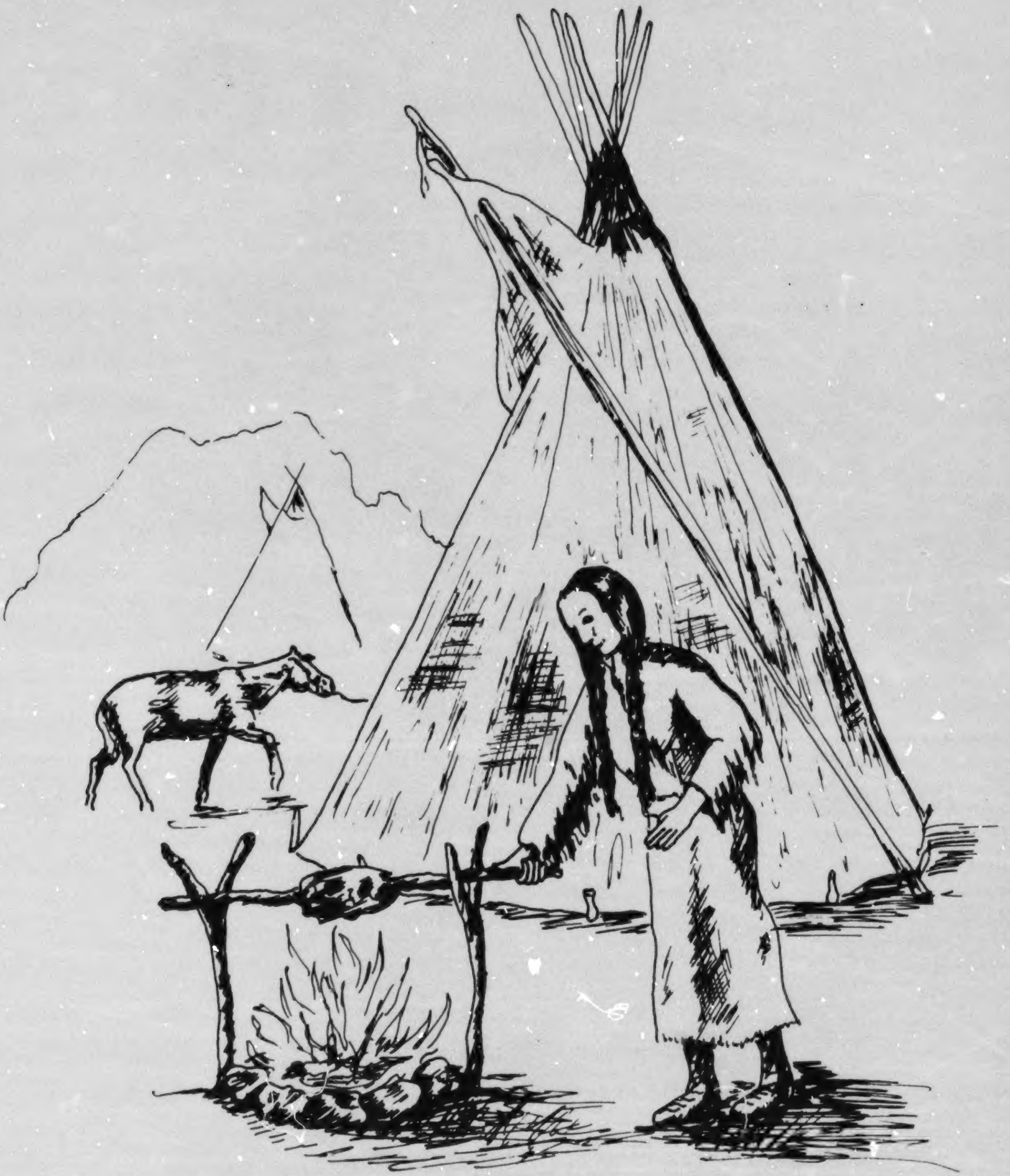
The story is about Middle Person, a Blackfeet Indian woman in her early twenties, and the buffalo ride on which she went with her husband and other Indian hunters.

Middle Person was one of the wives of No Coat, a great hunter. Many years ago Indian chiefs had several wives.

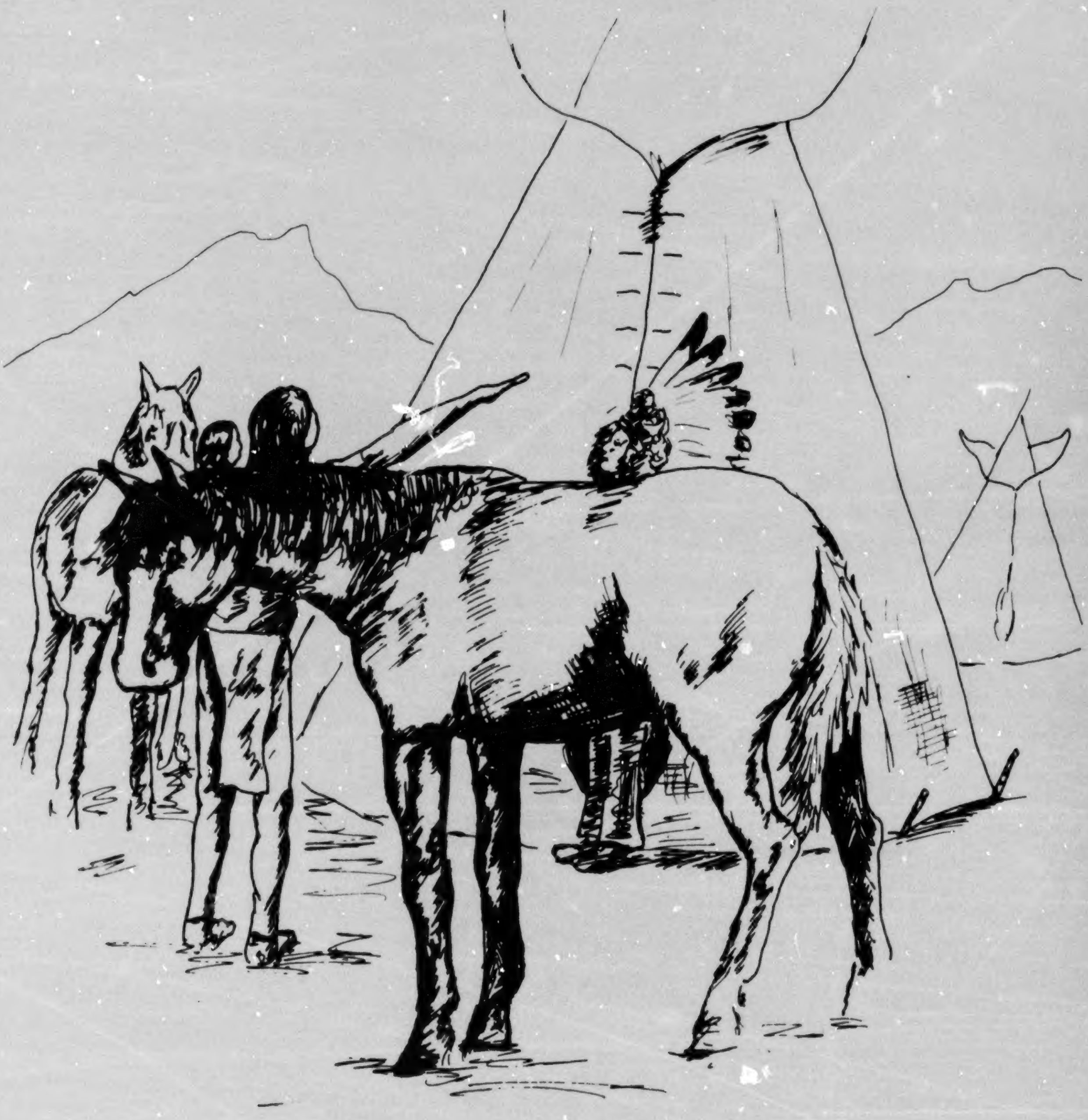
This hunt took place south of the Marias River and the Sweet Grass Hills in Montana, about 1850.



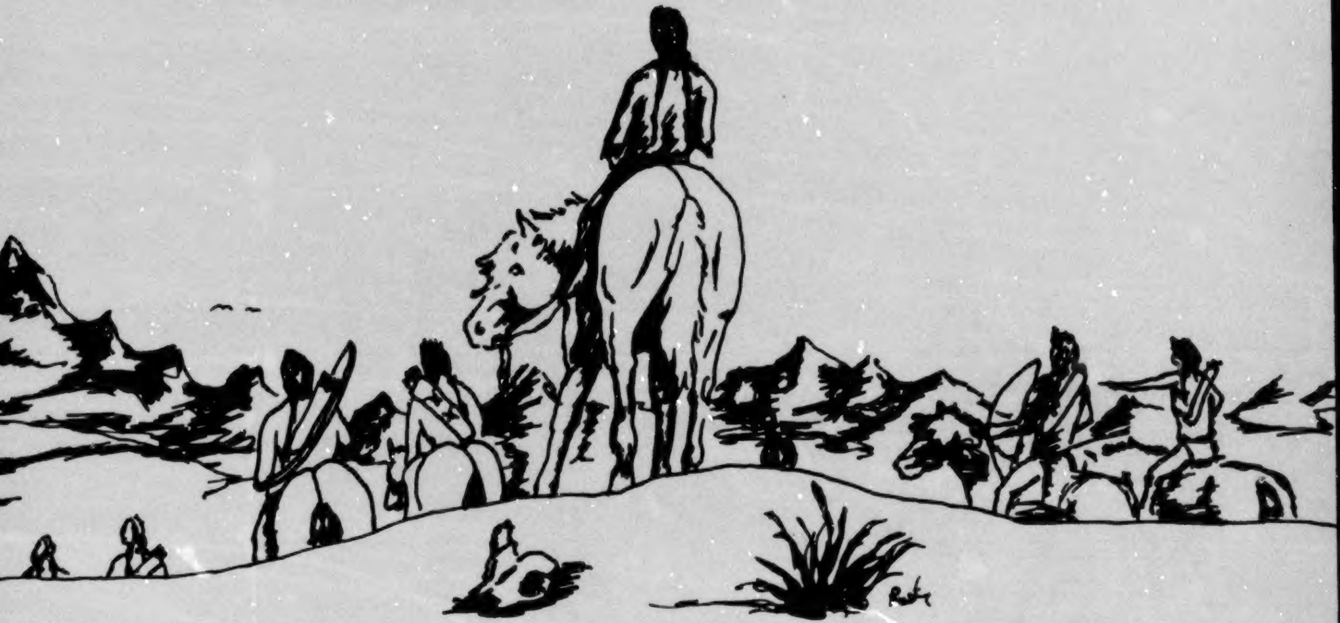
One morning, Middle Person got out of bed
and ran down to the creek
for her early morning swim.
The water was cool and fresh.
The sun was beginning to come up
and the morning air smelled good.
A robin was sitting on a tree branch,
singing a happy song.



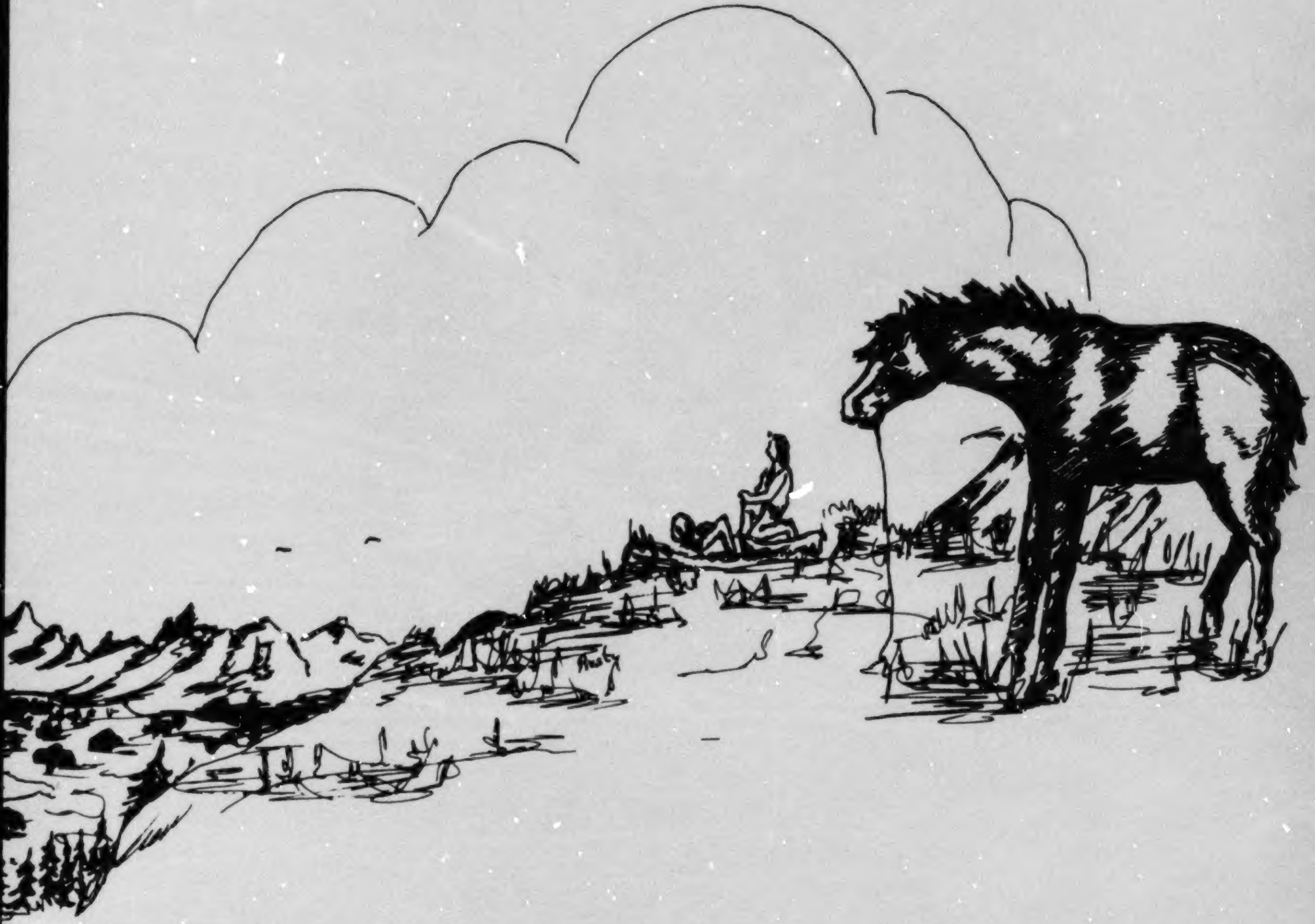
Middle Person was feeling good,
for today the hunters would go out for fresh meat.
2 It would be dried and put away for the winter's food.



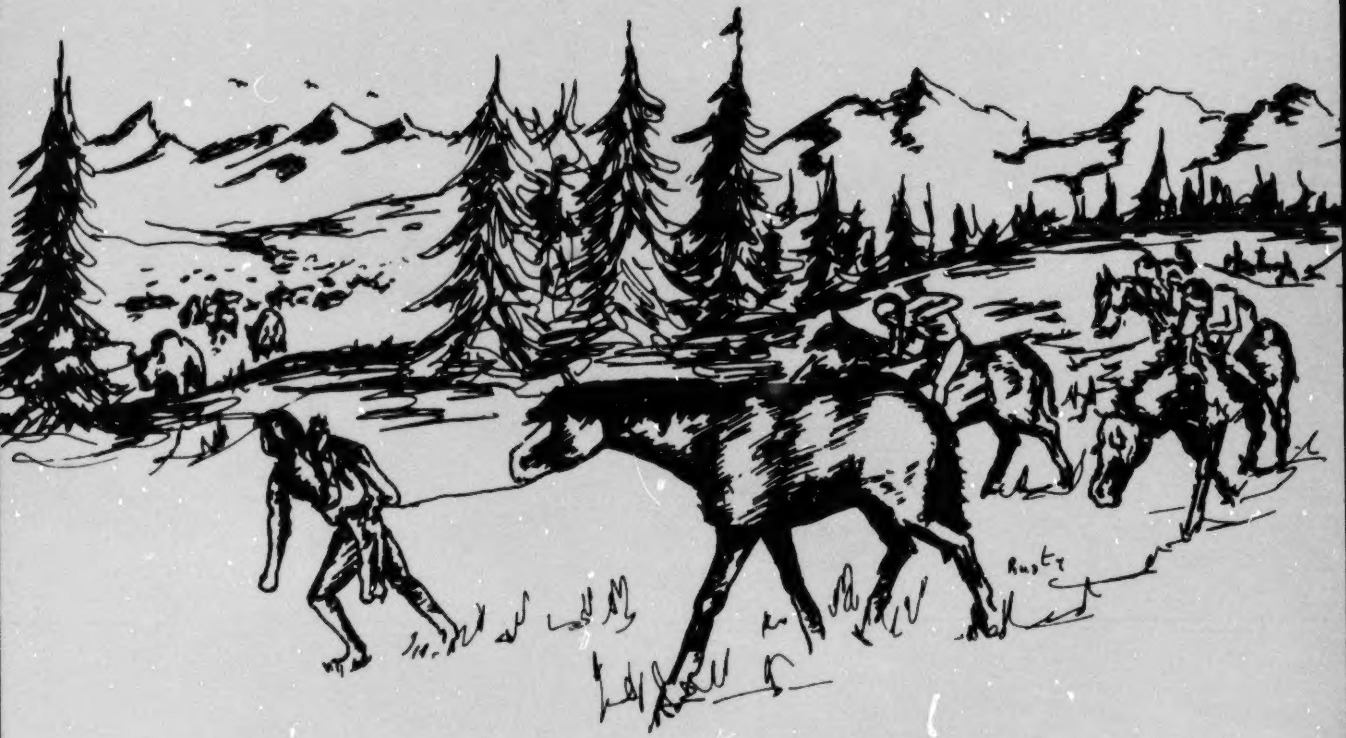
The scouts who had been out looking for a buffalo herd
had just returned to camp.
They were ready to show the hunters
where the buffalo were grazing.



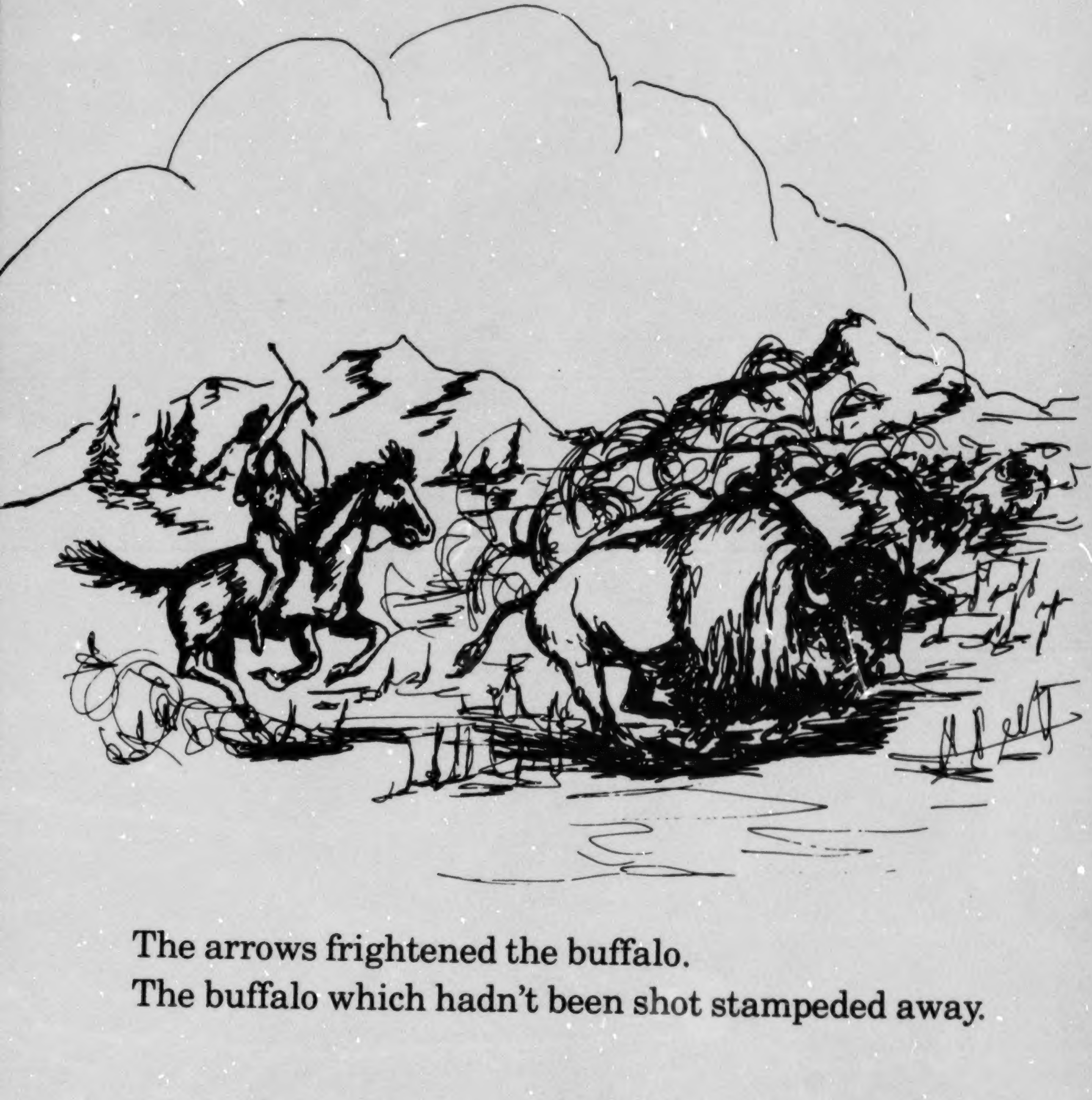
As soon as the horses had been caught and bridled,
the men started on their way.
Middle Person followed on her horse.
Her husband, No Coat, was letting her ride
along with him on the buffalo hunt.
Of all his wives, she could ride horseback the best.



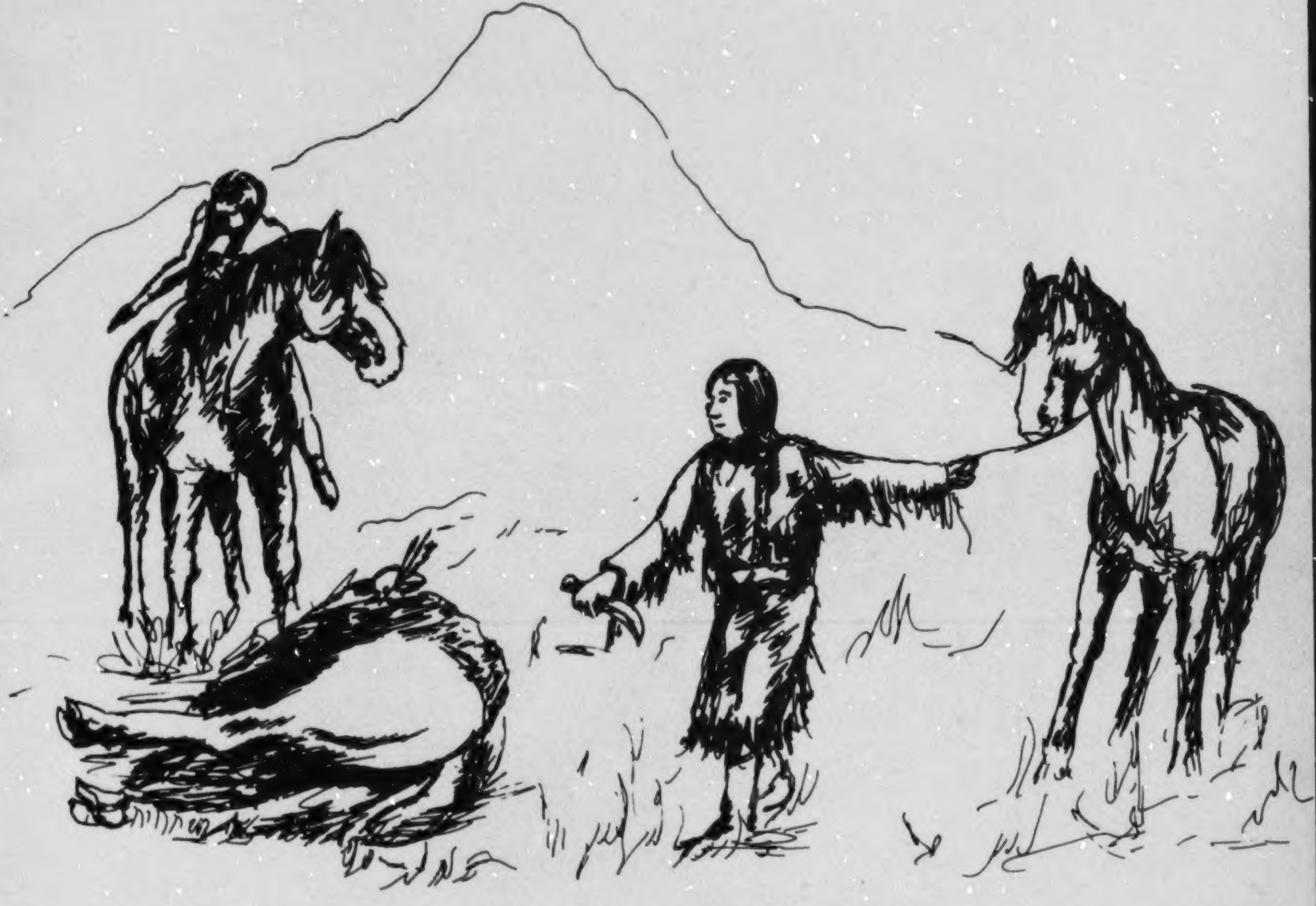
The riders rode to the top of a hill.
They could see the buffalo grazing in the distance,
eating the long grass.



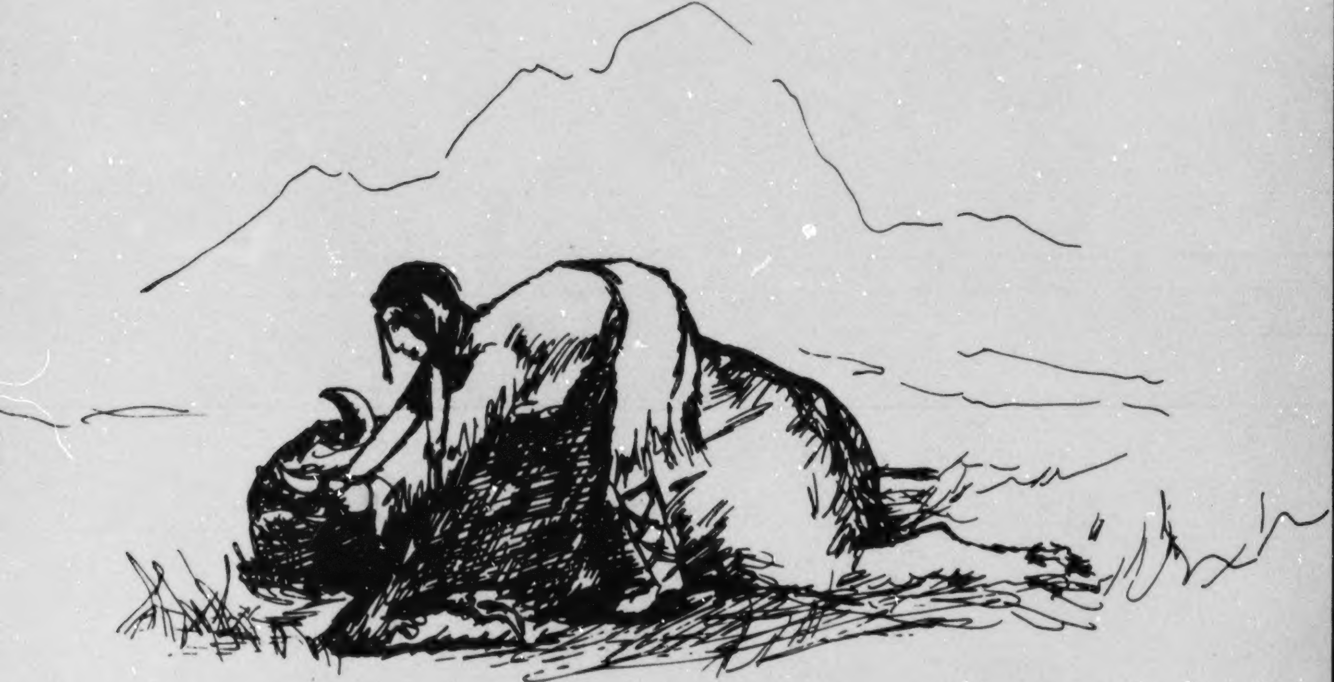
The hunters rode through the trees and tall grass
until they were close to the buffalo.
They started shooting arrows at them.



The arrows frightened the buffalo.
The buffalo which hadn't been shot stampeded away.

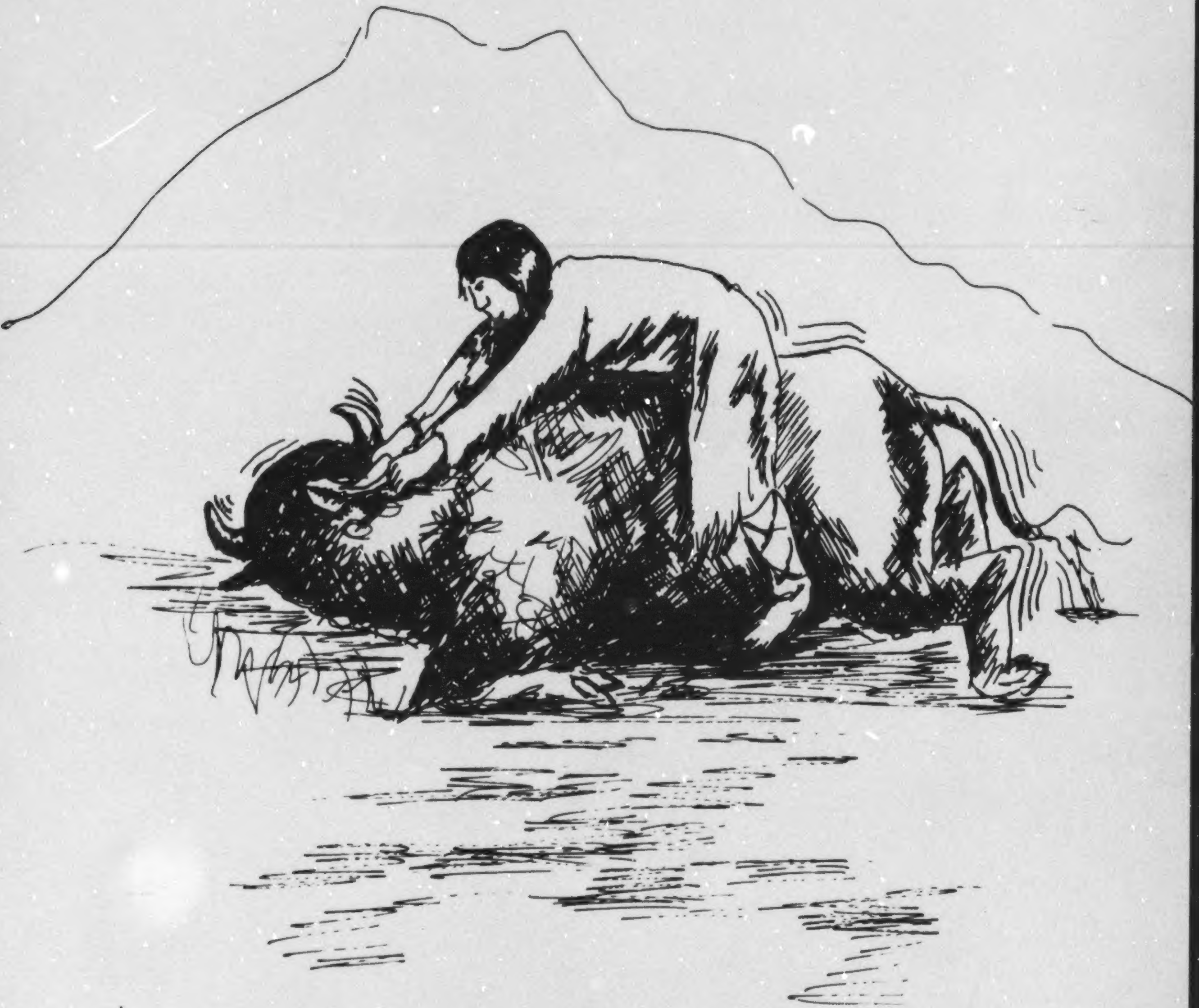


Middle Person got off her horse
to help butcher the animals.
No Coat helped her turn one of the buffalo
so she could skin it.

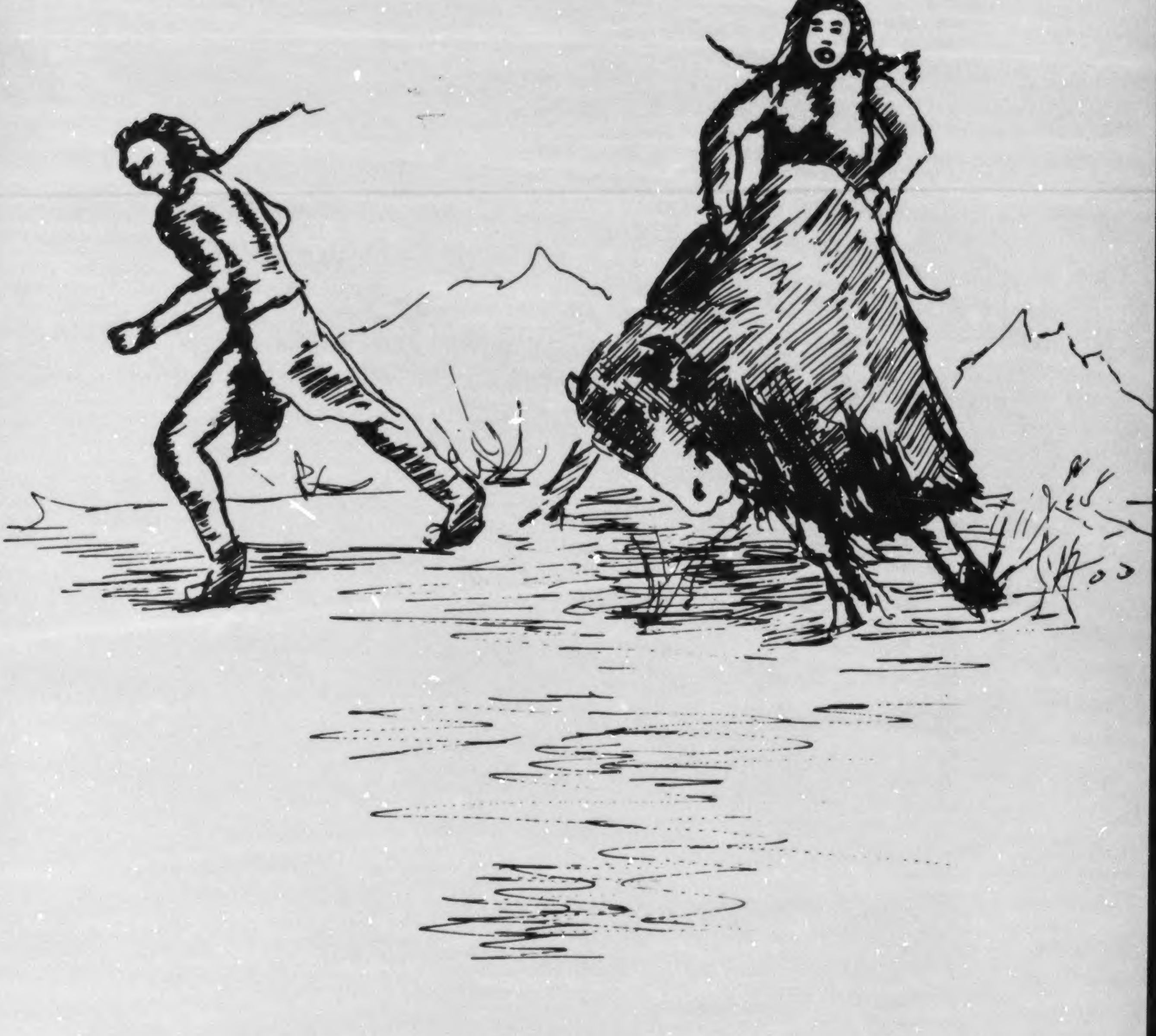


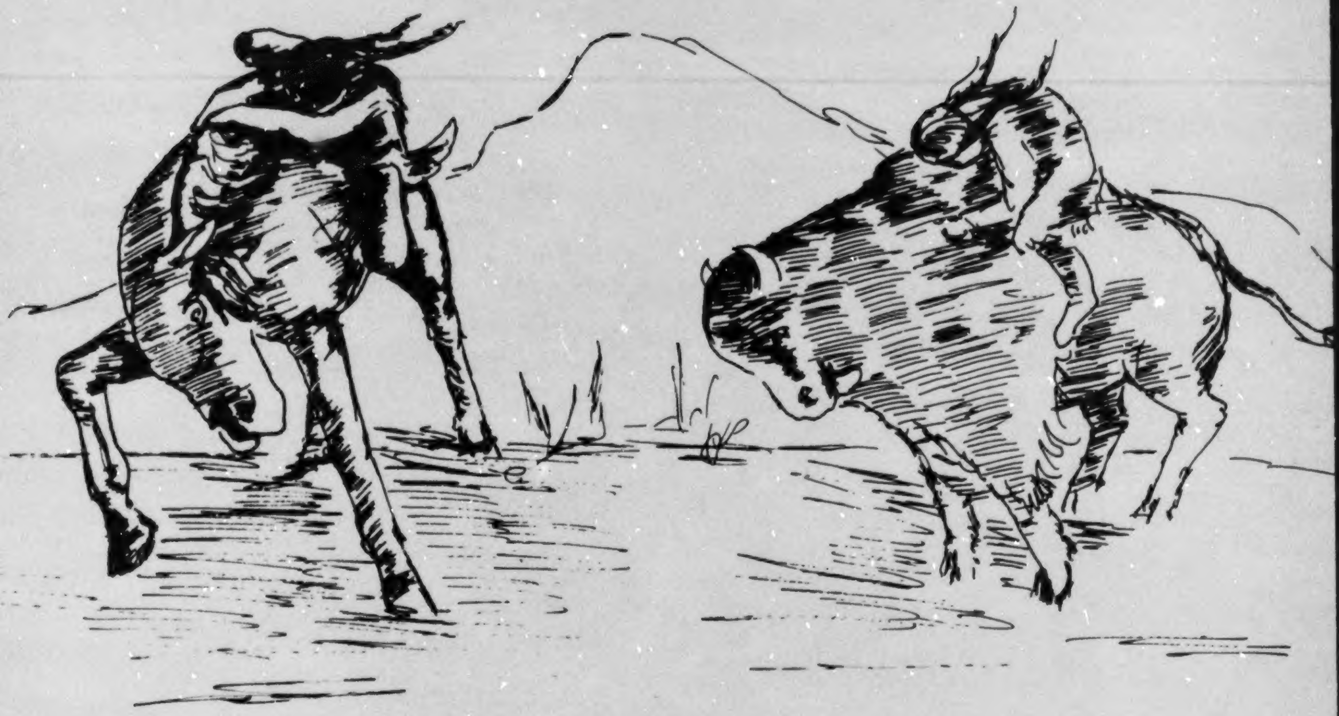
Middle Person stood over the buffalo's back.

Soon she felt a slight movement underneath her.
She paid no attention.
"The buffalo must have rolled over a little,"
she thought to herself.

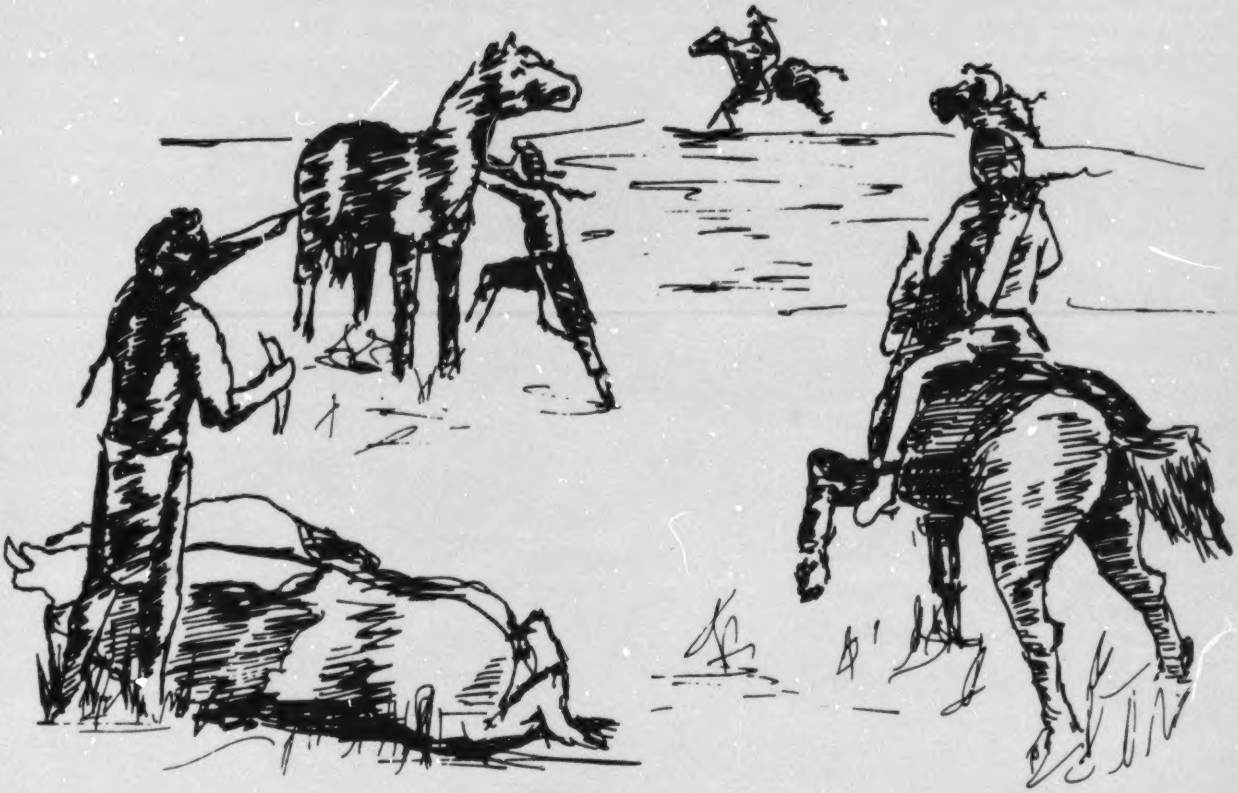


Before she knew what was happening,
the buffalo was on its feet.
"No Coat, No Coat!" she called.
"Come and help me!"
No Coat turned and started to run toward the buffalo,
but the buffalo turned and charged him.
No Coat turned around and ran for his life
as fast as he could go.



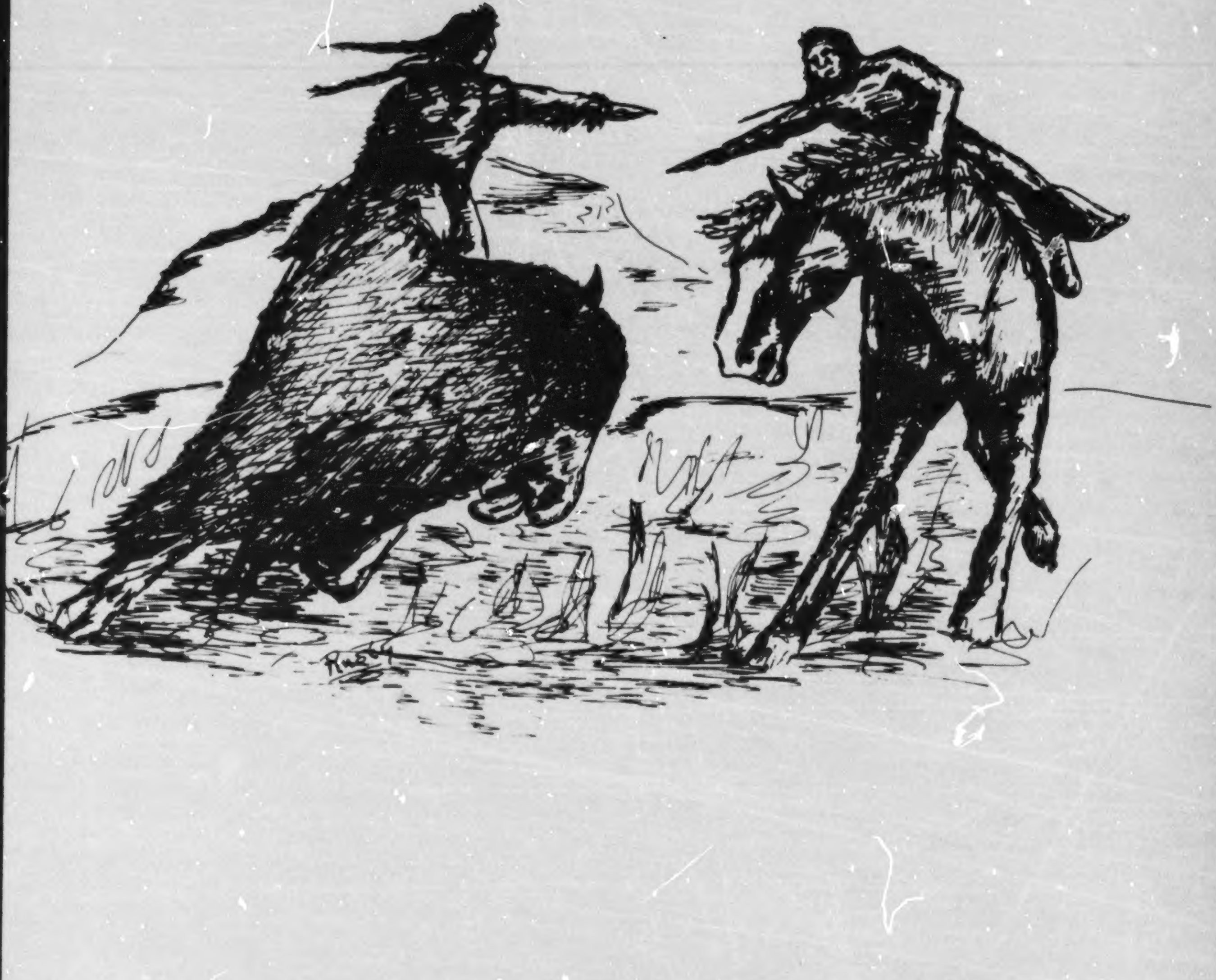


No Coat jumped on his horse!

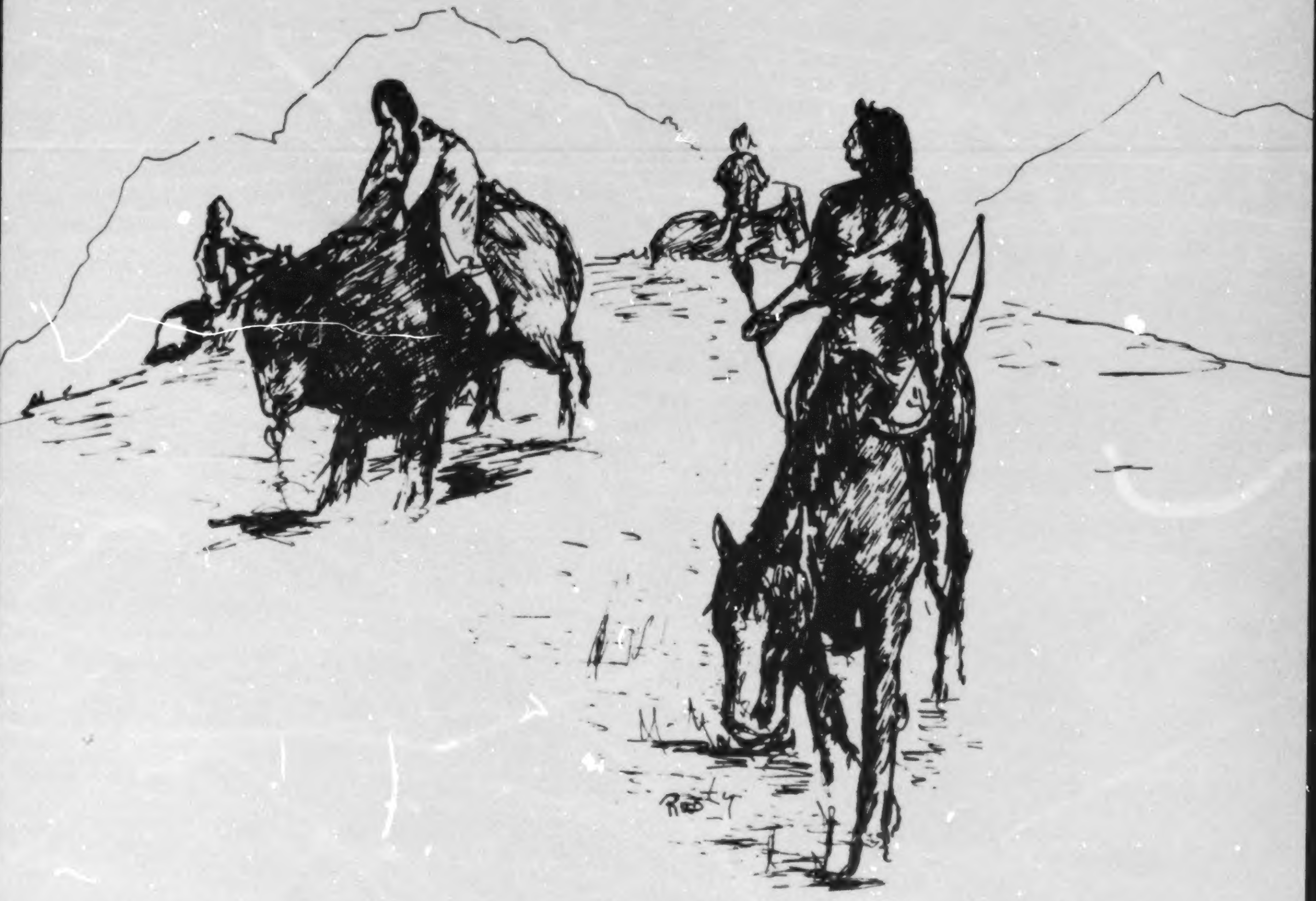


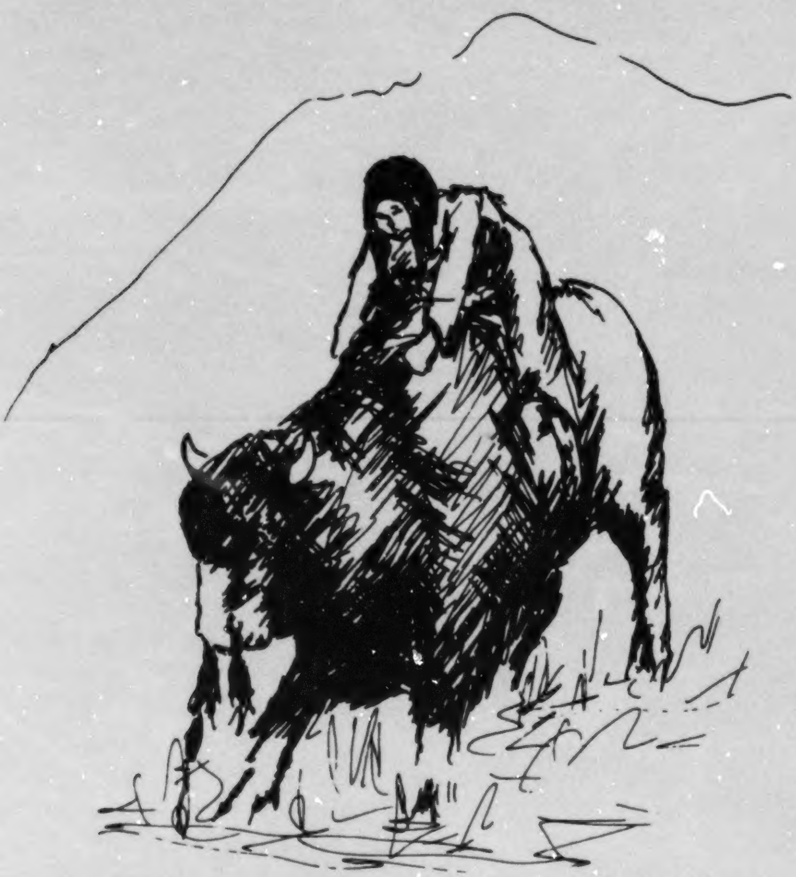
One hunter, who saw what was happening,
called out to the others.
They quickly jumped on their horses' backs
and shouted to Middle Person
to hang on tightly.

One of the riders headed toward the buffalo.
The buffalo turned and charged him.

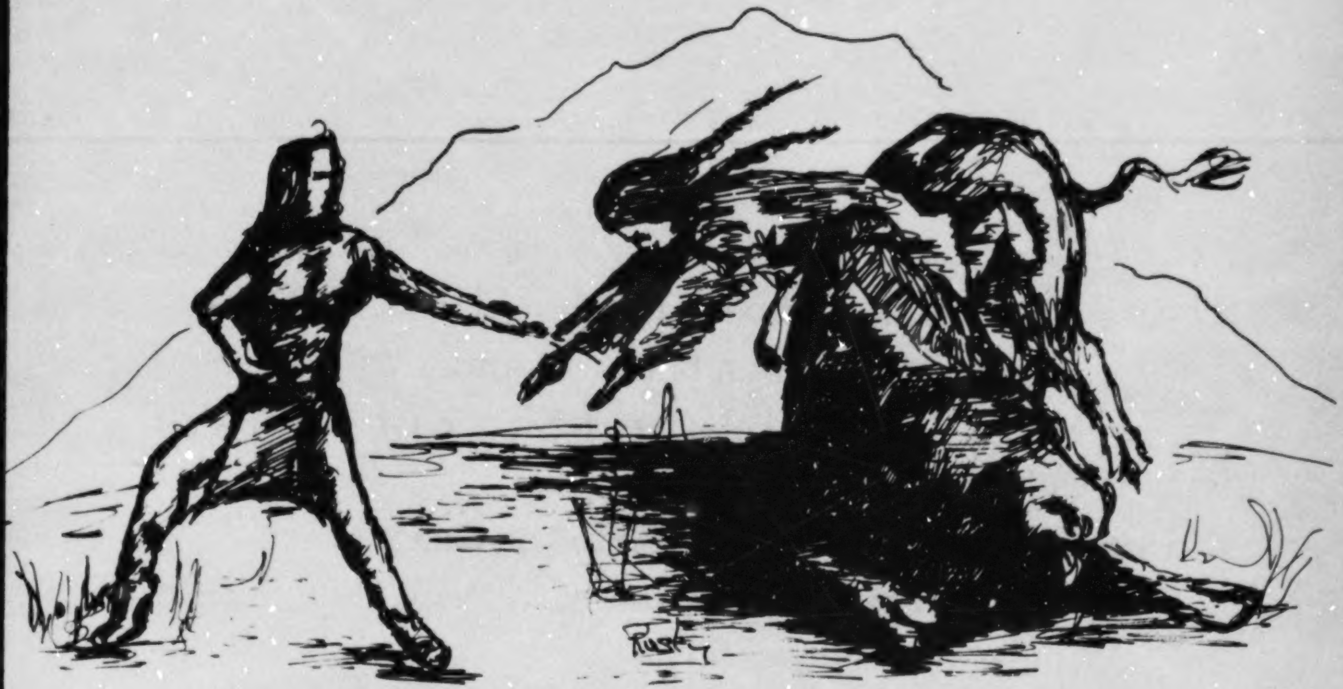


The hunters didn't want to shoot the buffalo
    for fear they would shoot Middle Person instead.
They circled the buffalo
    to keep it from running away
    with Middle Person on its back.
No Coat shouted, "Hang on tight!
Soon the buffalo will tire from its wound."



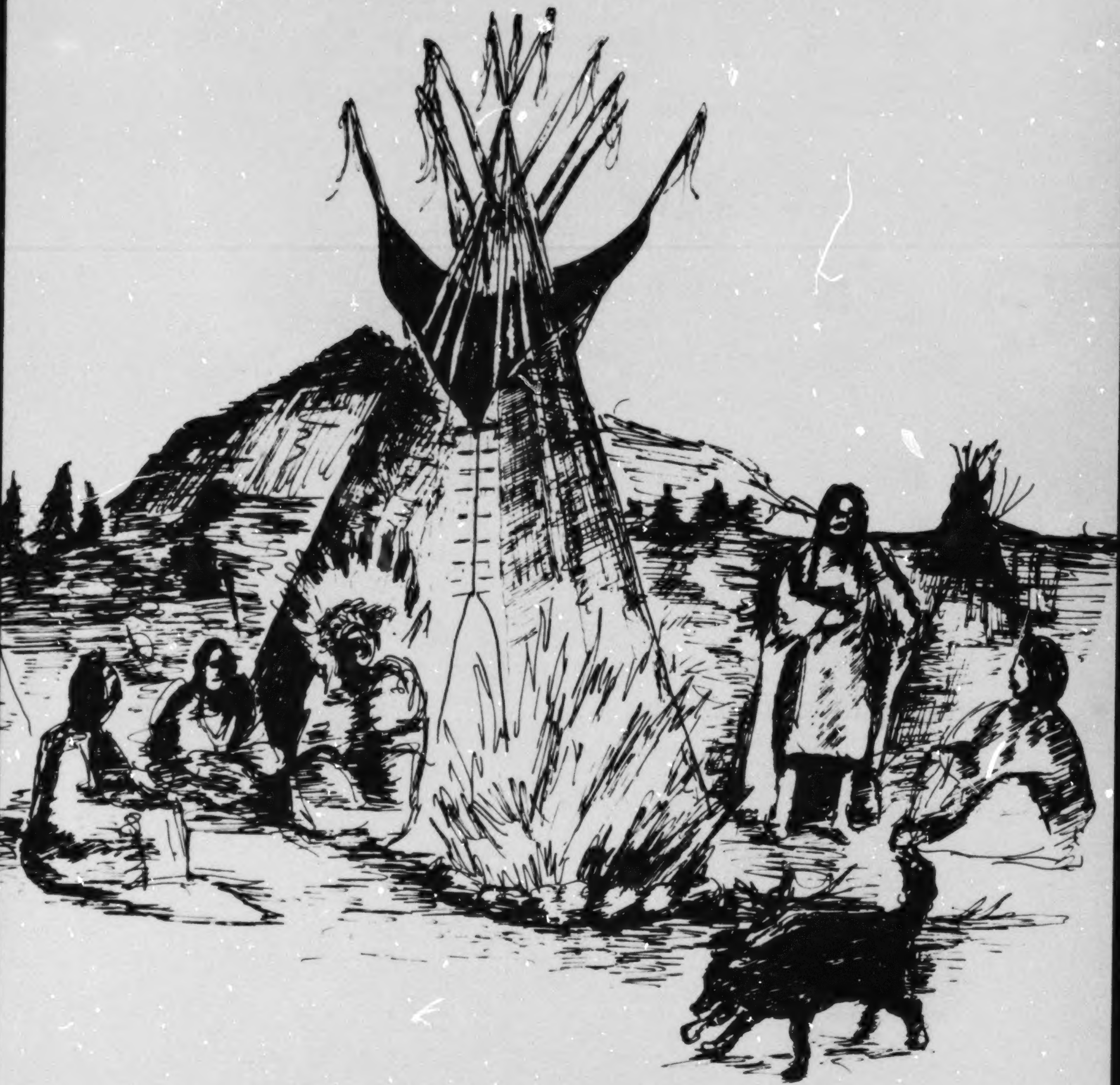


Middle Person hoped this would be very soon.
Her hands and arms were beginning to ache
from hanging on.
The hot sun beat down on her and the buffalo.
For about an hour she sat on its back,
although to her it seemed like forever.



Suddenly the buffalo fell!
Immediately, the closest hunter grabbed Middle Person
while another hunter shot the animal.
Everyone was relieved that Middle Person was safe.

After the buffalo had been butchered
and the meat taken back to camp,
Middle Person's relatives held a feast
in her honor.
Prayers of thanks were given to the Great Spirit
for a successful hunt and because Middle Person
had come home safely.



JOAN BULLSHOE KENNERLY

Mrs. Kennerly has twenty years of teaching experience in the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne public school systems and was the first runnerup for the 1972 Montana Teacher of the Year. She received her B.A. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She was responsible for establishing Native American Day for the State, and was appointed by the Governor of Montana to serve on the Commission on Post Secondary Education. She also was the Chairperson of House Joint Resolution 60, which established the Master Plan for Indian Education for the State of Montana. She has two children.

JUNE BULLSHOE TATSEY

Mrs. Tatsey is a Blackfeet Indian with sixteen years experience in teaching grades one through eight and pre-school in the public school system on the Blackfeet Reservation. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana. She was the reading supervisor and is now vice-principal at K.W. Bergen Elementary School in Browning, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

CARMEN BULLSHOE MARCEAU

Mrs. Marceau is a Blackfeet Indian with eighteen years teaching experience. She has had one year experience in guidance and counseling on the Blackfeet Reservation and is principal of Browning Elementary School. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana.

DORIS BULLSHOE OLD PERSON

Mrs. Old Person has eighteen years experience teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System. She has specialized in remedial reading and has been Head Start Director-Supervisor for ESEA Title I and Director of the Native Song and Dance Program. She received her B.A. from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She has five children.

Mrs. Kennerly, Mrs. Tatsey, Mrs Marceau, and Mrs. Old Person are the daughters of Lillian and Francis Bullshoe. They were raised on a ranch near Badger Creek in the Blackfeet Reservation countryside.

All four women had similar educational backgrounds. They attended Mad Plume School (a one room rural school), the Blackfeet Indian Boarding School, and all but Mrs. Tatsey attended Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. They all graduated from Browning High School. At the present time the four women are teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System in Browning, Montana.

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PETER (RUSTY) TATSEY

Mr. Tatsey is a young Blackfeet artist and cowboy. He graduated from Flandreau High School in South Dakota and attended Northern Montana College and Montana State University. Mr. Tatsey likes to draw outdoor scenes and animals. He also participates in rodeos, and hunting is his favorite sport.

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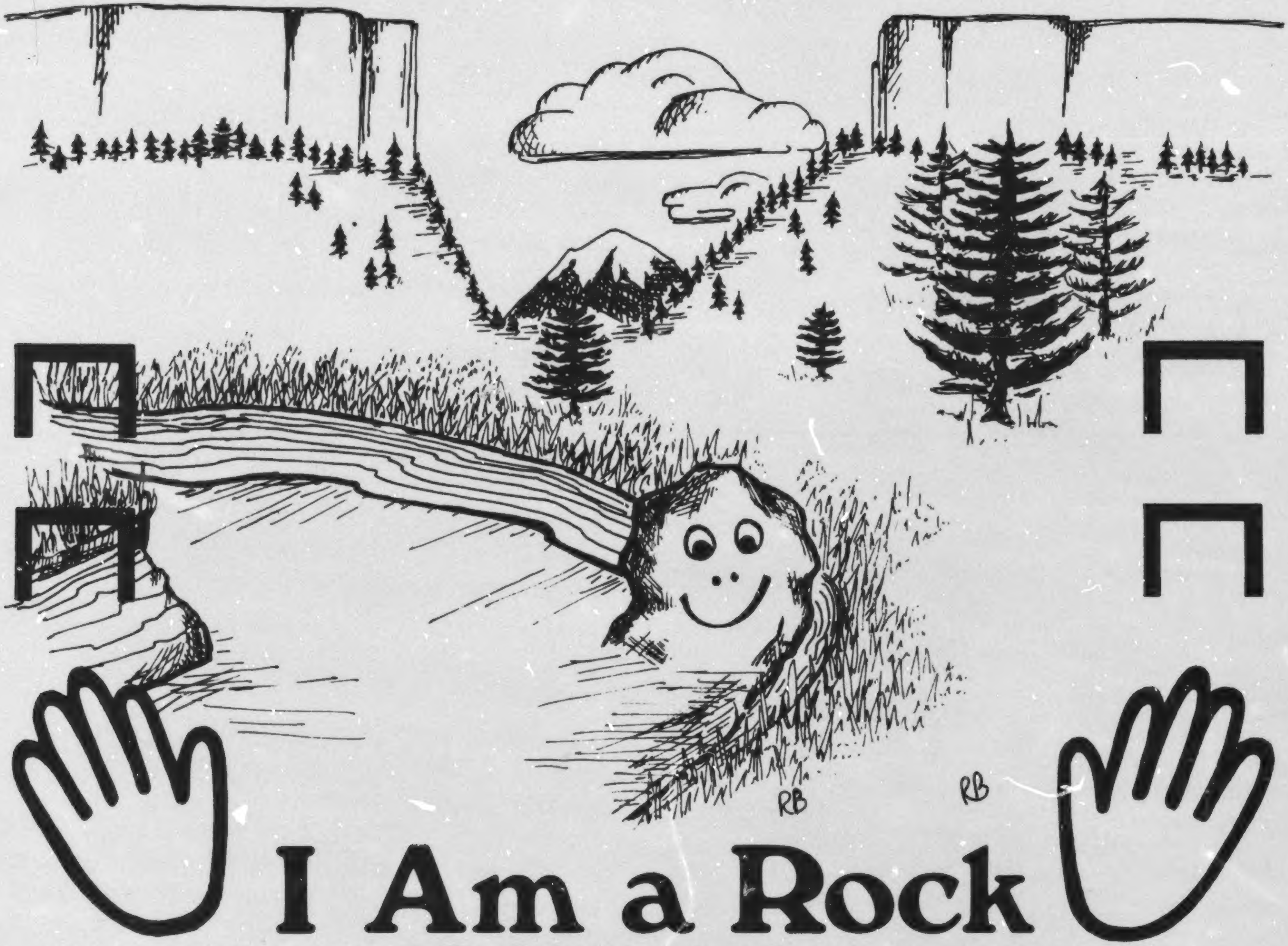

I Am a Rock

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 16

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

I Am a Rock

Level III Book 16

A Crow Story

Written and illustrated by Henry Real Bird

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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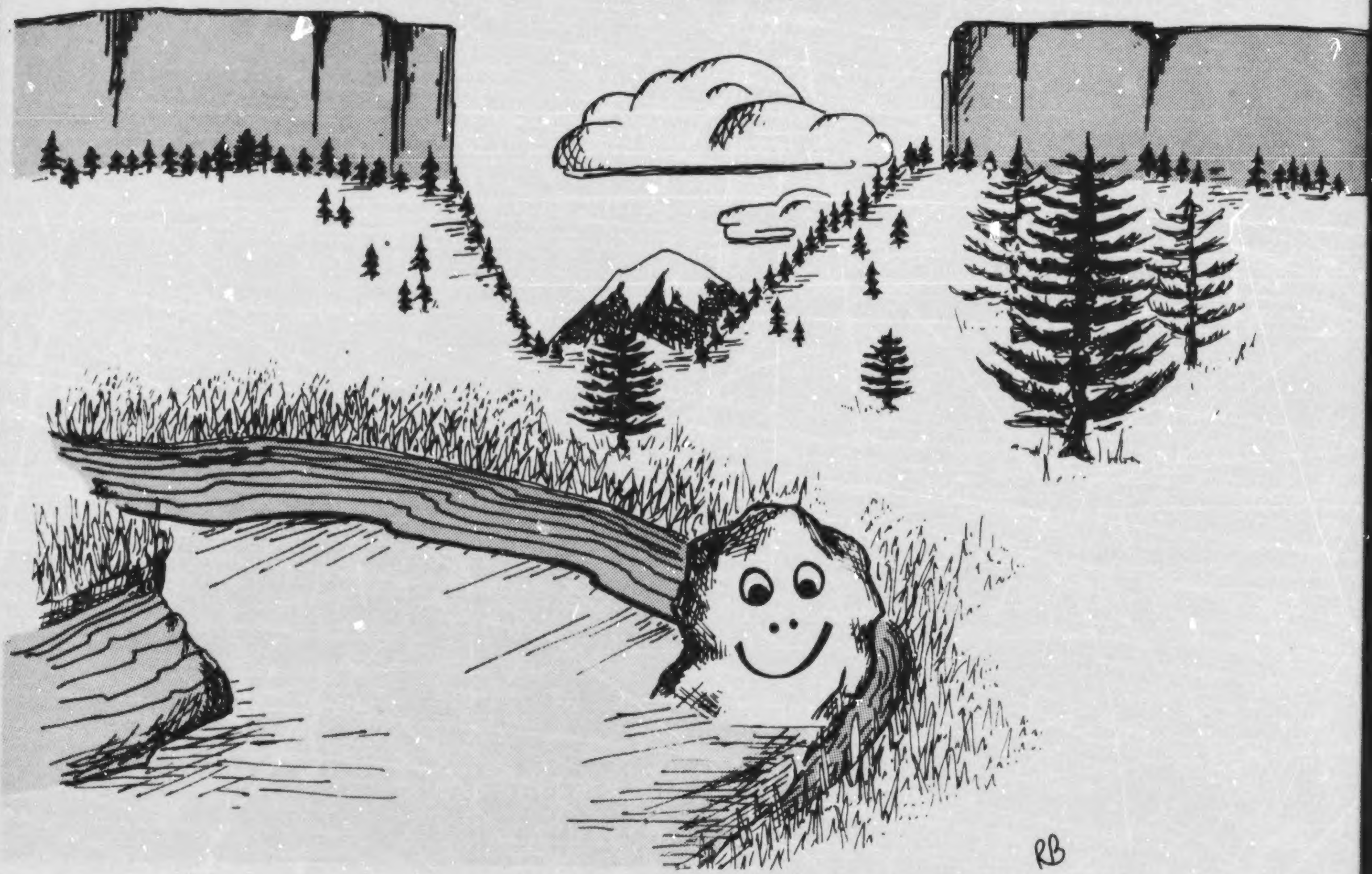
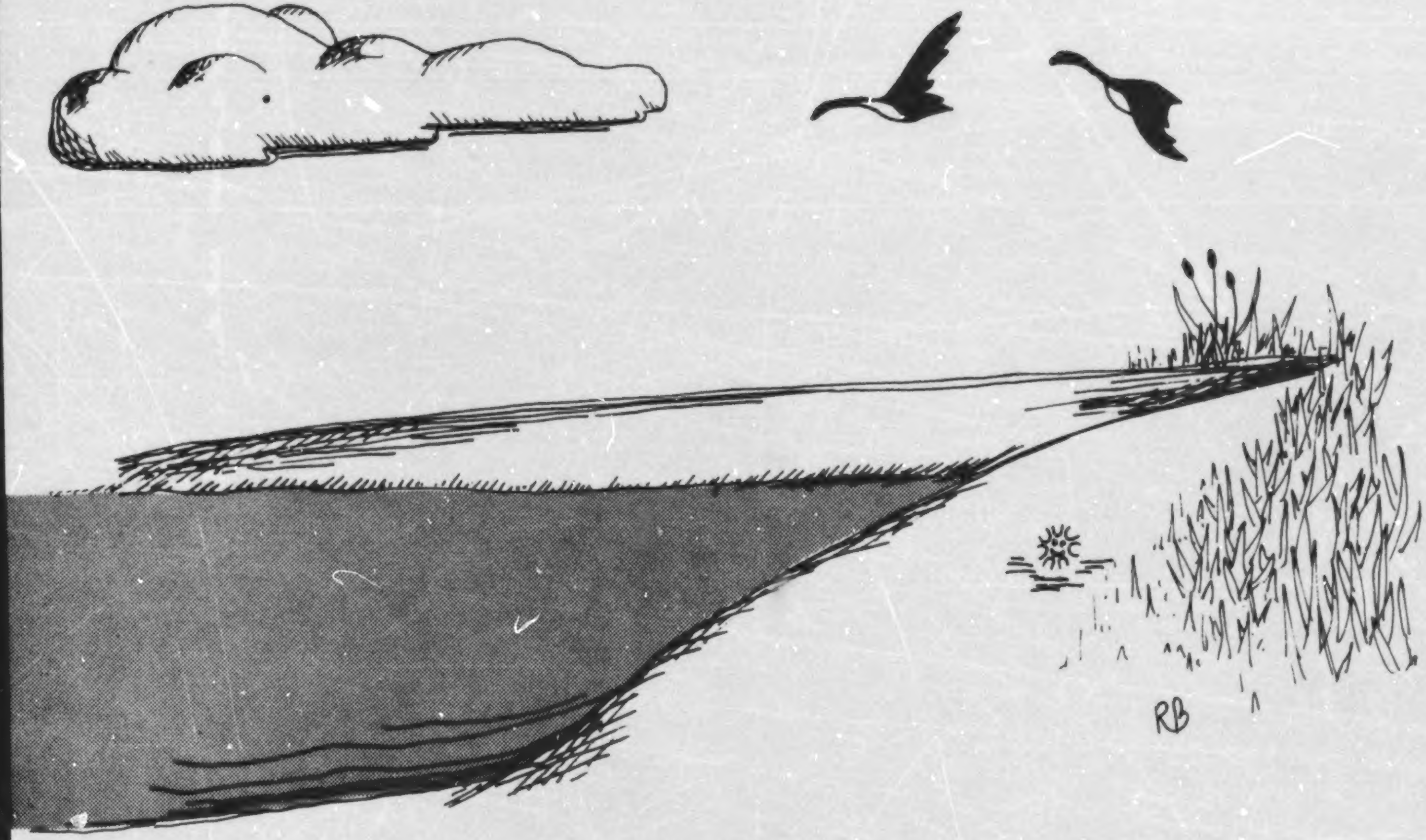
Printed and bound in the United States of America

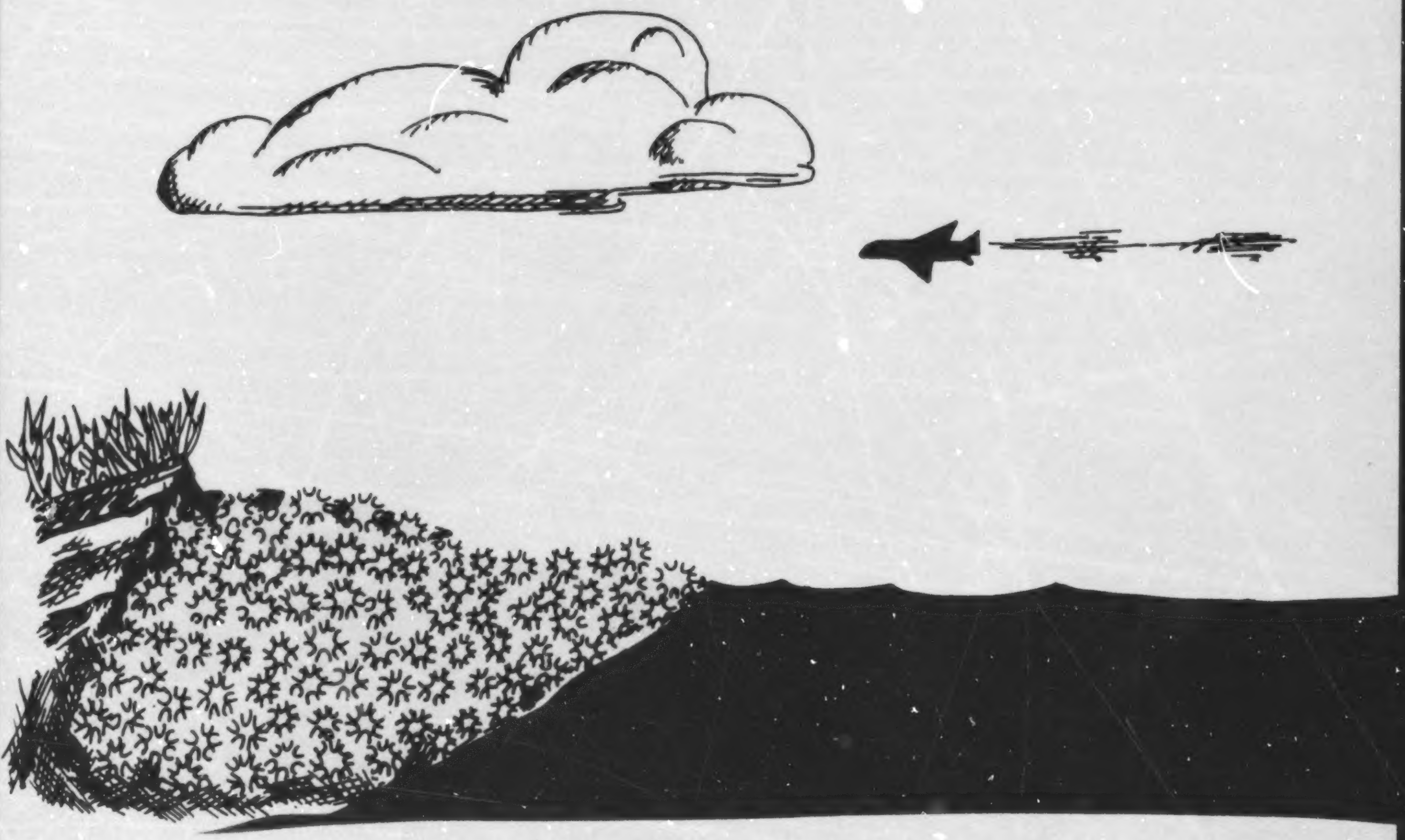
The story tells how a rock becomes glass.



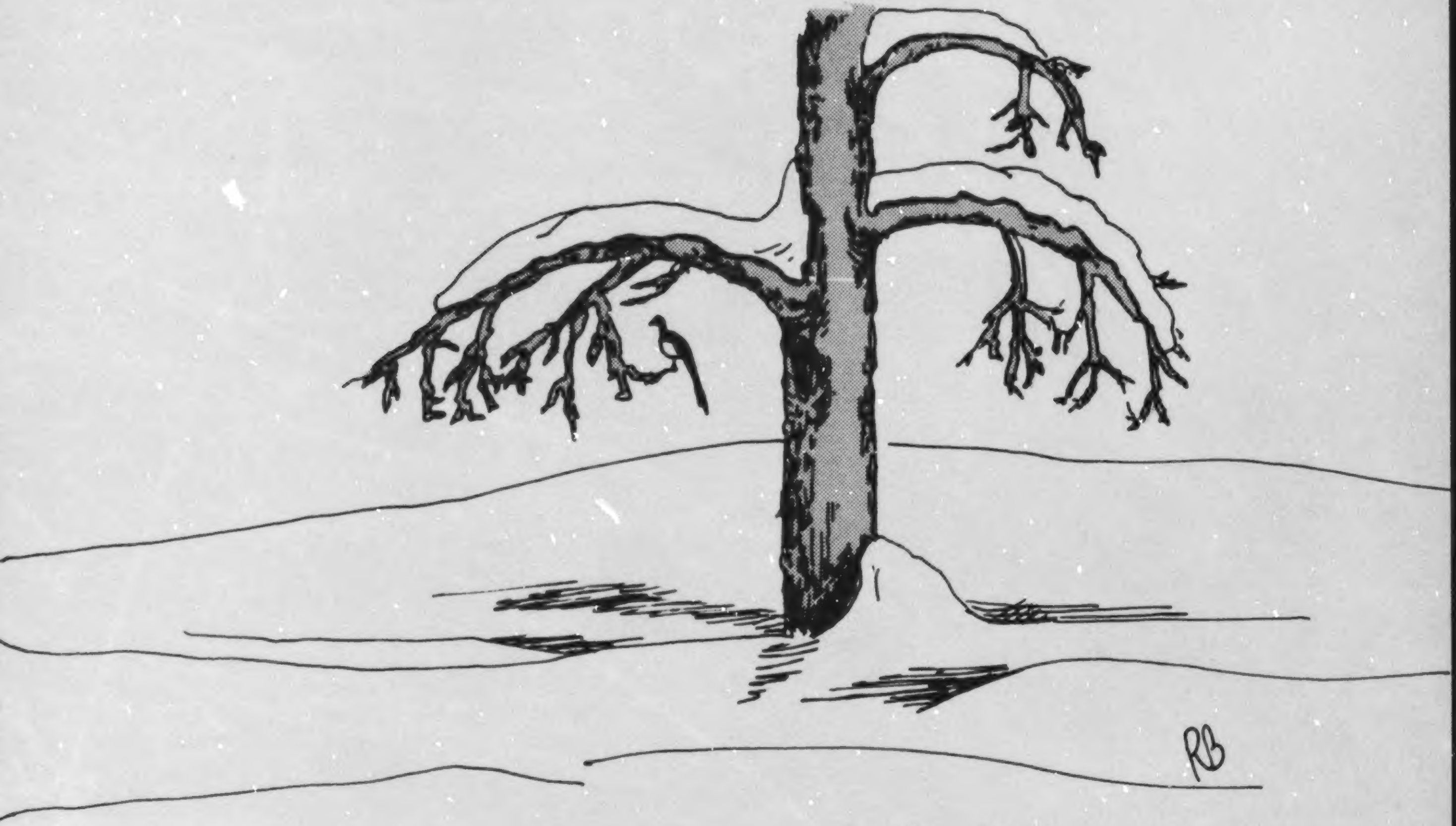
Long ago, I was a rock in the mountains.
One day I rolled into the river.
Then I was far from the mountains.



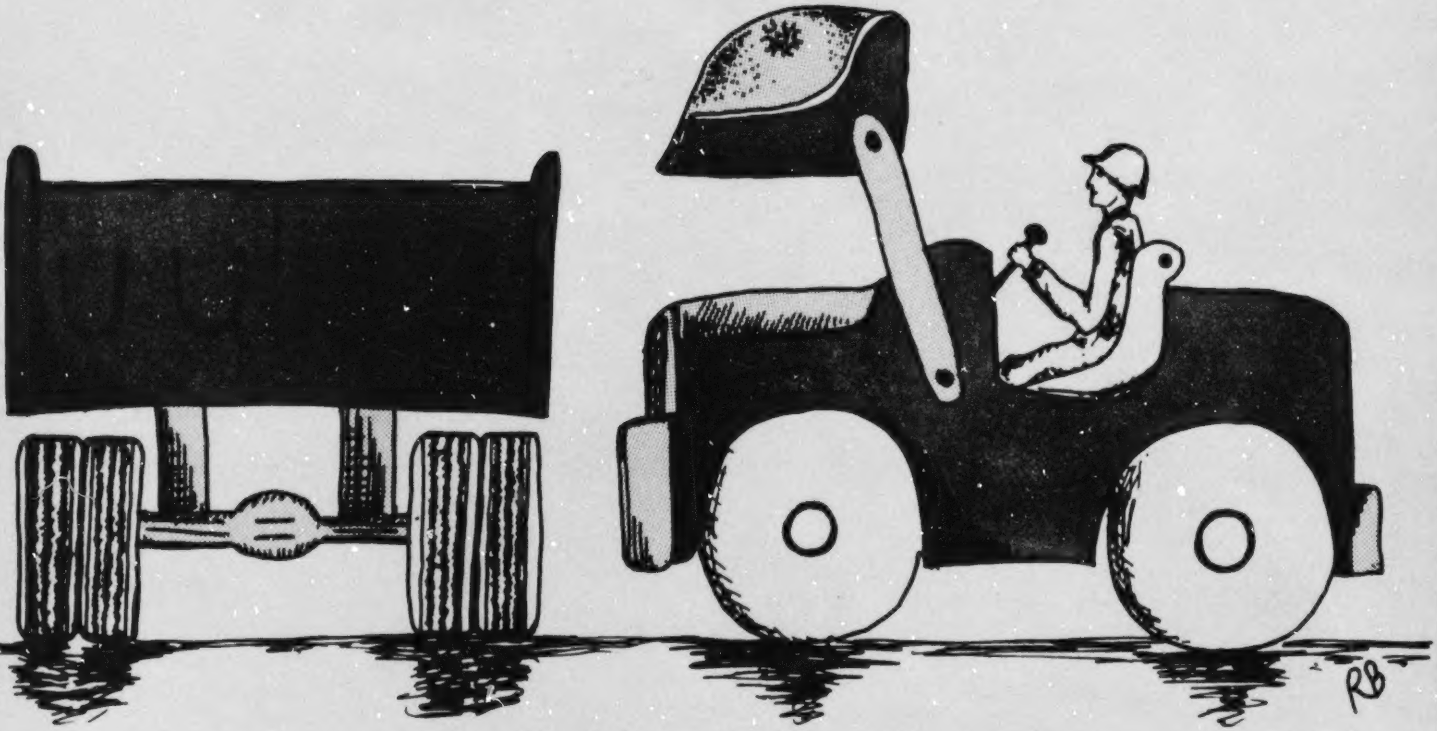
The river was strong.
It pushed me over and over.
Parts of me were chipped away.
Then I was sand.



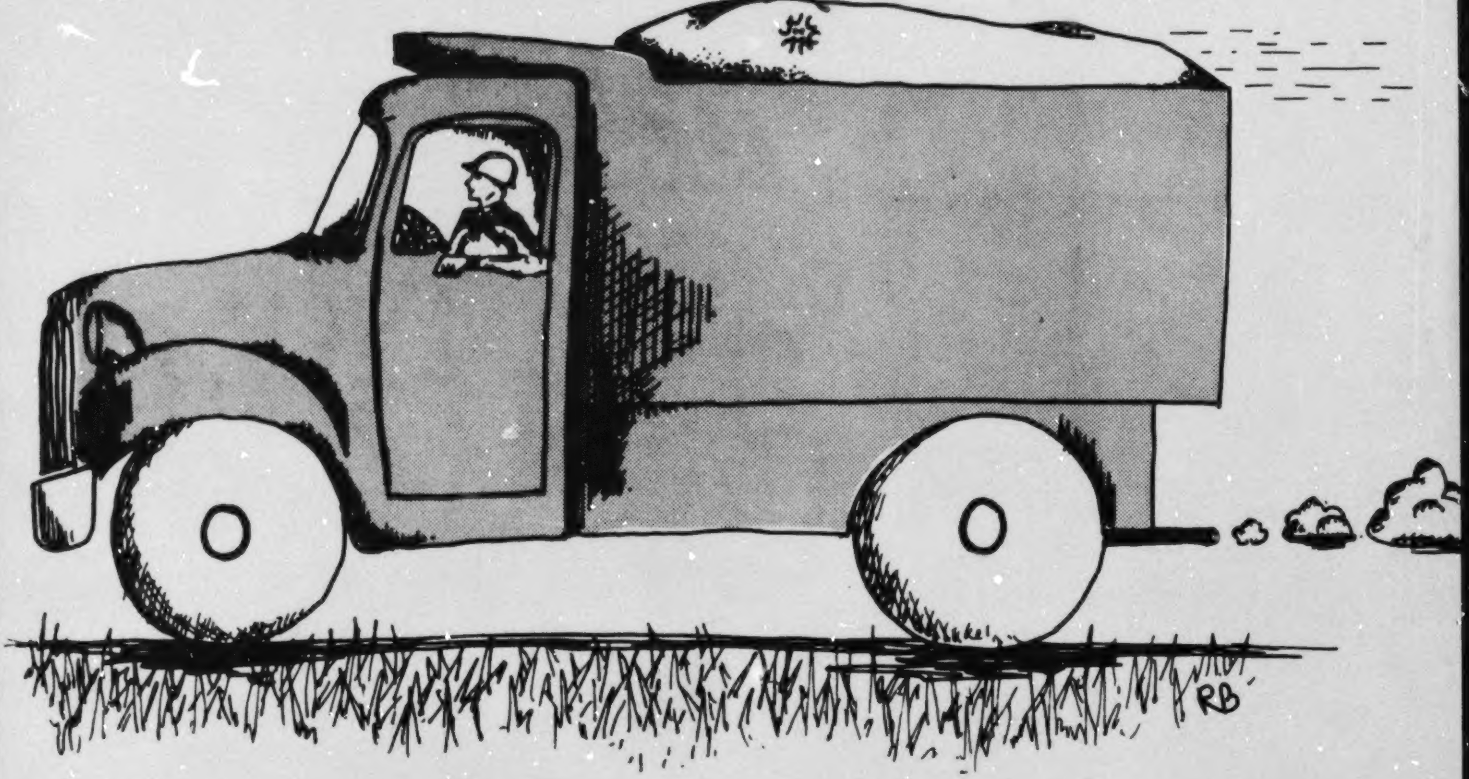
There were many of us there.
We looked alike.
We were part of sand.



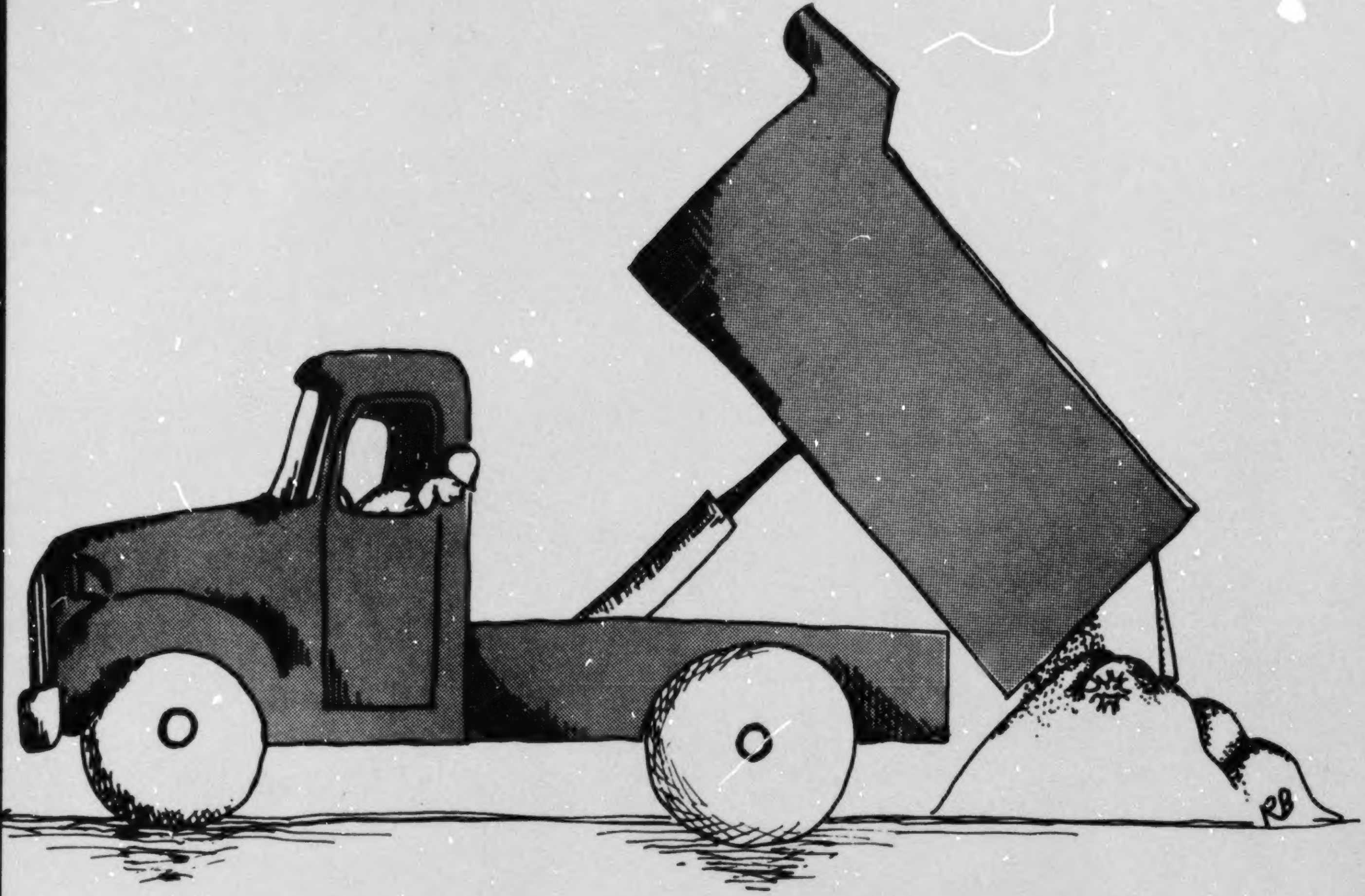
Sometimes snow covered us.
Then we were cold.
When the snow melted, we saw the sun.



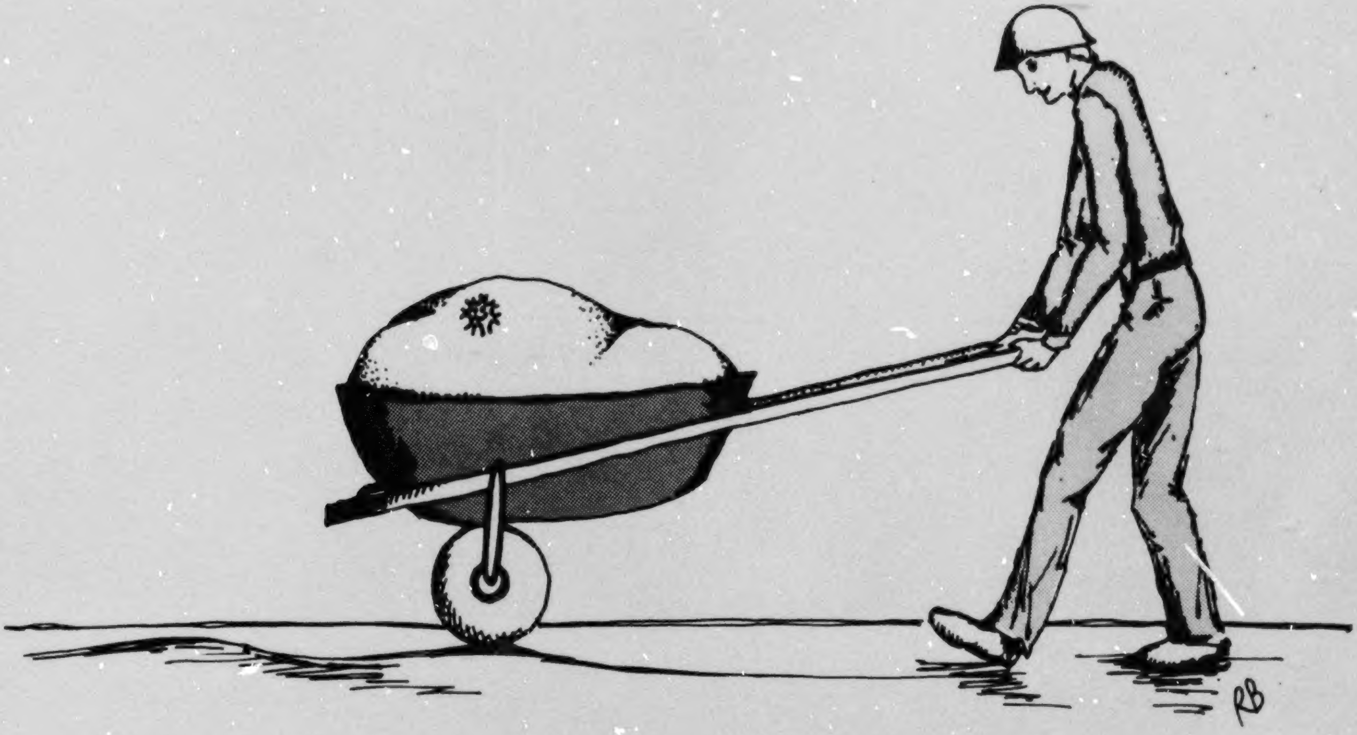
One day we heard a loud noise.
It was a truck and a tractor.
The tractor had a big shovel.



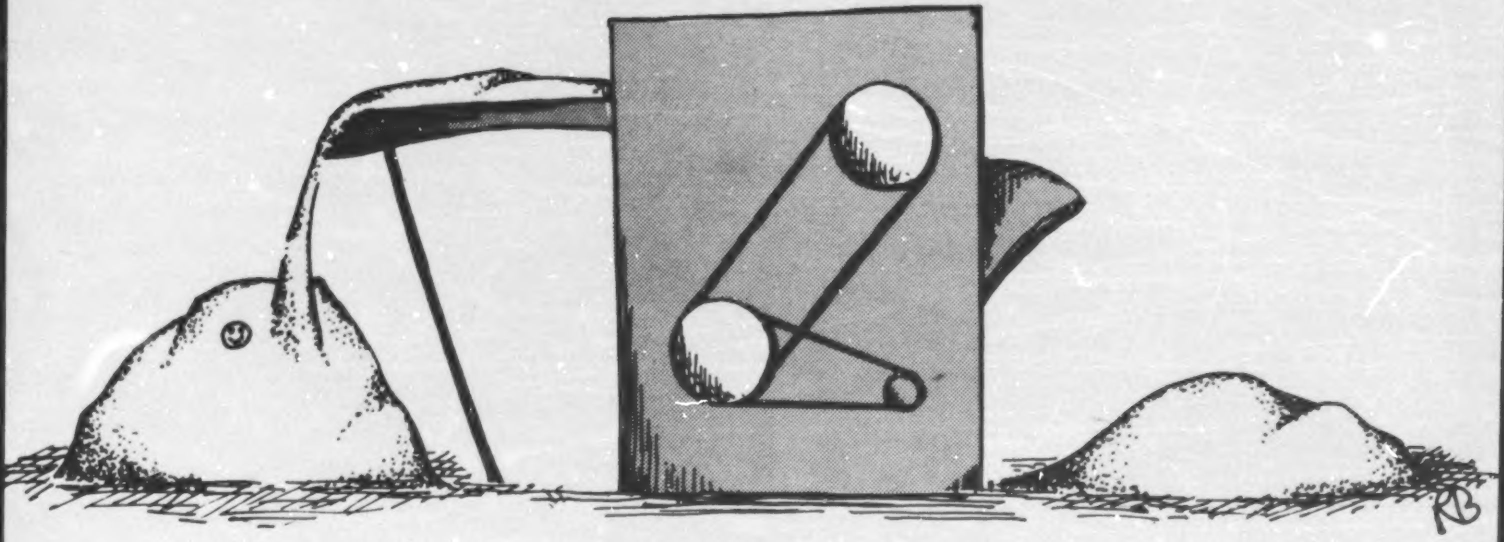
Then we were in the truck.
The truck went fast.
Some of my friends were blown away.



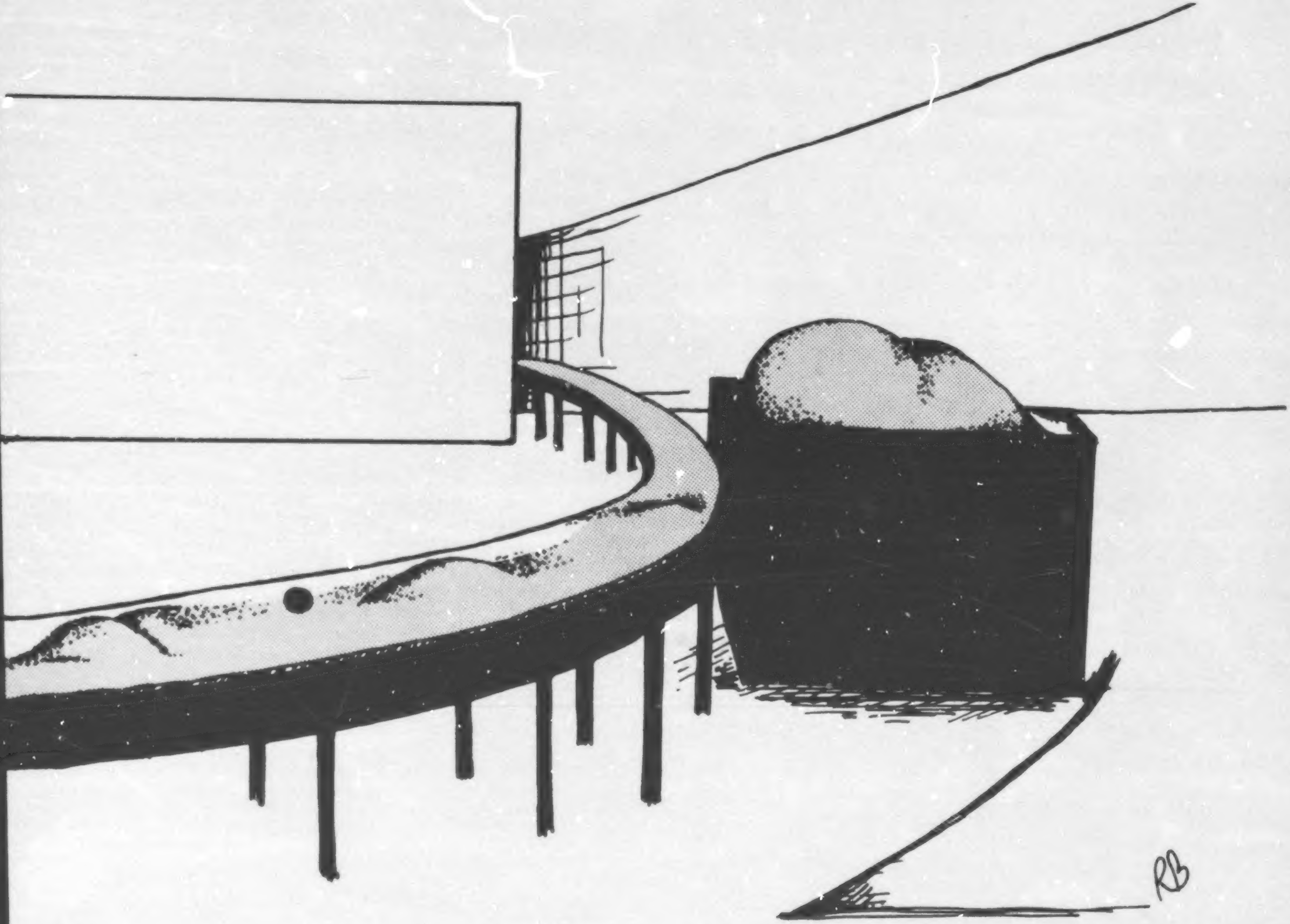
The truck stopped.
The truck dumped us out into a big pile of sand.



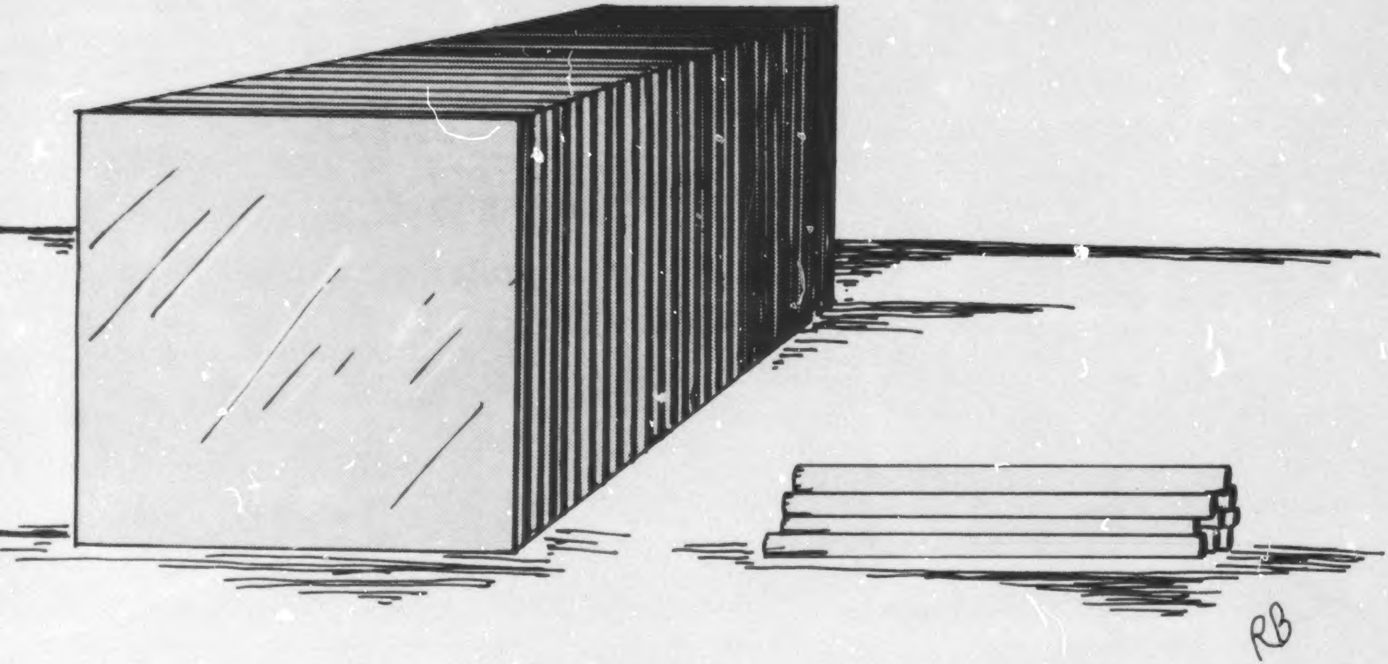
A man came with a wheelbarrow and a shovel.
He put some sand into his wheelbarrow.



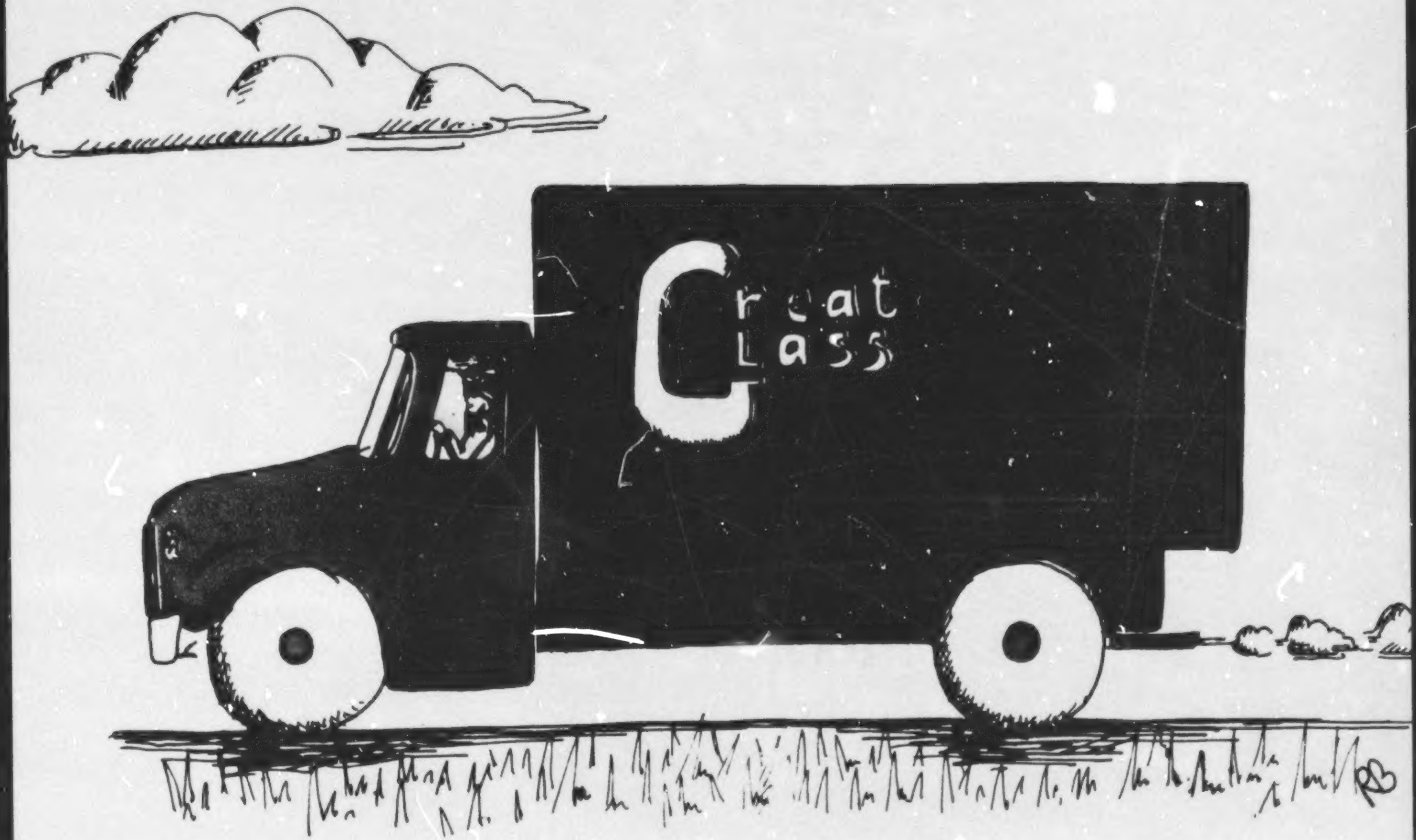
The sand was crushed in a machine.
That made our edges smooth.



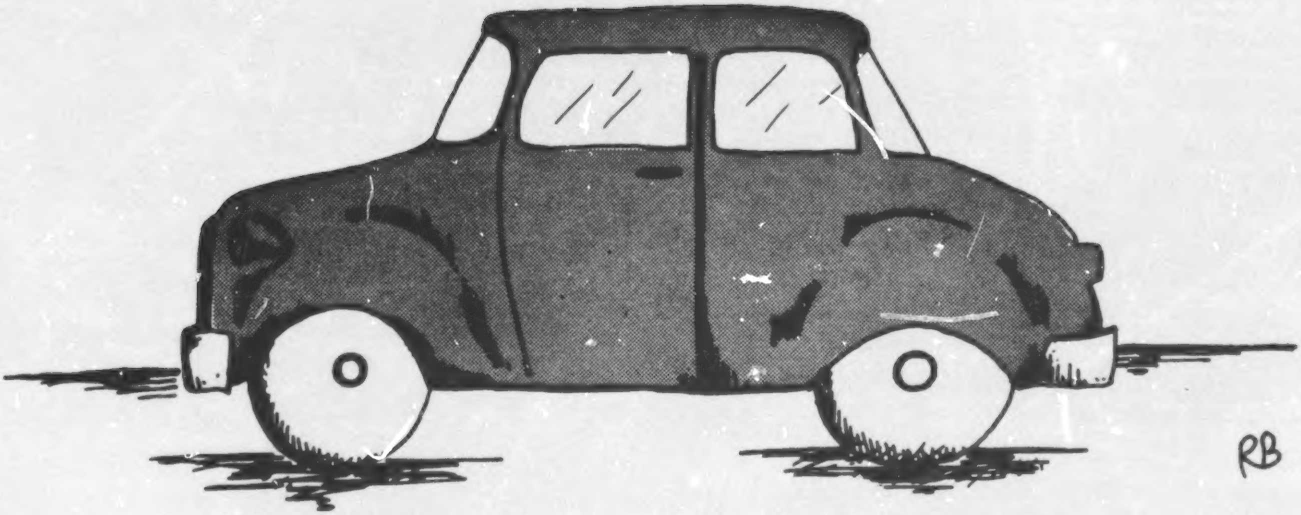
Then we were put into a fire.



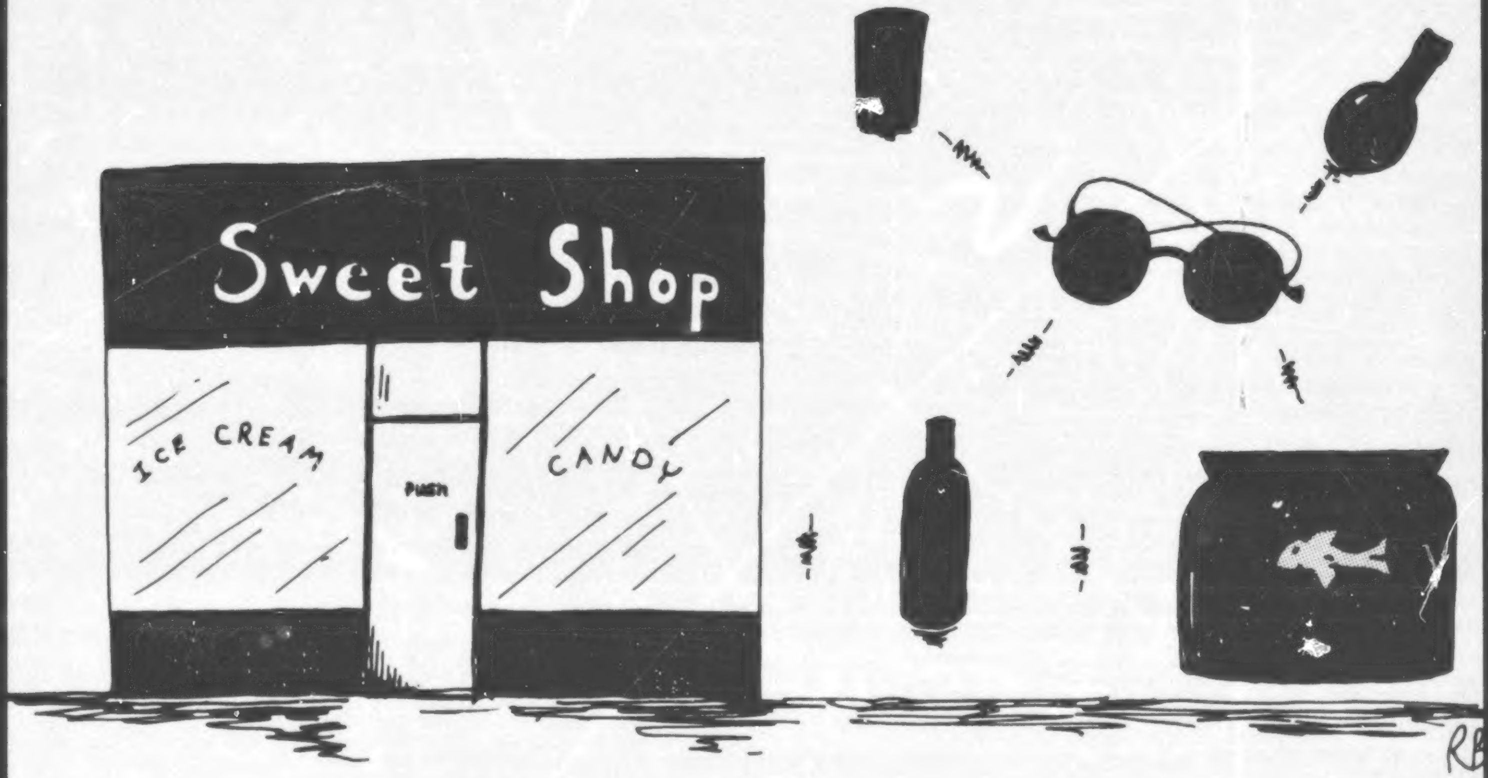
The fire was so hot we melted together into one piece.
Some of us were sheets.
Some of us were sticks.



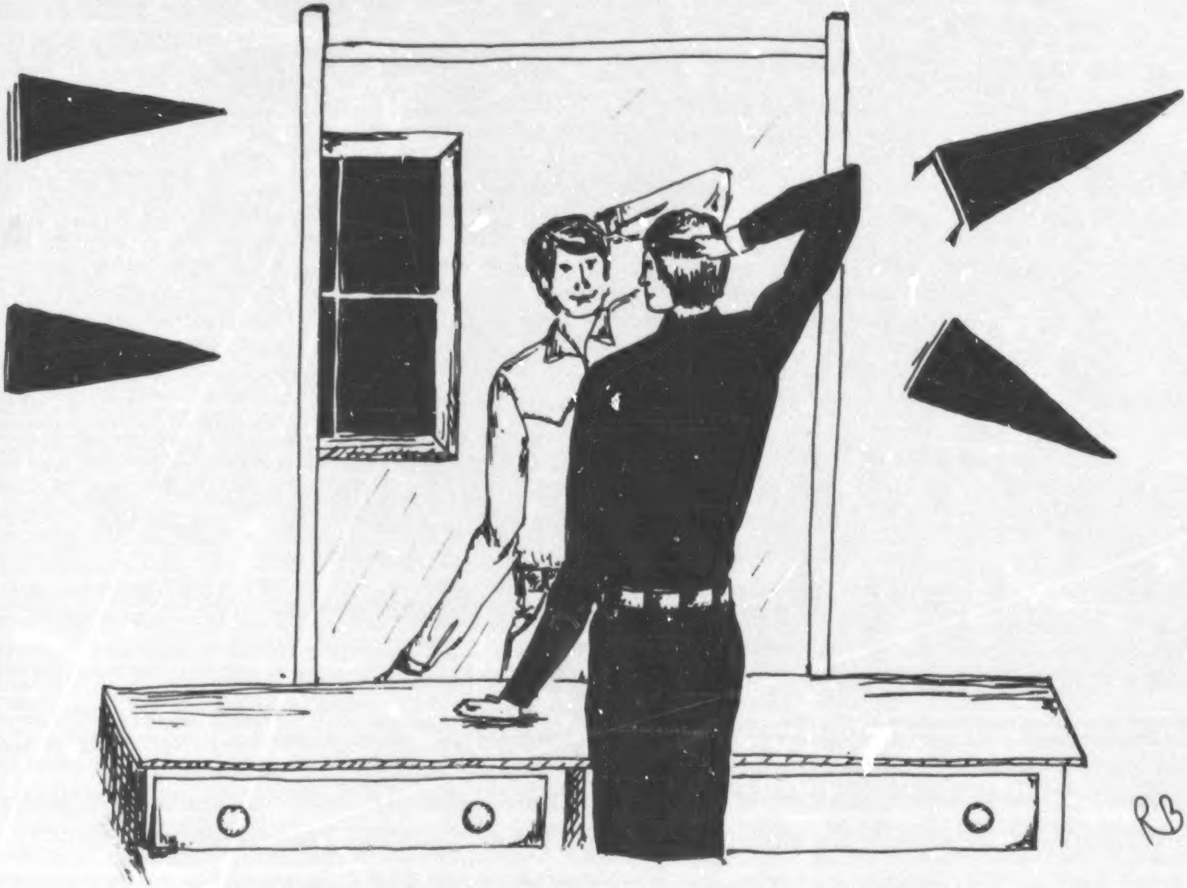
The people put blankets between the sheets.
This was to keep the sheets from breaking.
Then they loaded some of us into trucks.
It was my turn to go.



Some of us went to where they make windshields for cars.
The people heated the sheets again
to make safety glass for cars.


Sweet Shop
ICE CREAM
PUSH
CANDY
RB

I am part of glass now.
But you can hardly see me.
Glass makes all of these things.
Can you think of more?



This is what I am.
I see you, but you cannot see me.
Sometimes you look at me and see yourself.
I am a mirror.

HENRY REAL BIRD

Henry Real Bird is a Crow Indian who was raised in the traditional Crow way on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana. He entered first grade speaking only the Crow Indian language and has an intimate knowledge of problems Indian children encounter in the public school system. He received his B.S. in Elementary Education from Montana State University and has taught reading in all the elementary grades. He served as Curriculum Coordinator for Project Head Start, Language Arts Supervisor at St. Xavier Indian Mission and Summer Program Planner for 4-H and Youth Programs on the Crow Indian reservation. As the Teacher Orientation Specialist for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program, he was responsible for developing a teacher's manual and accompanying teaching inservice program in addition to writing and illustrating books designed for Indian children. He has served on the Montana Advisory Committee on Children and Youth and the Crow Central Education Commission, and was a delegate to the 1971 White House Conference on Youth. He also is a saddle bronc rider and member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

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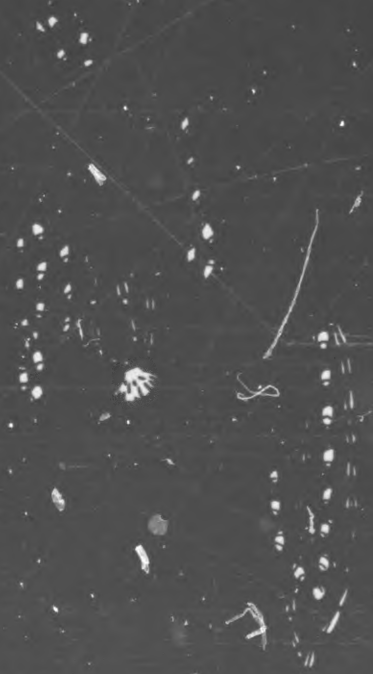

The Man Who Loved Shell Money

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 17

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Man Who Loved Shell Money

Level III Book 17

Edith Cusack
Jeanne Evernden
Bruce Miller
Georgia Oliver, *Consultant*
Wilma Petty
Seahtlhuk (Gary Hillaire)
Bernice Lozier Tanewasha
Charlotte Williams

A Skokomish Legend

As told by Bruce Miller

Illustrated by Bruce Miller

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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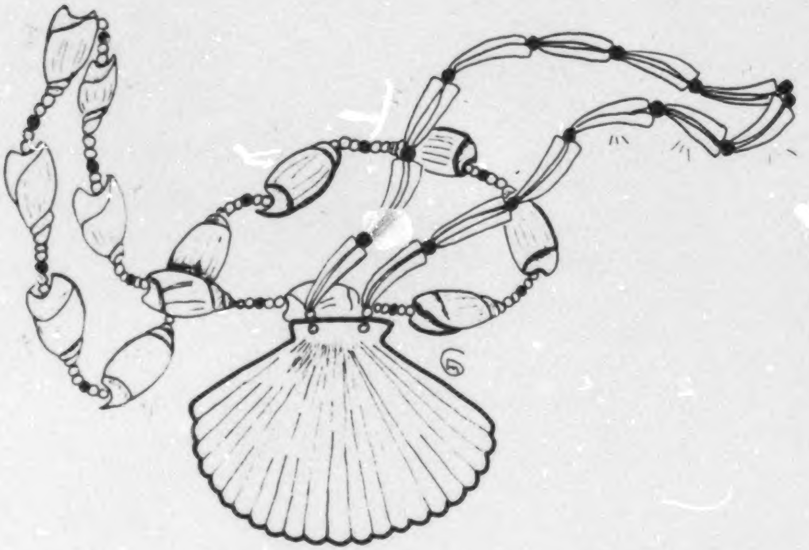
Printed and bound in the United States of America

The Man Who Loved Shell Money



Long ago, there lived a hunter in the fragrant pine woods
at the base of the Great White Tacobad Mountain.
Although he followed the game
and fished in the rivers and lakes,
more than anything else he loved hai qui — shell money.

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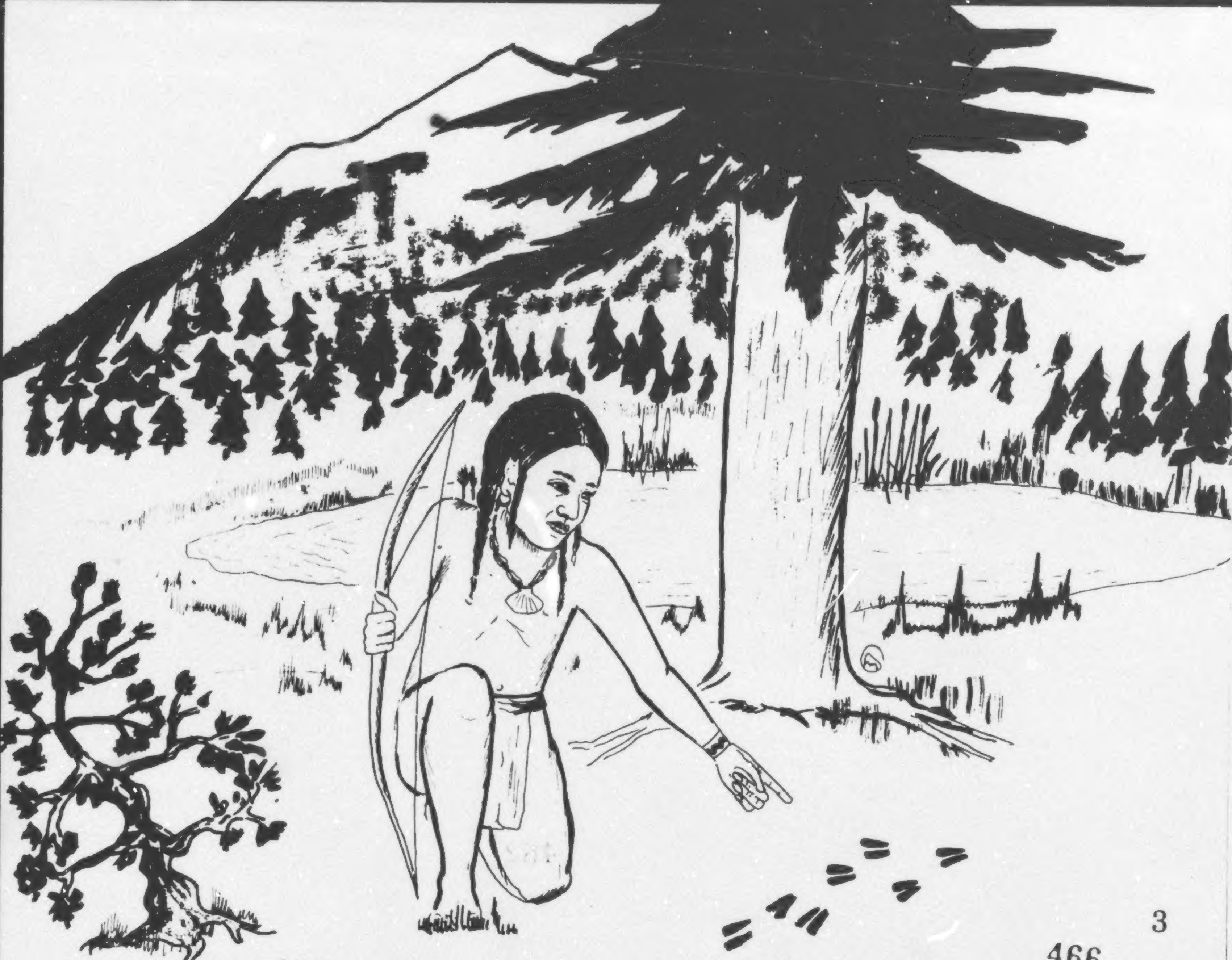

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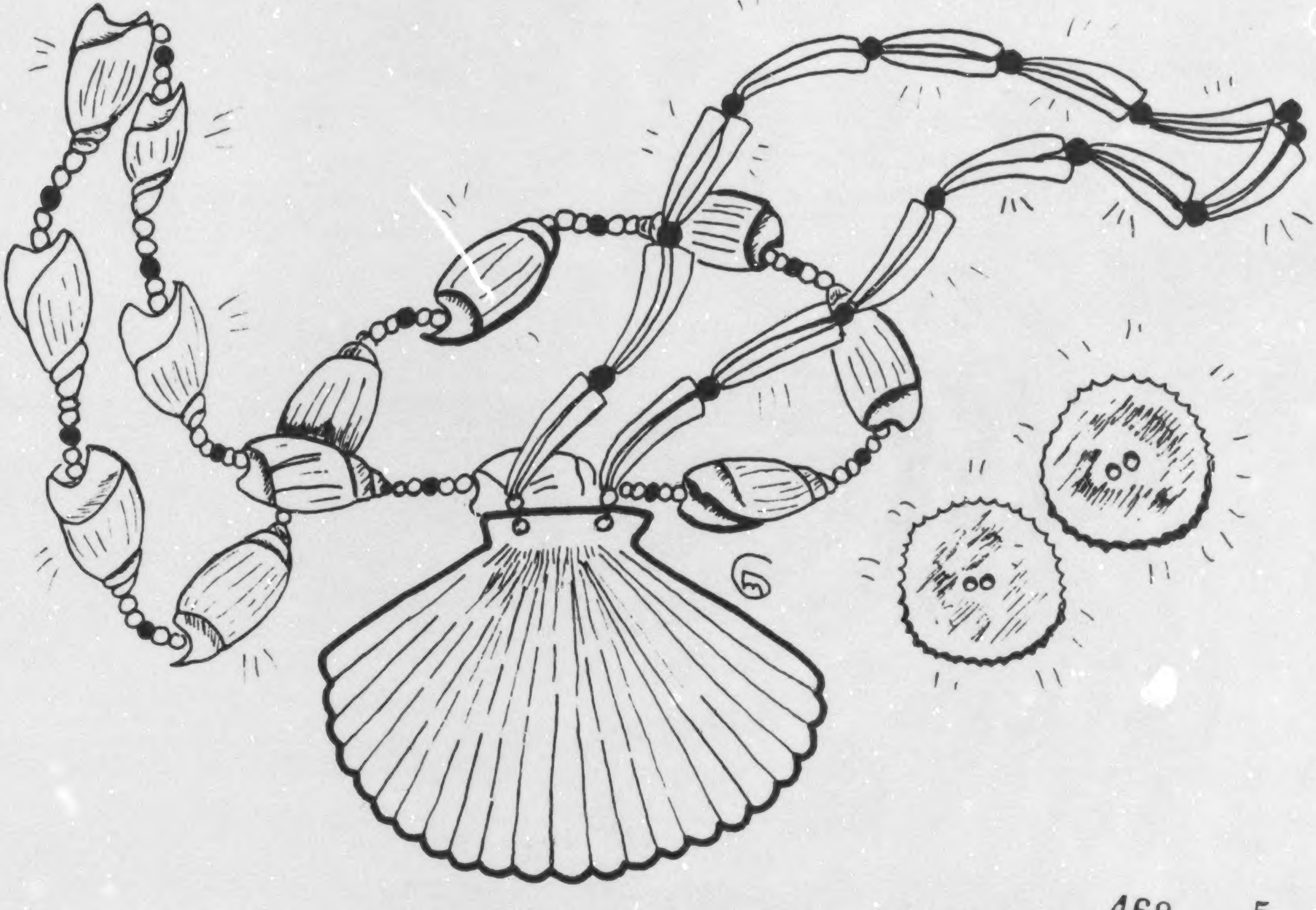
There came a time when he thought of nothing but hai qui.
He would steal the lip jewels of women.
He would steal shell money and would snatch
strings of shells from children's necks.
The Evil One dwelt in his heart, whispering always,
"Hai qui, more hai qui."



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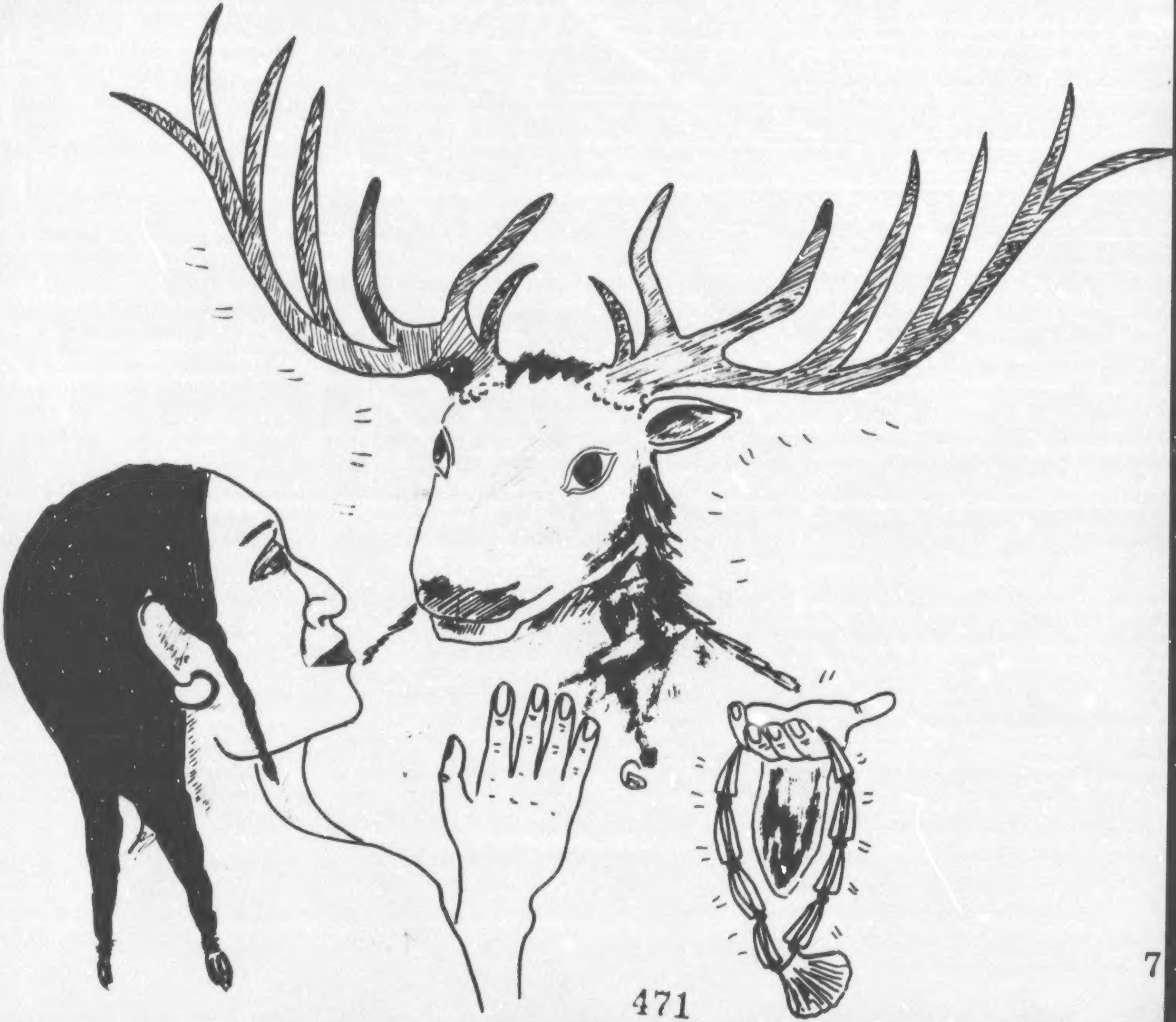
One day Duquakub, the great elk,
appeared before the hunter.
"I know where you can find more hai qui than any man
in your village," he said.
The hunter listened eagerly.



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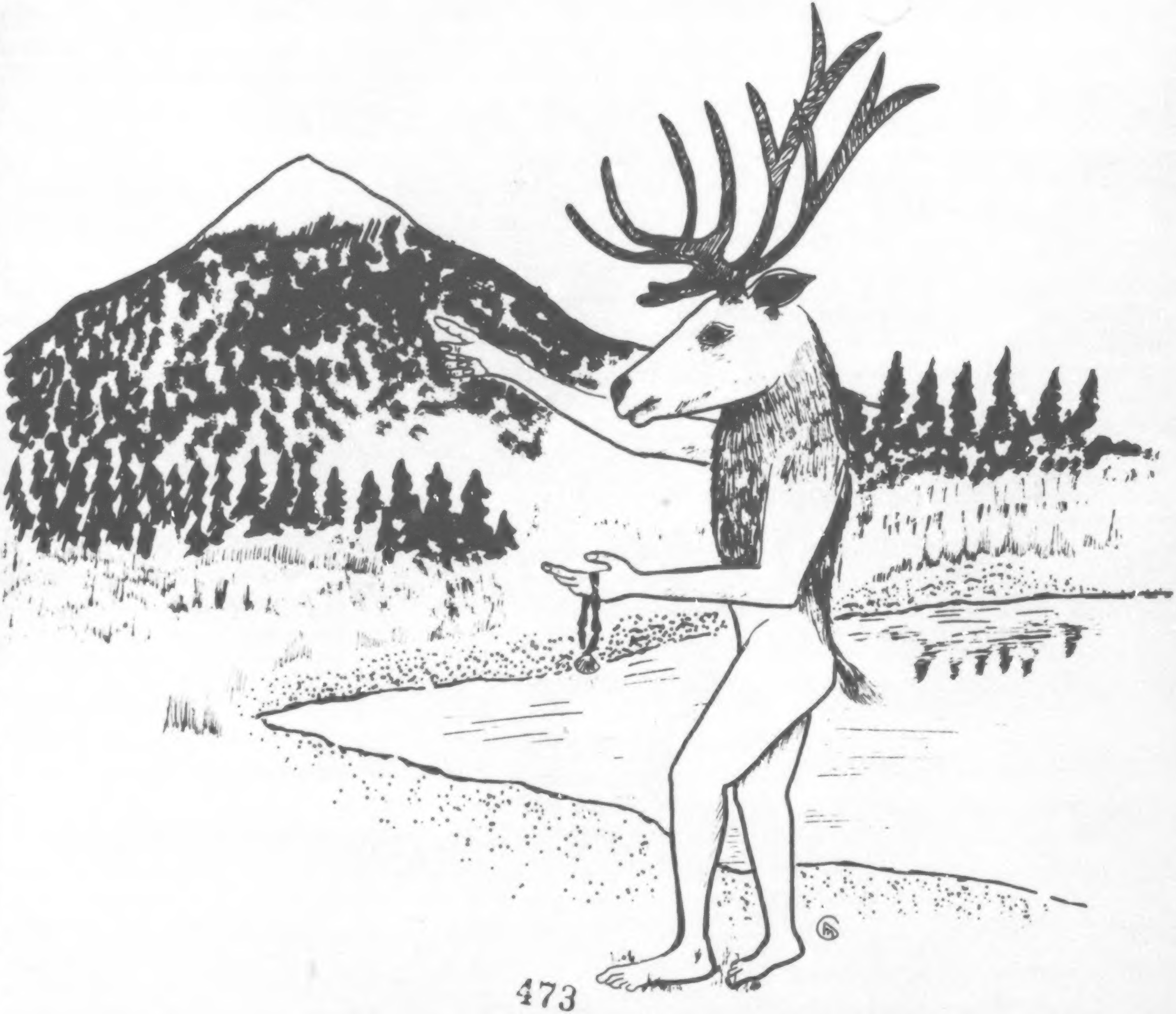
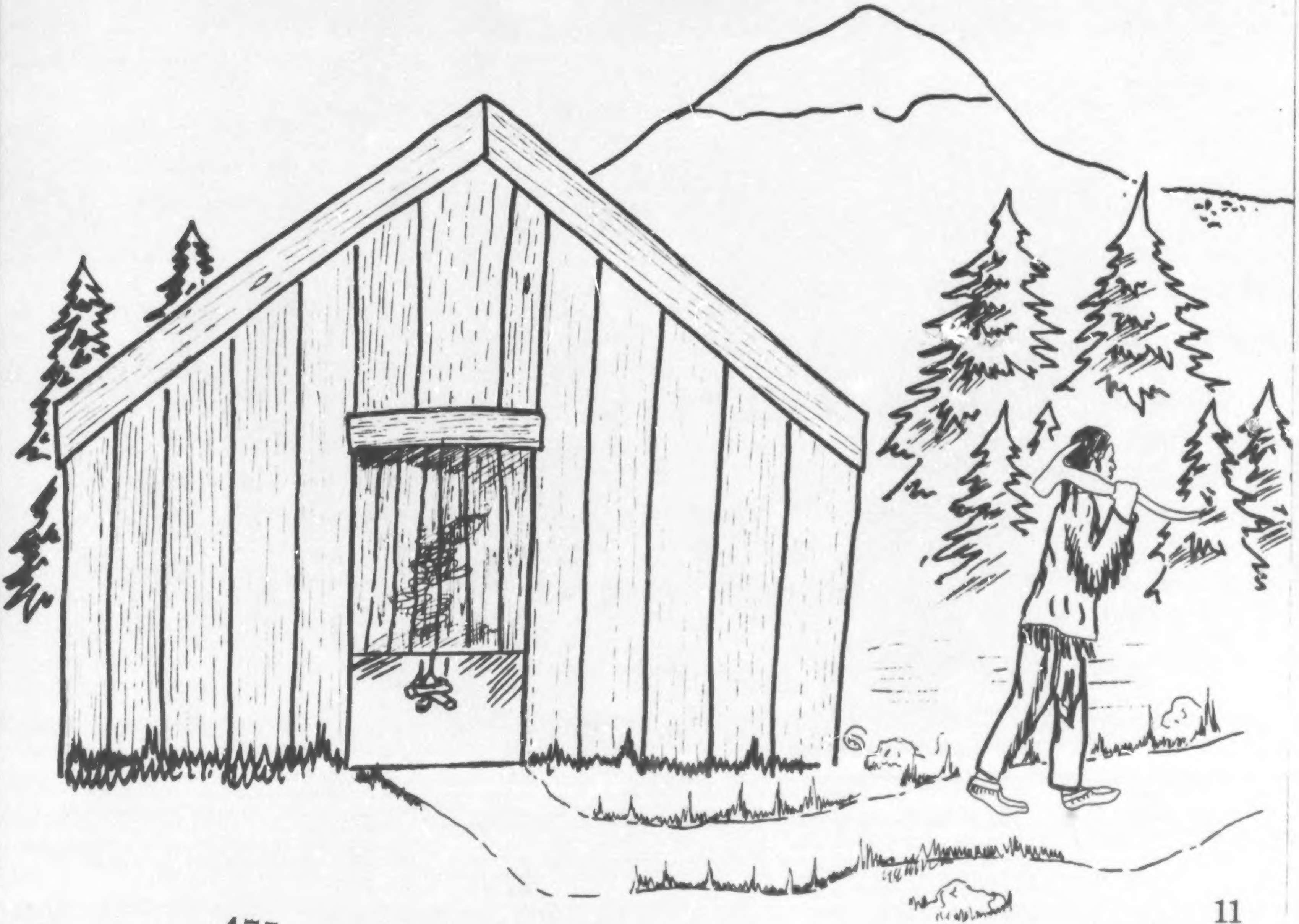
"Go to the top of the mountain," said Duquakub.
"You will find a valley cleft out of the rock
    and a lake of black, black water.
On the shores of this lake lie three giant rocks.
One is shaped like a salmon, one like the camas root
    and one like me, an elk.
Beneath the elk's head, dig.
You will find great, shining strings of hai qui.
When you have it,
    show your thanks to the Changer
    by placing one string on each of the rocks."



"I will be rich!" cried the hunter.
"Men shall call me Tyee — Chief — Great One!"
He bade farewell to the elk.
He went back to his lodge, seized his elk-horn pick
and set forth toward Mount Tacobad.



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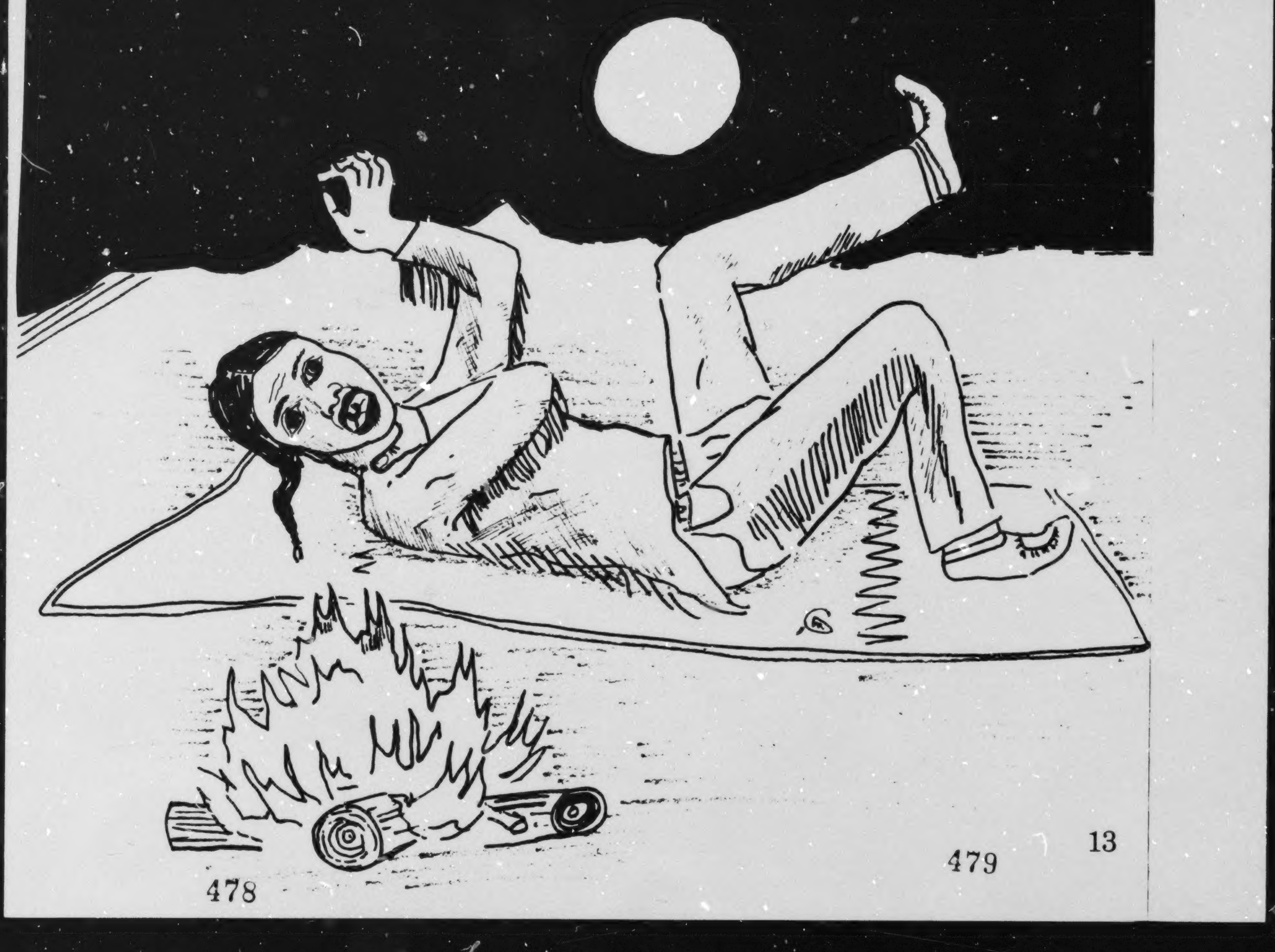
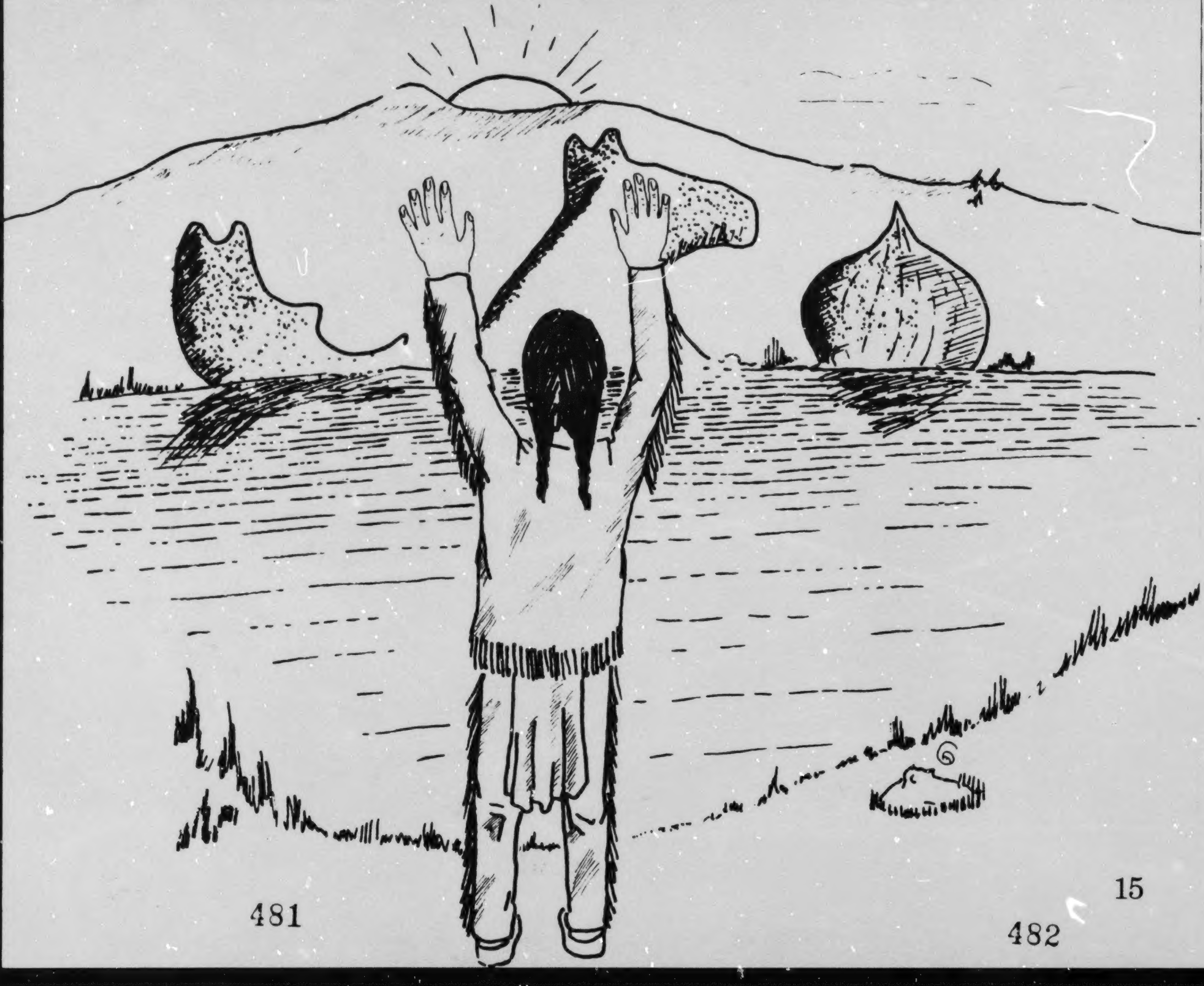
The hunter climbed through the dense forest
toward the mighty rocks where the snow begins.
It was bitter cold.
That night he dreamed that strings of hai qui
were choking him about his neck.
But still he wanted more hai qui.


478
479

The hunter was up before the sun.
Just as dawn glowed rosy over the snow,
he reached the mountain top.
There before him, as Duquakub had said,
was the lake of black water.
And rising from it were the giant rocks of the salmon,
the elk and the camas root.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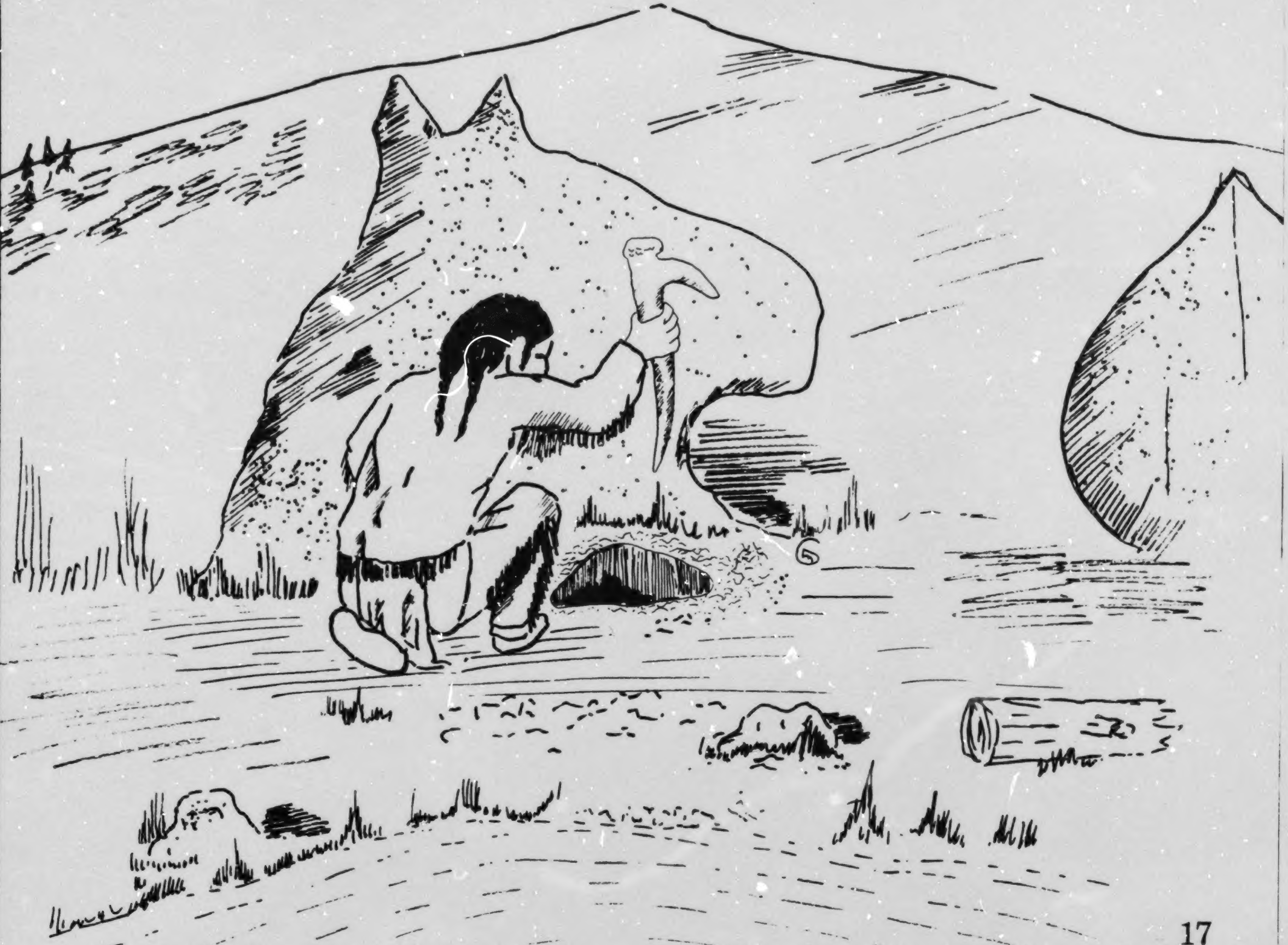
Seizing his pick, the hunter began at once
to dig at the foot of the elk-shaped rock.
All day long he worked, digging eagerly.
Just as the sun was sinking, he came upon the treasure —
great heaps of glittering hai qui.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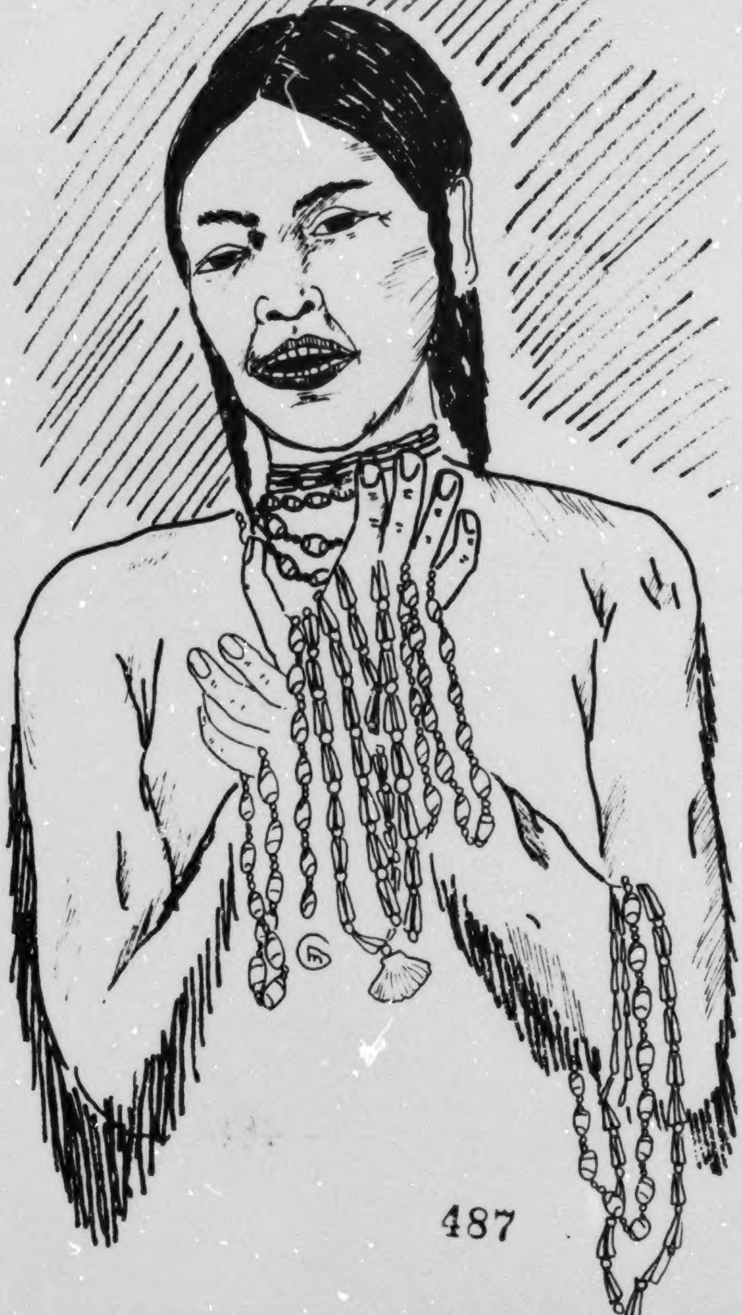
His eyes glowed like fire.
From his lips came word songs like the laughter
of the loon.
He dug his hands deep into the shining shells
and slipped the strings over his neck and arms.
He did not think of the Changer
and offered no thanks.
Instead, clutching the hai qui tightly to his bosom,
he started down the mountain.



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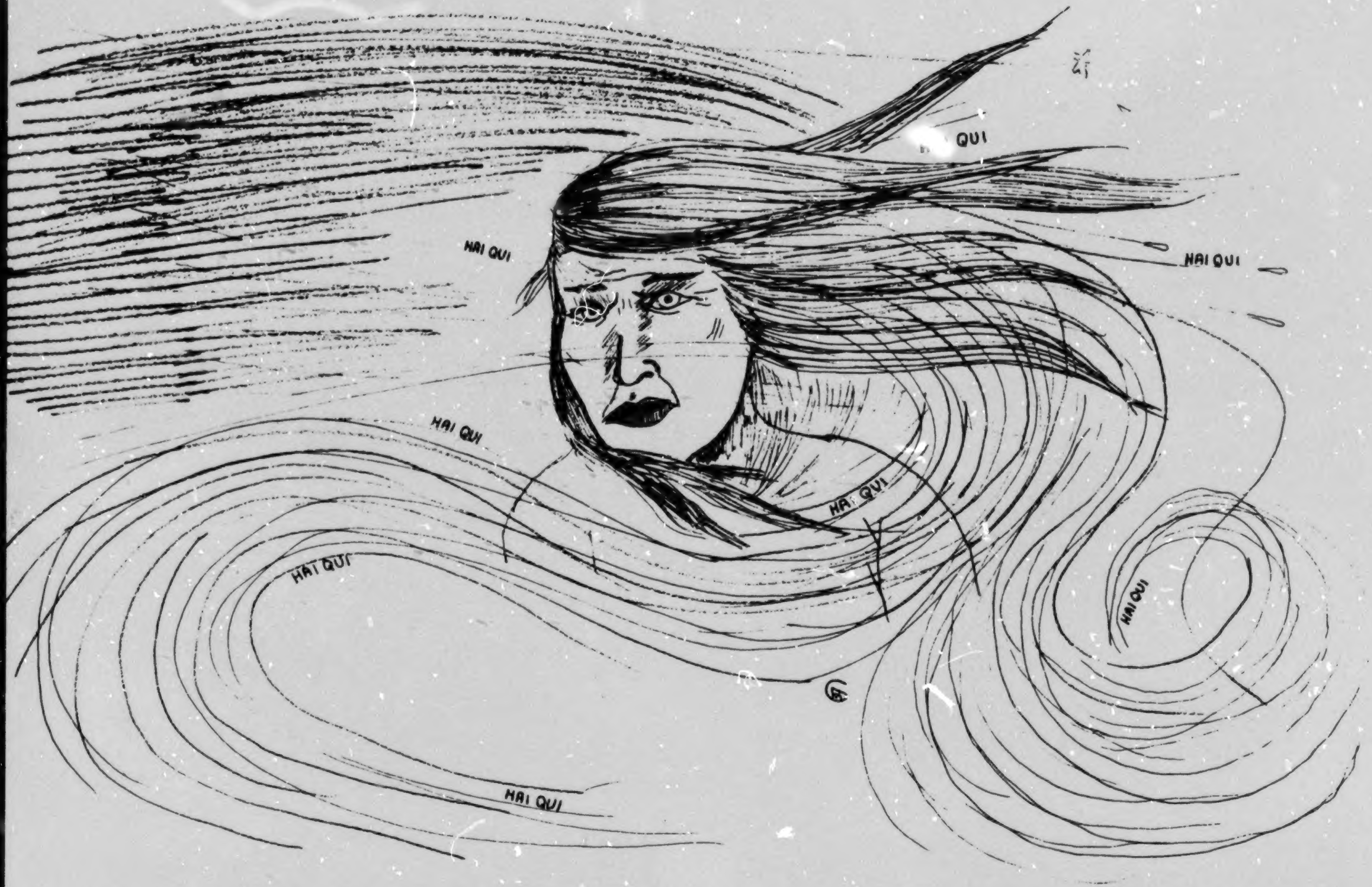
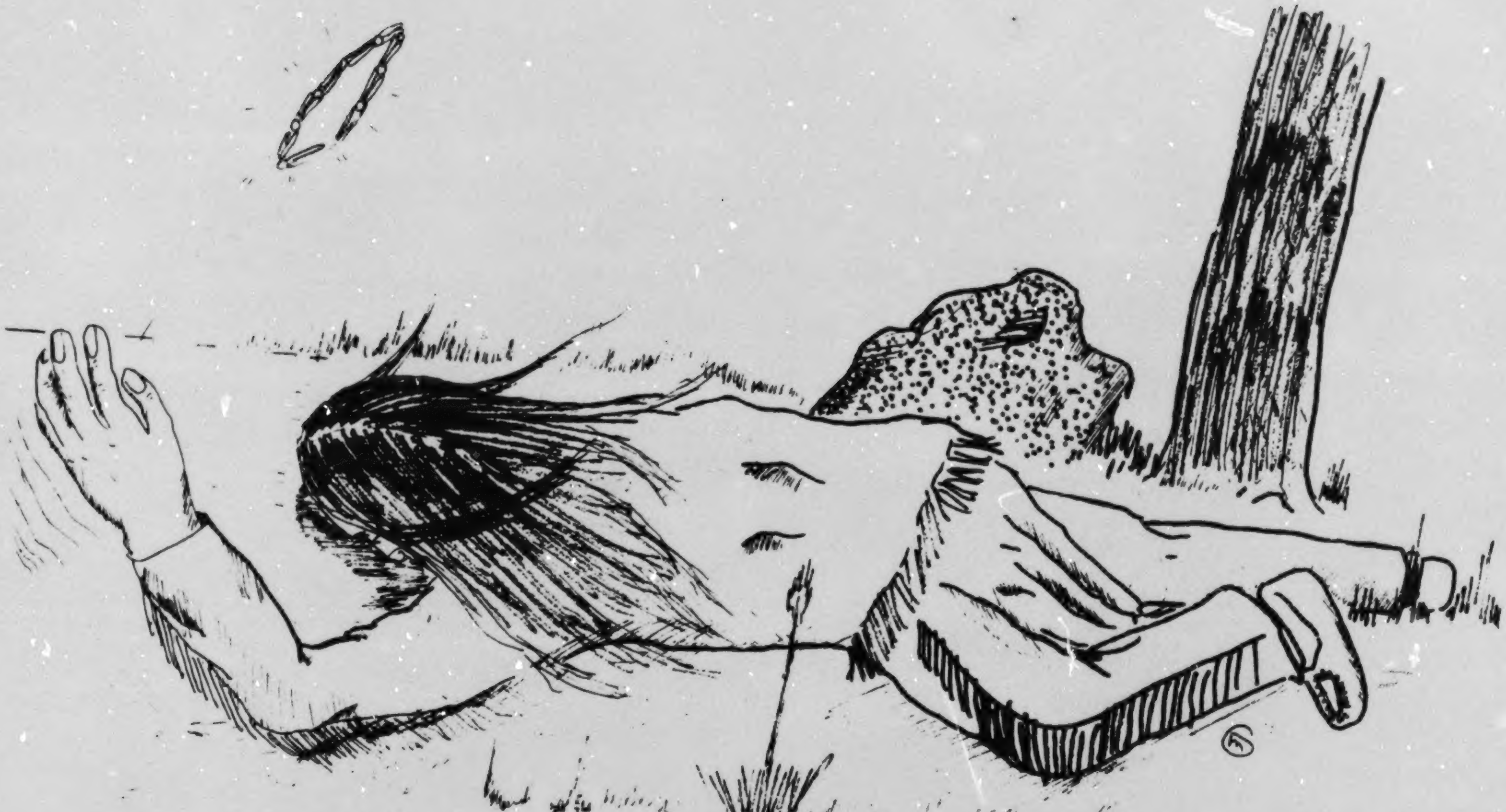
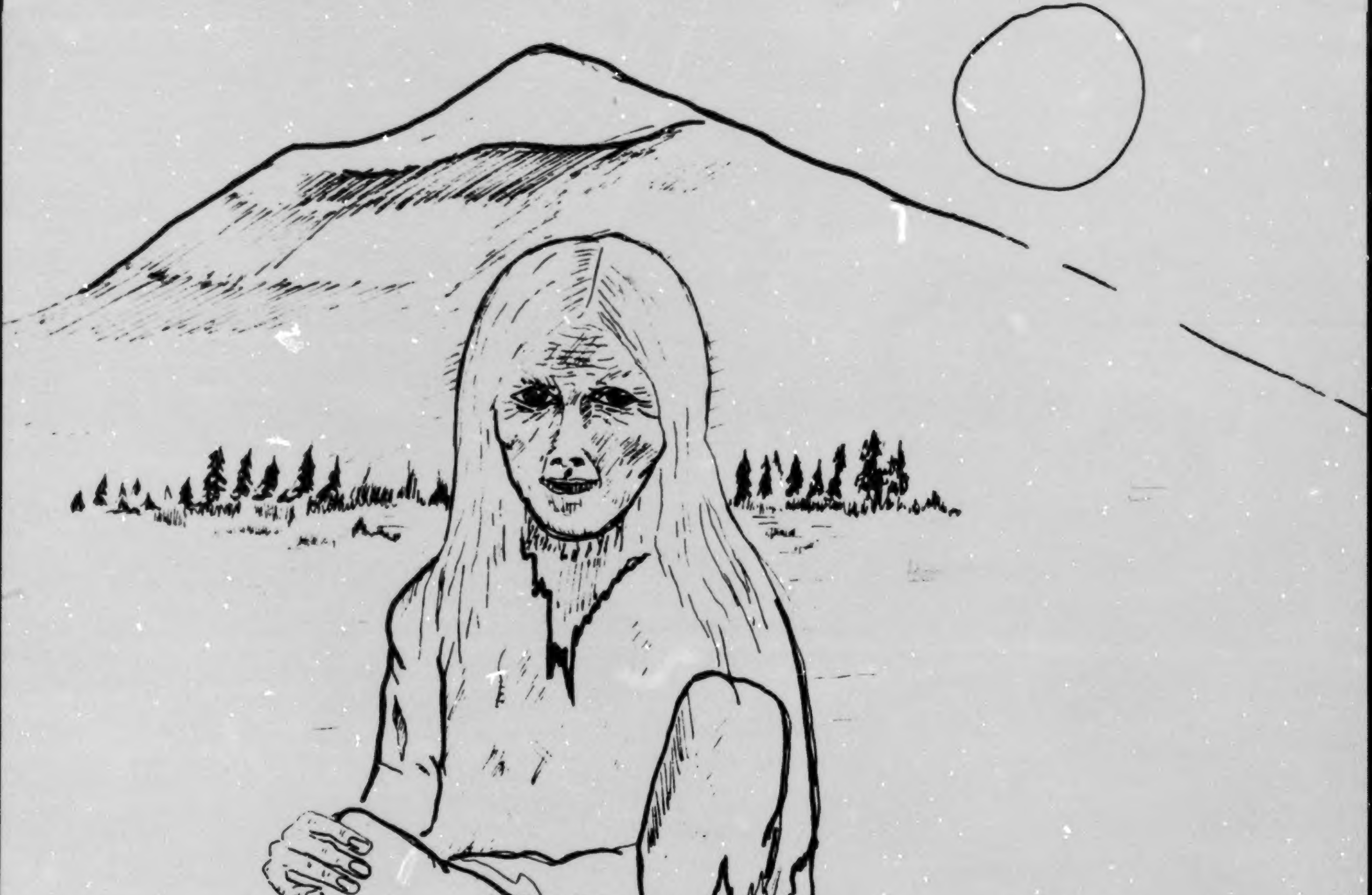
Then the otters uttered a strange, sad cry
and dove beneath the waters of the lake.
The thunder monster went CRAAASH and WHOOOOOO
across the sky.
The wind began to howl and shriek,
and snow swirled fiercely down on the hunter.
The storm increased.
The might of the mountain formed voices which shrieked,
"Hai qui, hai qui, hai qui . . ."


HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI
HAI QUI

The hunter tried to please the evil forces.
He groaned as he cast his precious strings away,
    one by one.
It was as though he gave up a part of his very self.
When he had flung the last one from him,
    he fell to the ground exhausted,
    his eyelids closed in sleep.

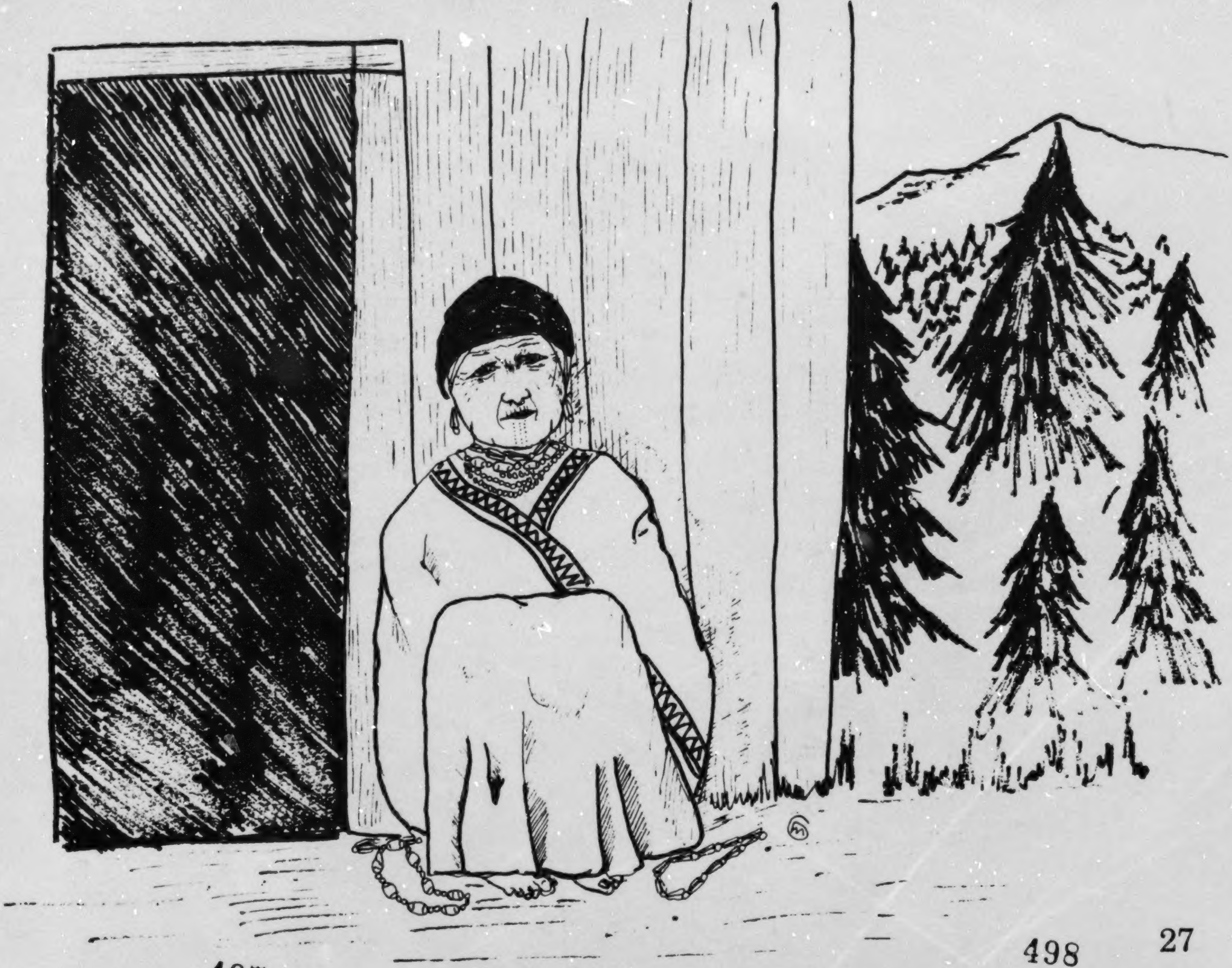


When the hunter awoke, the sun was shining.
All was the same as it had been before.
Yet, somehow it was different.
His hair hung as white as the snow of Mount Tacobad.
He was hungry and stiff, but he thought no more
of hai qui.
In his heart was a calm peace, like the calmness
of the mountain, majestic and serene.



25

He started slowly down the mountain.
After a long while, he came to a lodge.
An old, white-haired woman sat in front of it.
He did not know her and passed by.
But she called him back.
Lo, it was his own wife and his own lodge.
Not two short nights, but many, many years had passed since he had left her.



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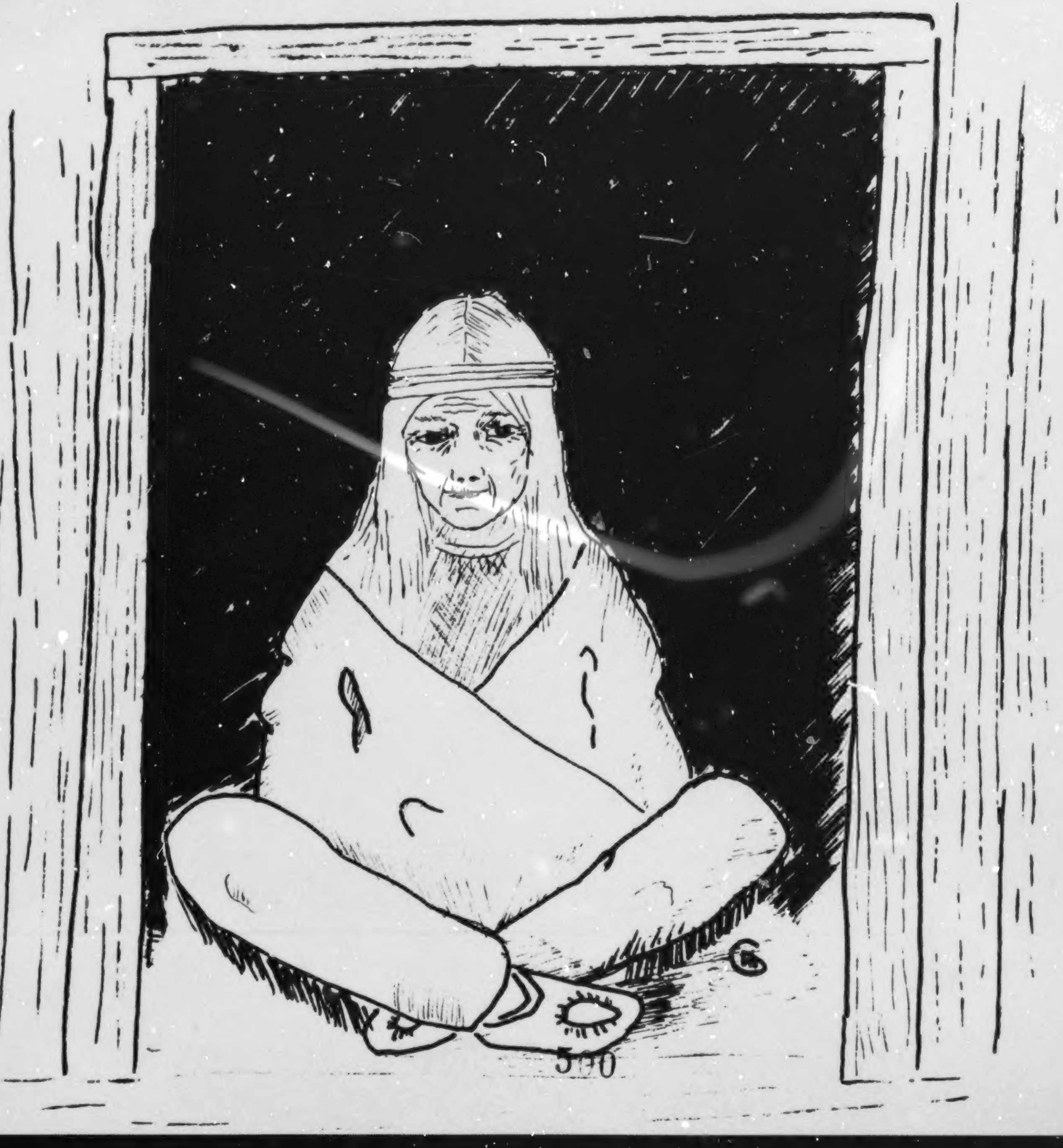
From then on the old man sat at his lodge door
and gave friendly greeting to all.
To those in need he gave hai qui,
and to those in trouble he gave good counsel.
And there he lived, pleased in his heart,
in the wisdom and peace he had learned
from the Great White Tacobad.



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JEANNE EVERNDEN

Jeanne Evernden is a Skokomish Indian and was born and raised on the Skokomish reservation near the Hood Canal in Washington. She graduated from Irene S. Reed High School in Shelton and attended Haskell Indian School for two years, where she took commercial courses. She has managed the Tribal Smoke Shop and is now actively involved in the Skokomish Language Project, which is developing an unabridged Skokomish dictionary. She also is the mother of eight children and hopes The Indian Reading Series will become a permanent part of the schooling system because "Indian history and involvement are very important to our young people."

BRUCE MILLER

Bruce Miller, a Skokomish Indian, has held art exhibitions in Europe, South America and throughout the United States. He was nominated for the Indian Arts Commission Board for the Washington State Arts Commission, won the Washington Bicentennial Playwrite Award for his play *Changer,* and recently completed a screenplay, *The Lord of the House of the Maimed,* to be aired as an EXXON special on the CBS network. He presently is Director of the Skokomish Tribal Learning Center, has served as Coordinator for the Skokomish Title IV Program and was Human Relations Specialist and Counselor for the Seattle Public Schools. He also has acted with theater groups such as Native American Theater Ensemble (New York) and Red Earth Performing Arts Company (Seattle). He attended the Institute of American Indian Arts, California College of Arts and Crafts, and University of California at Berkeley. In addition, he has received special training in stage direction and acting technique from, among others, Geraldine Page, Peter Brook (three time winner at Cannes Film Festival for best direction) and Tom O'Horgan (director of *Godspell, Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*).

WILMA PETTY

Wilma Petty, a Skokomish Indian, was born and raised on the Skokomish reservation. She graduated from Chemawa Indian School in 1938 and has taken advanced coursework in child psychology. She has served as Home School Coordinator for Project Head Start and Supervisor of the Skokomish Summer Recreation Program. For the past five years she has been a Teacher's Aide at Hood Canal School and is currently involved in the Skokomish Language Project, which is developing a dictionary of the Skokomish language. As the mother of five children, she "would like to see The Indian Reading Series in public schools for non-Indian as well as Indian children."

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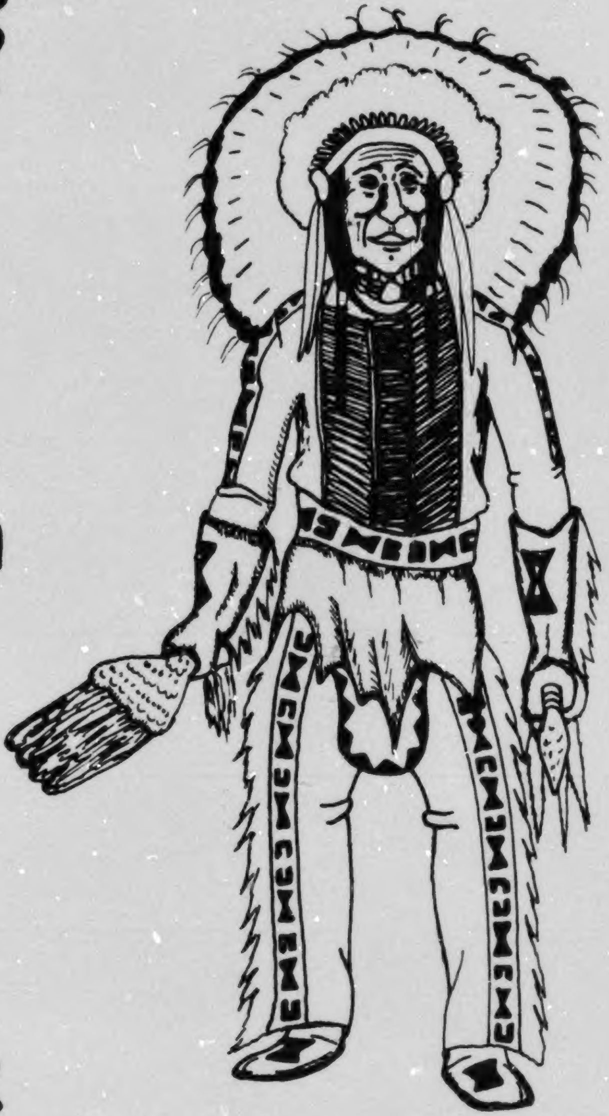

Old Man Napi

The Indian Reading Series

Level III Book 18

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Old Man Napi

Level III Book 18

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

Written by Joan Kennerly, Carmen Marceau, Doris Old Person, June Tatsey

Illustrated by Melvin Tailfeathers

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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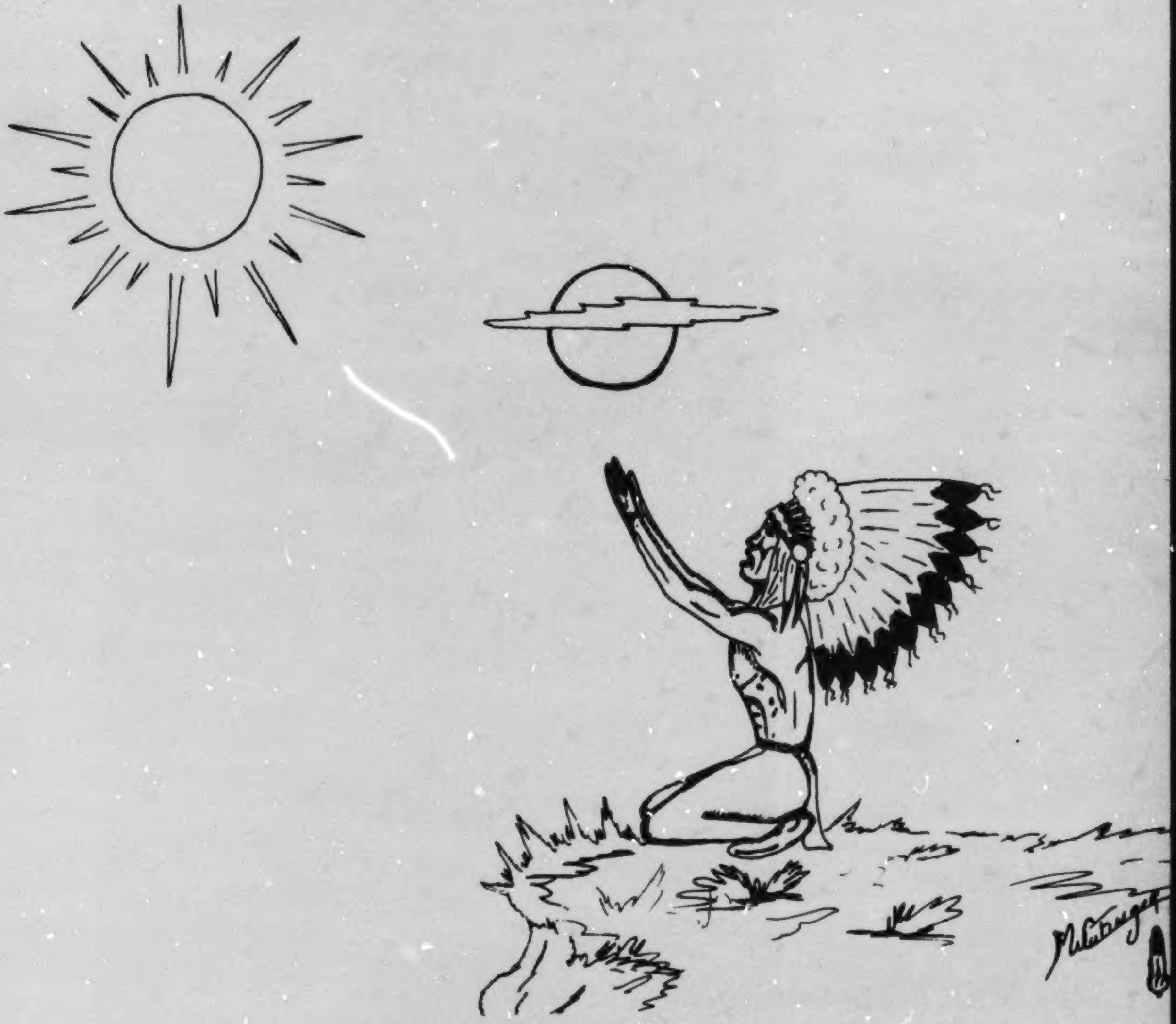
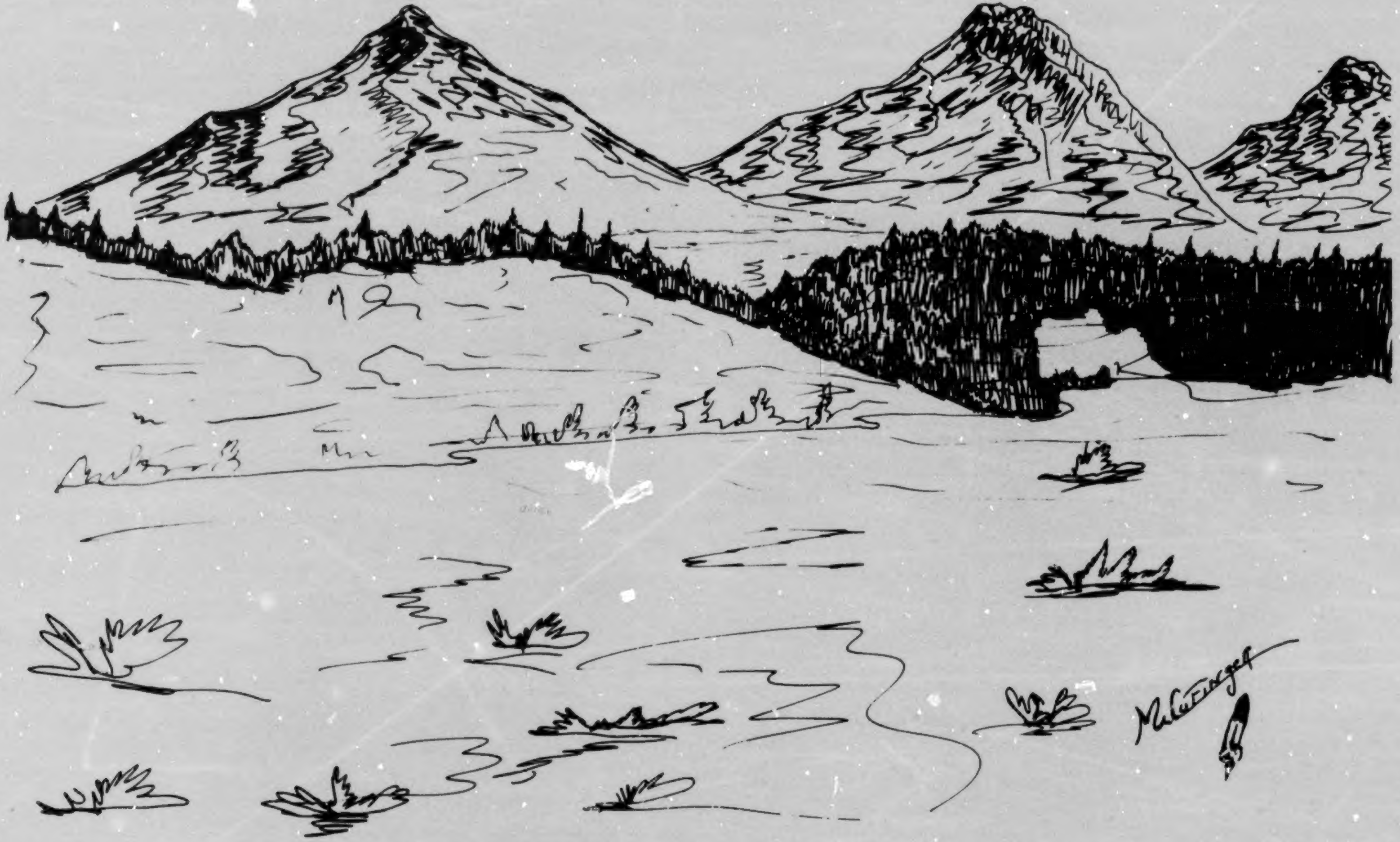
Printed and bound in the United States of America

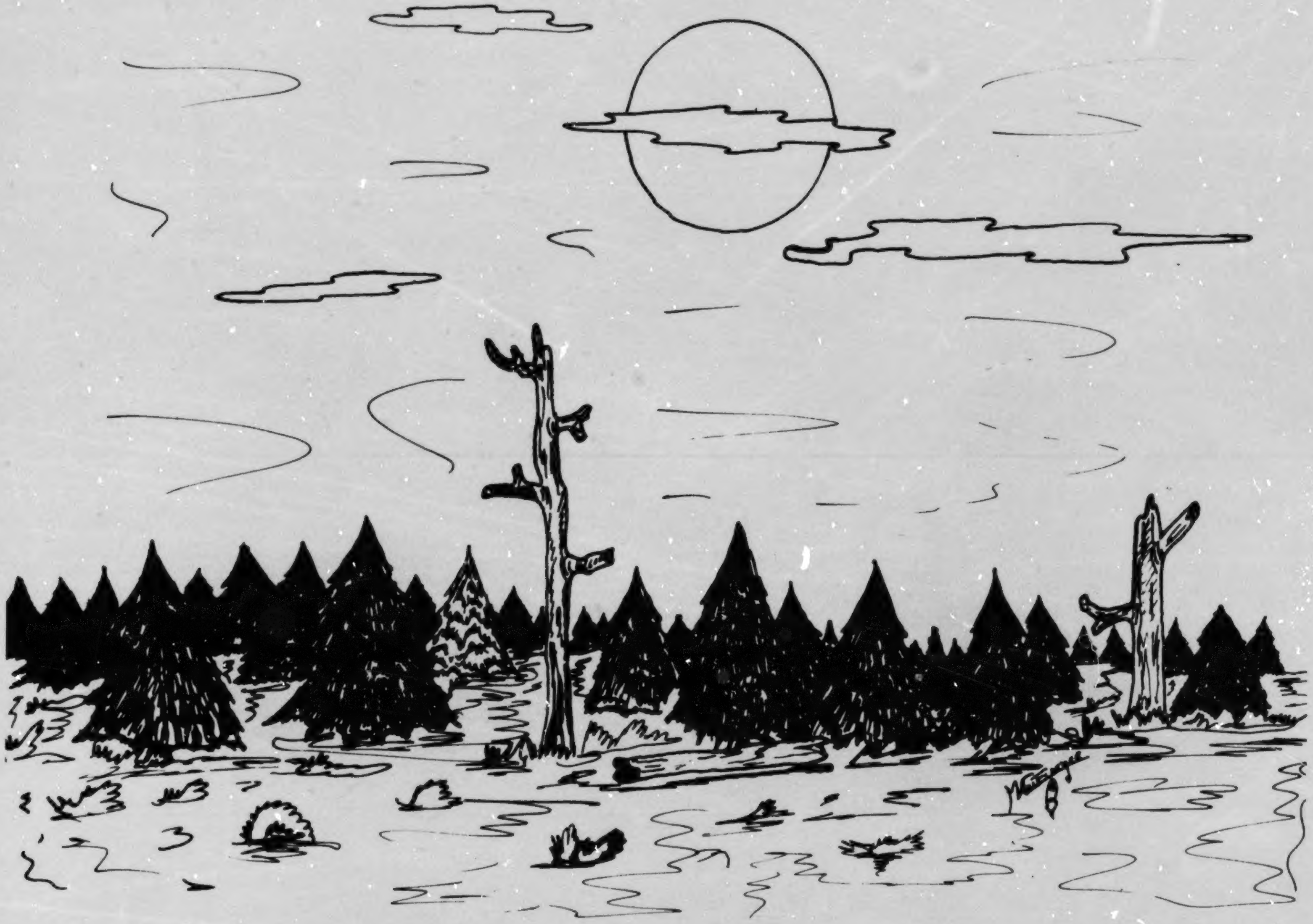
The following story, *Old Man Napi*, is based on a legend told over and over by many of our Blackfeet Indian people about the creation of the world.



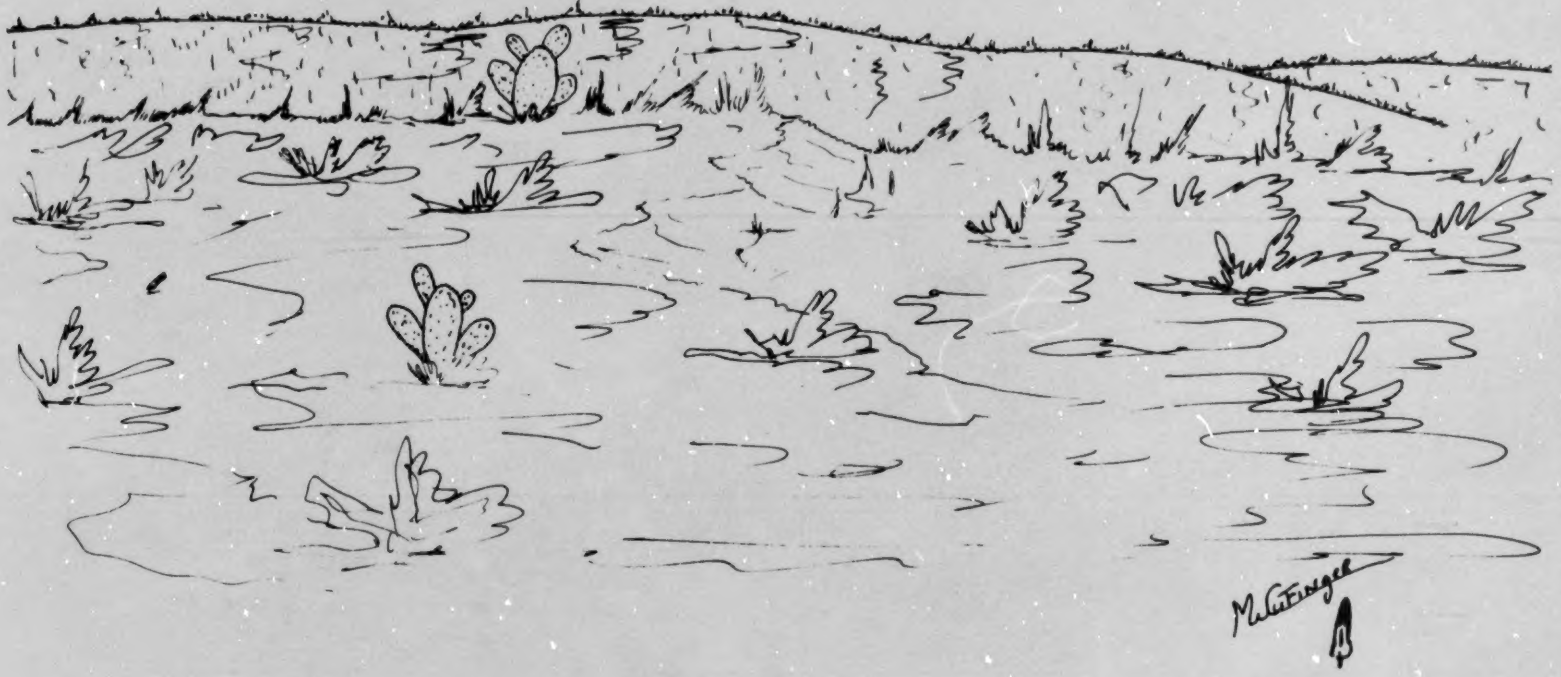
The father of Old Man Napi was the Sun.
His mother was the Moon.



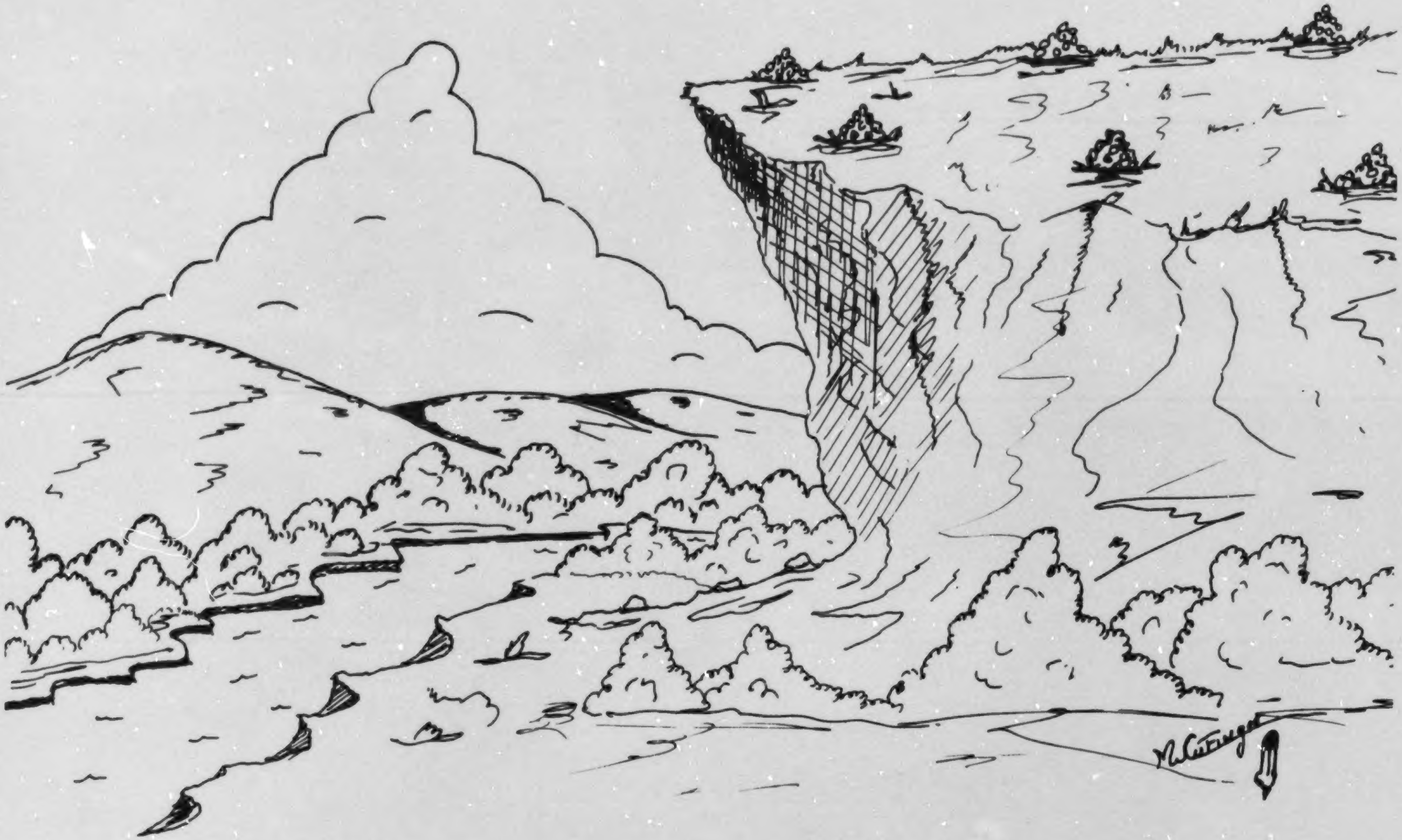
Old Man Napi began making the world.
He began in the South.
He made the mountains.



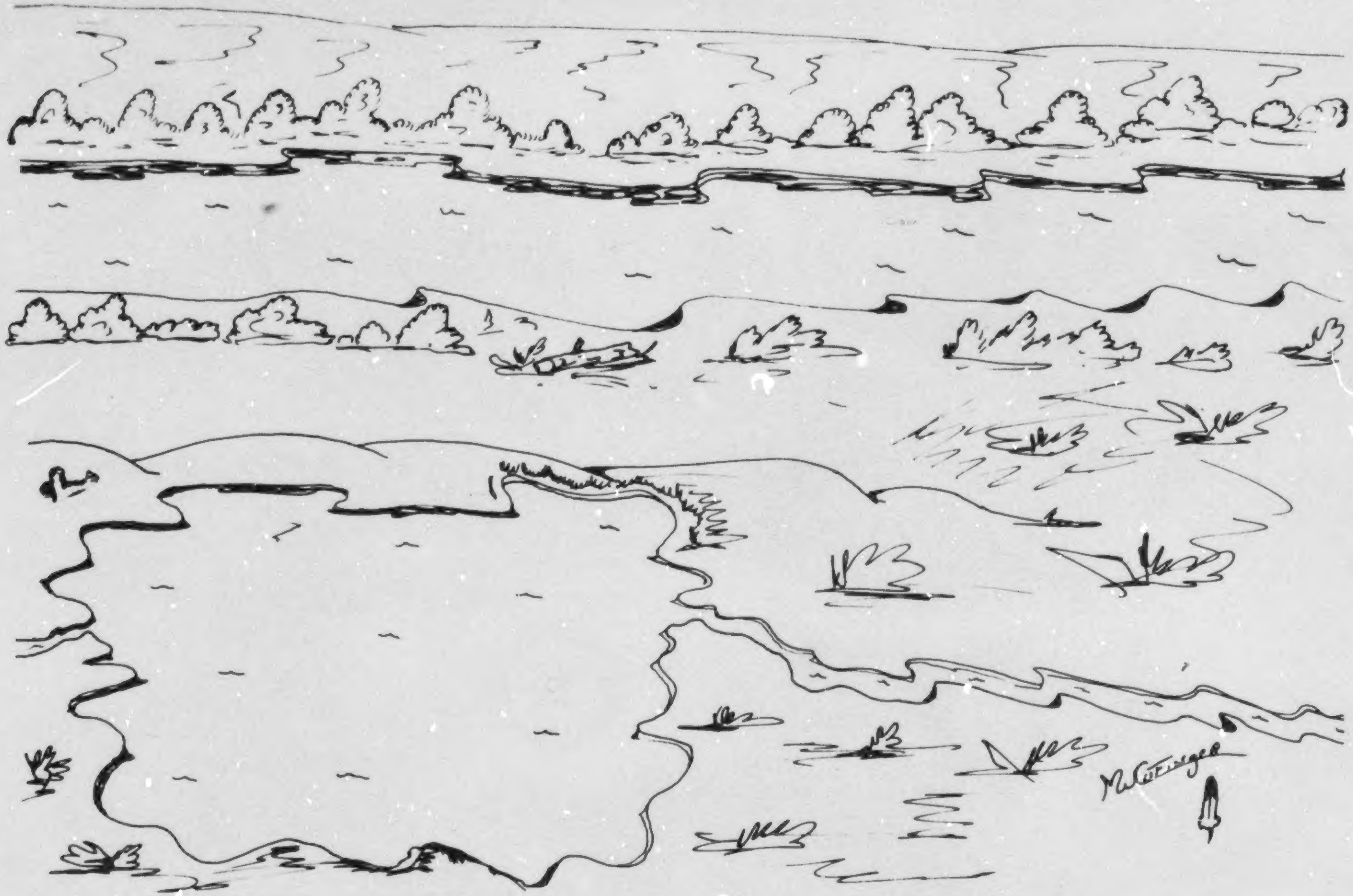
Old Man Napi made the forests.



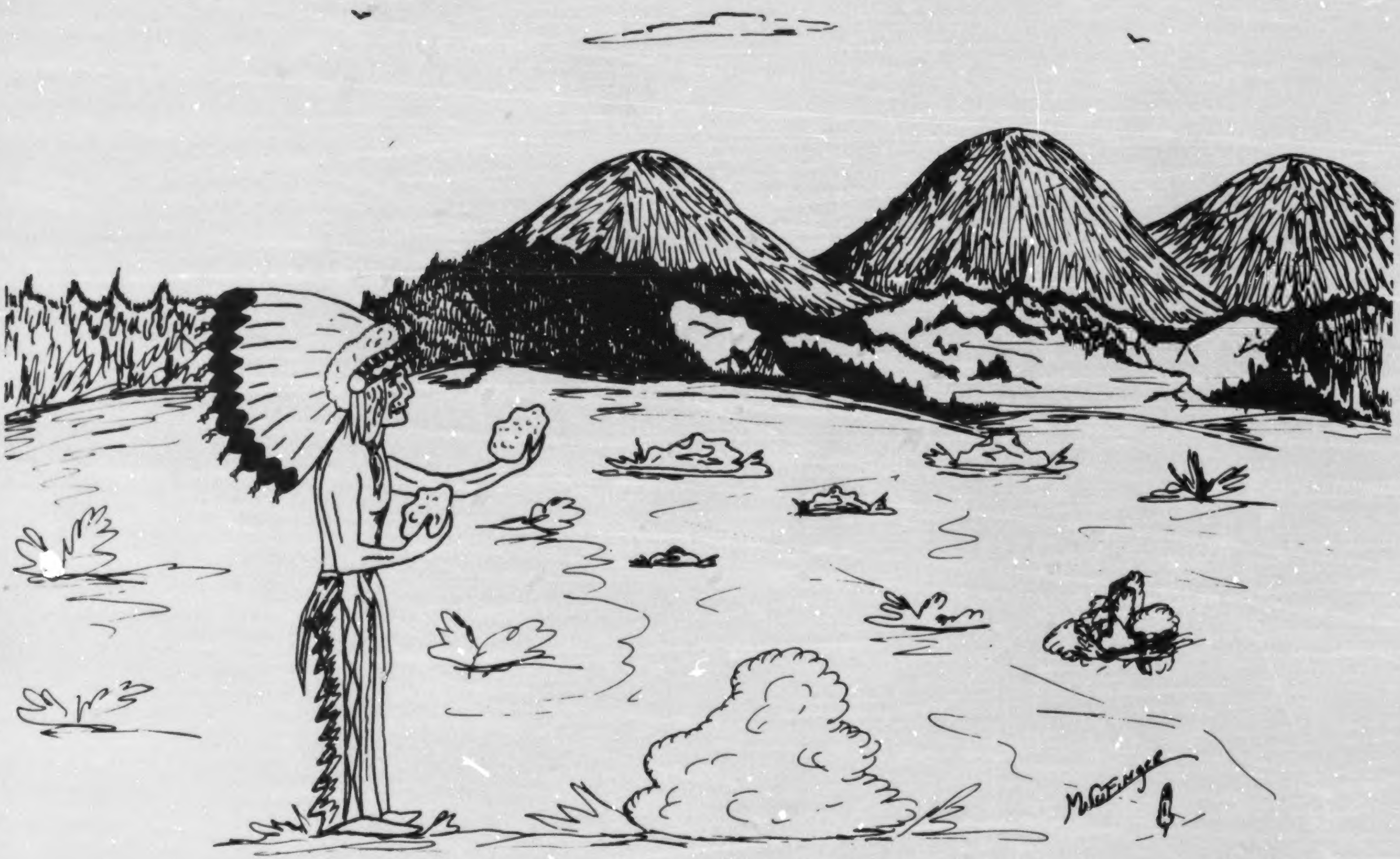
Old Man Napi walked north.
He made the prairies.



Old Man Napi made other things as he traveled north.

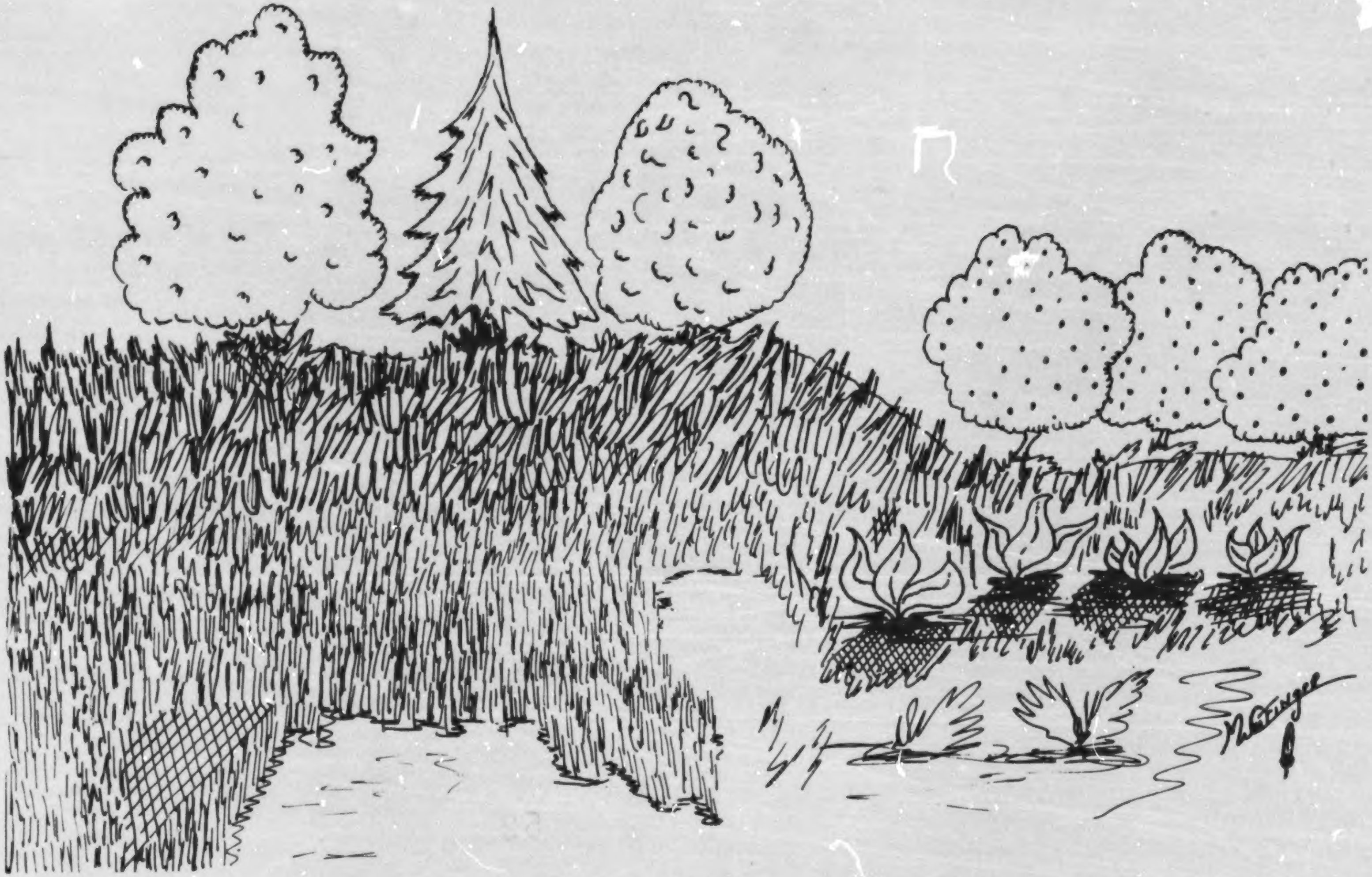


Old Man Napi made the rivers and streams.
He made the lakes.



Old Man Napi carried rocks with him.
He made the Sweet Grass Hills.

Old Man Napi kept traveling north.
He covered the plains with grass.
He made all kinds of roots.
He made all kinds of trees.
He made all kinds of berries.



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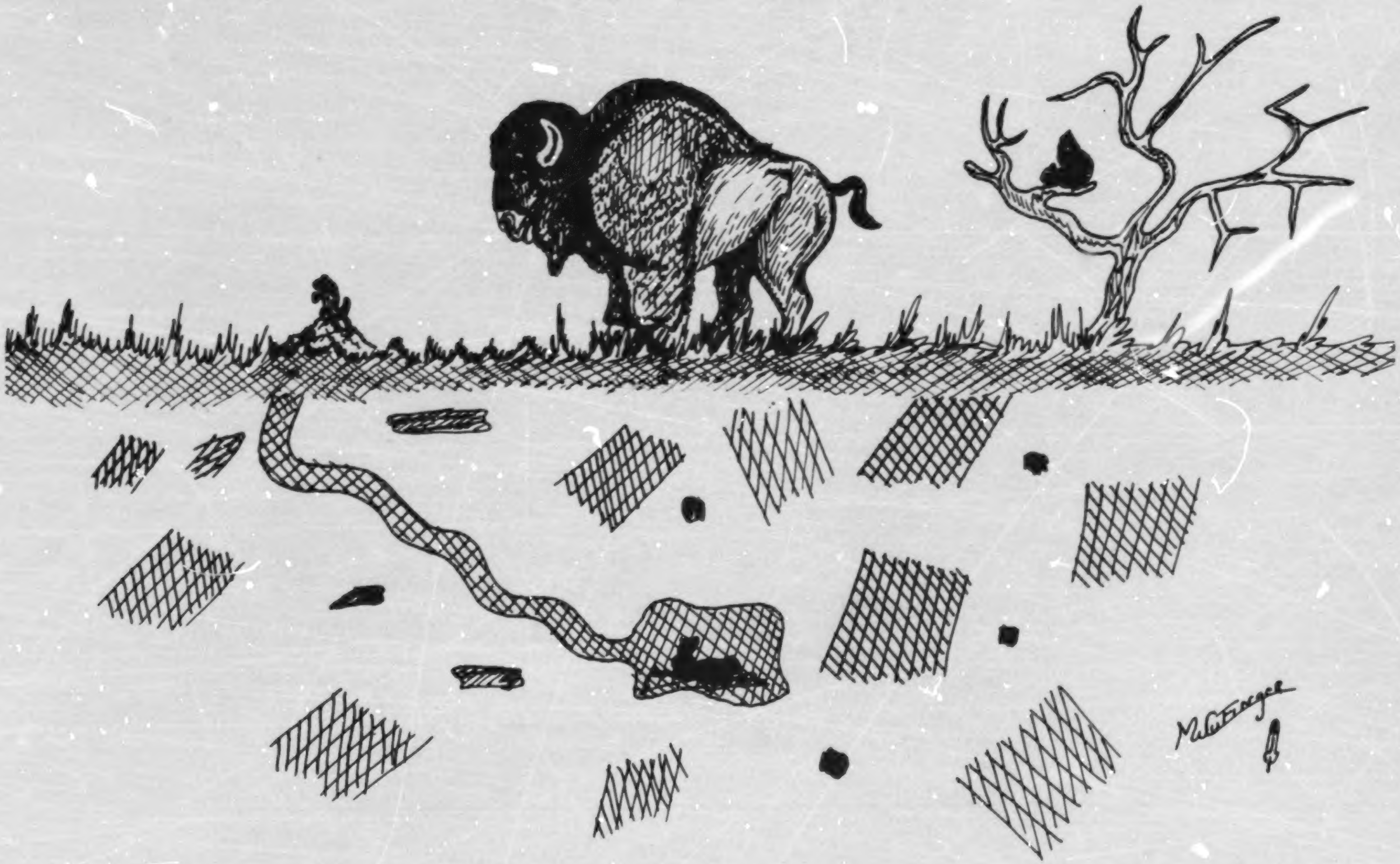
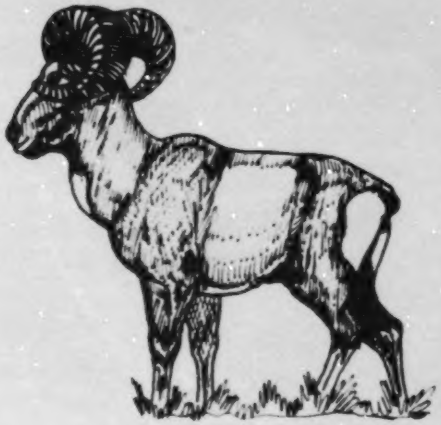
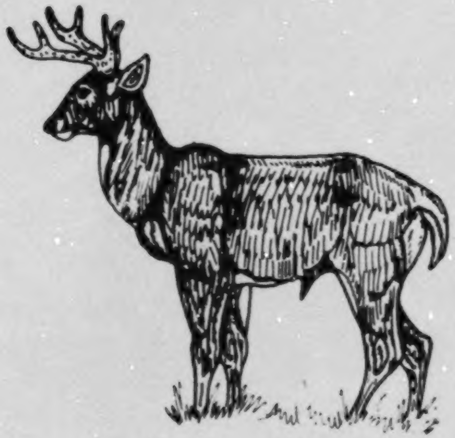
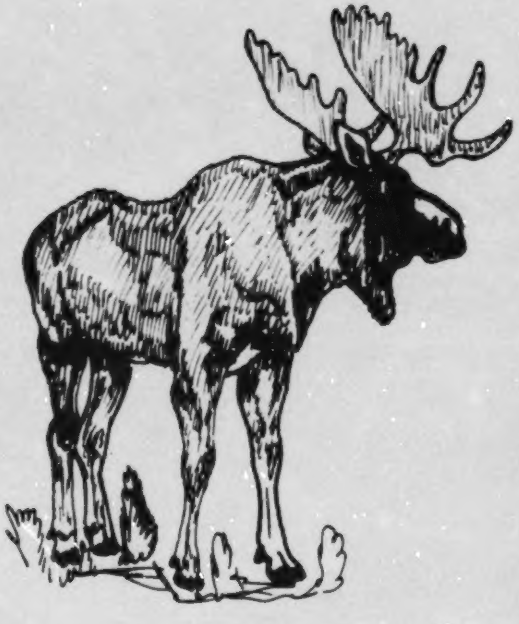
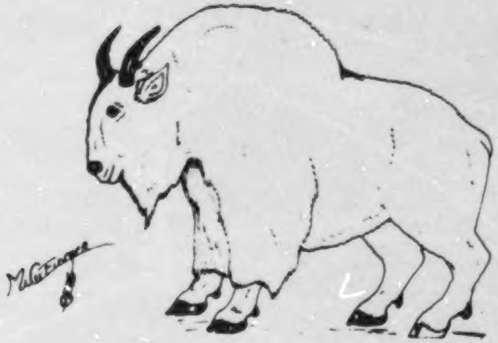


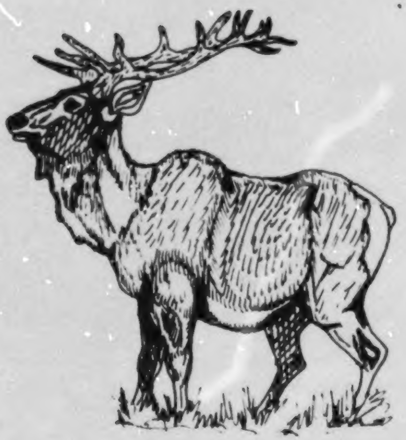
Old Man Napi made animals.
He made animals that live under the ground.
He made animals on the prairie.



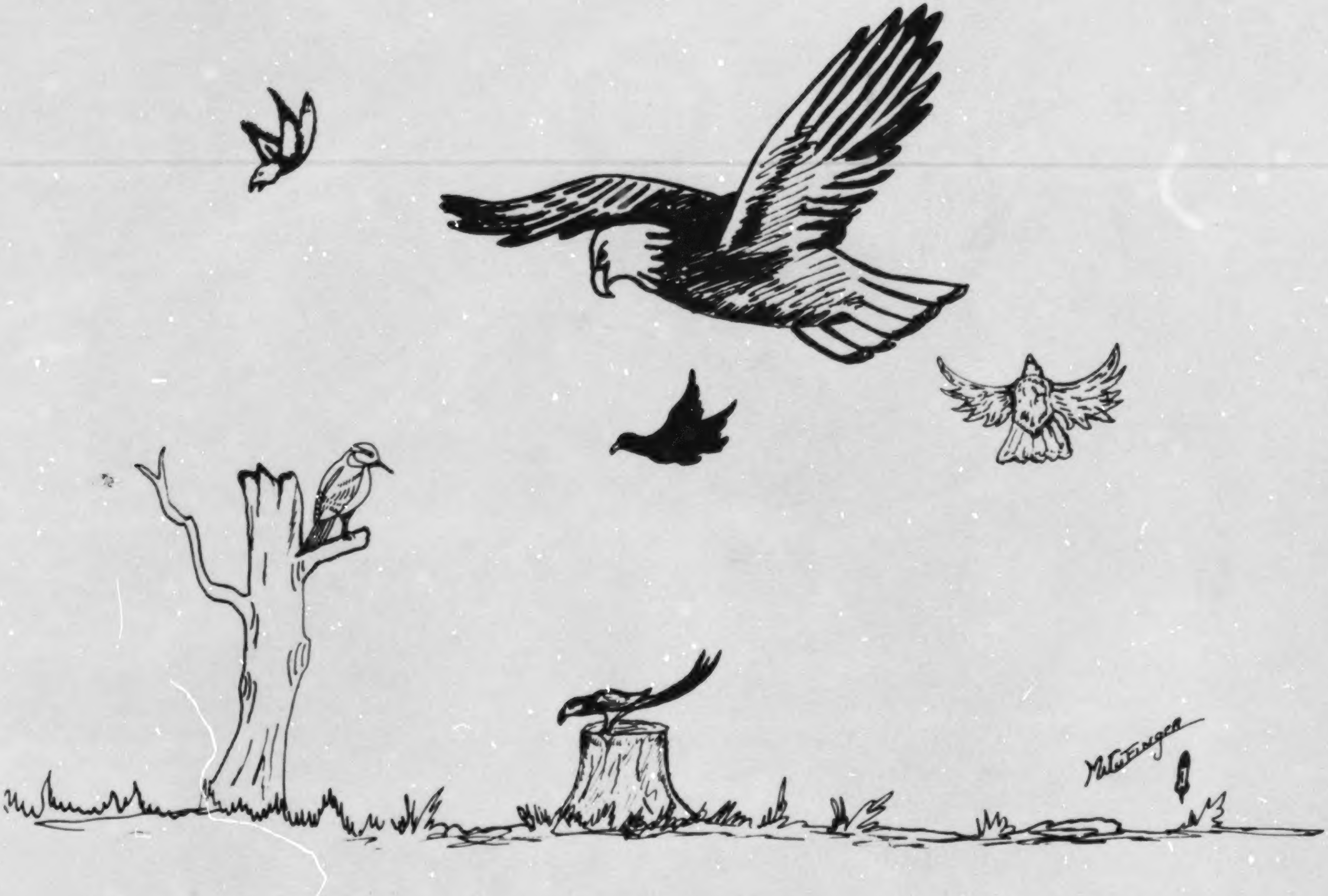




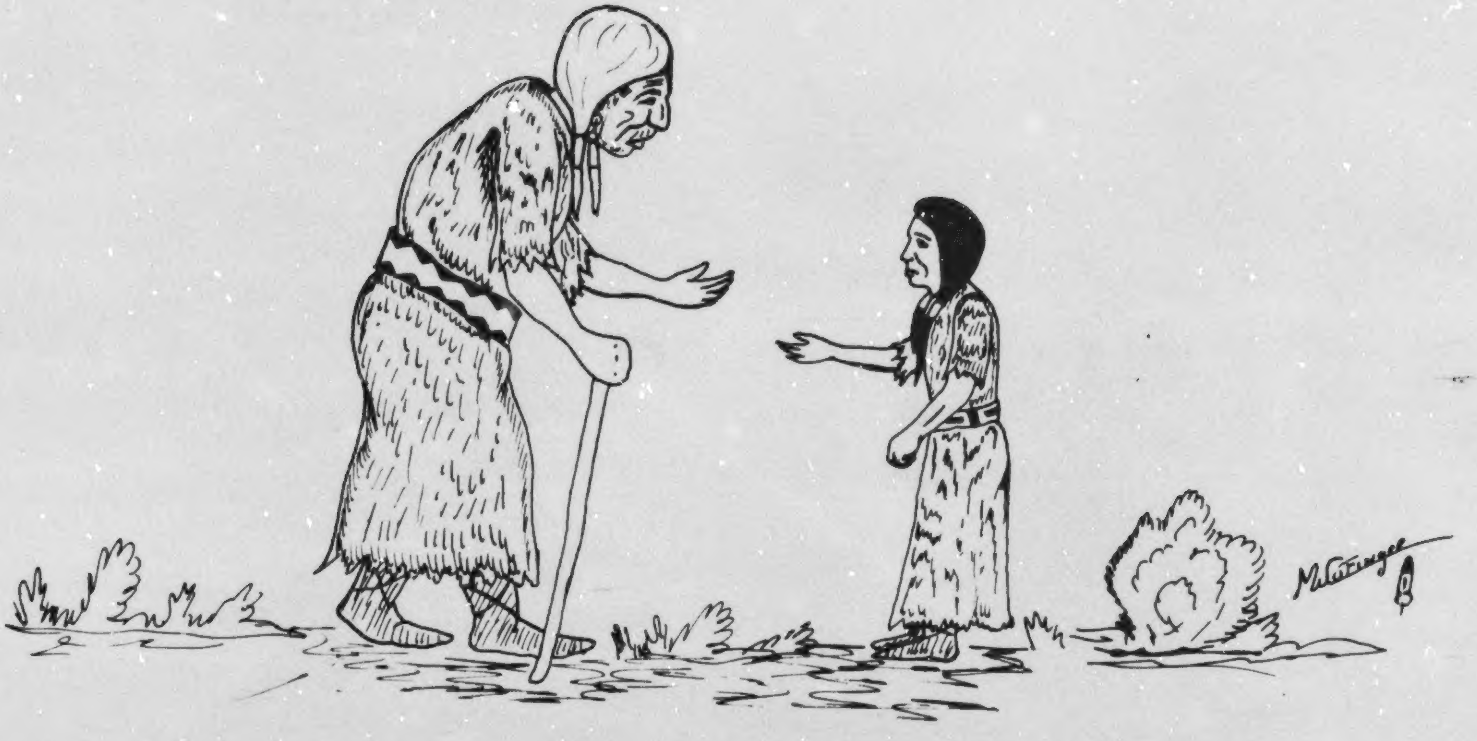




He made animals that live in the forest.
He arranged the world as it was
before the coming of the people.

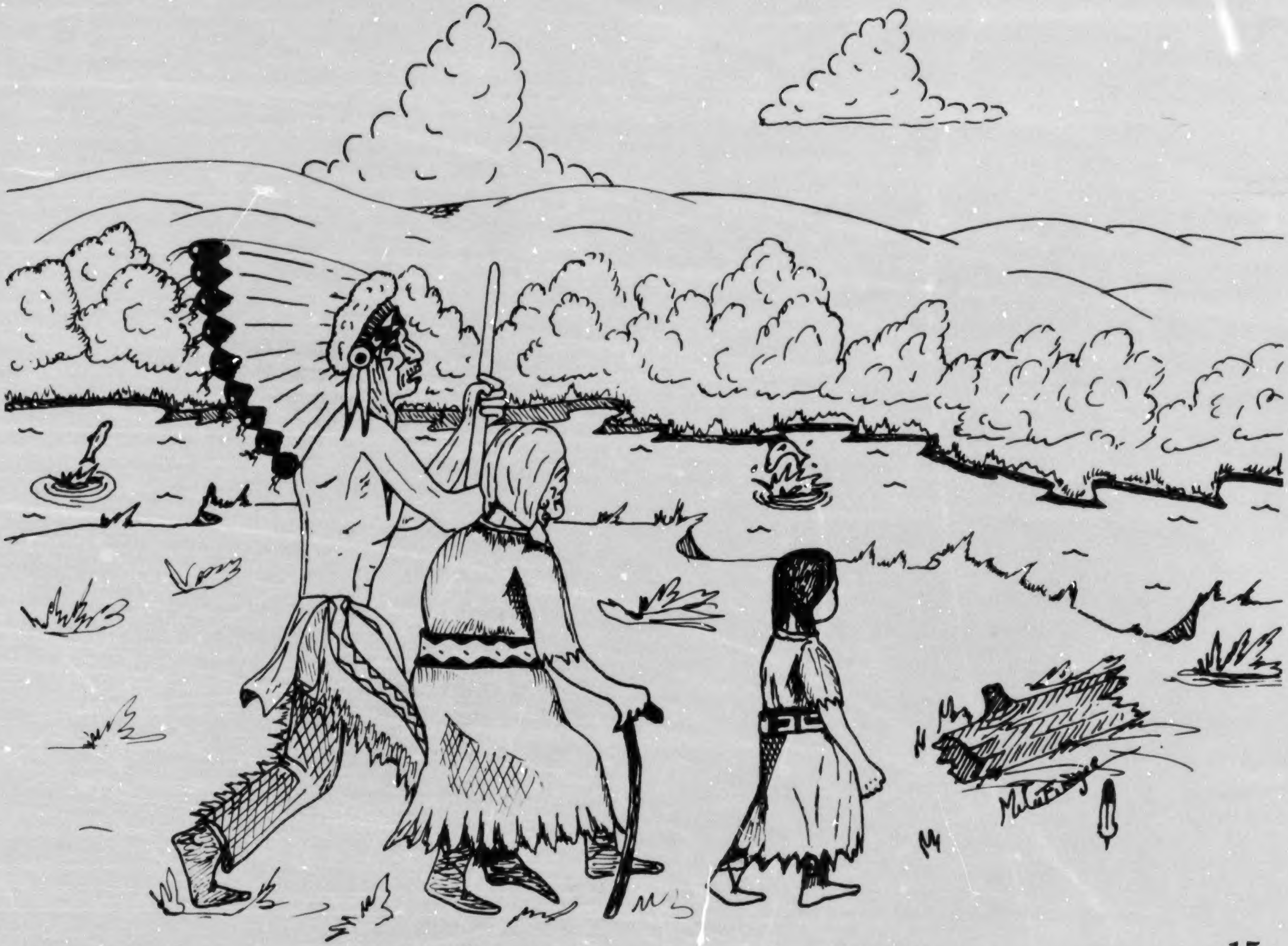


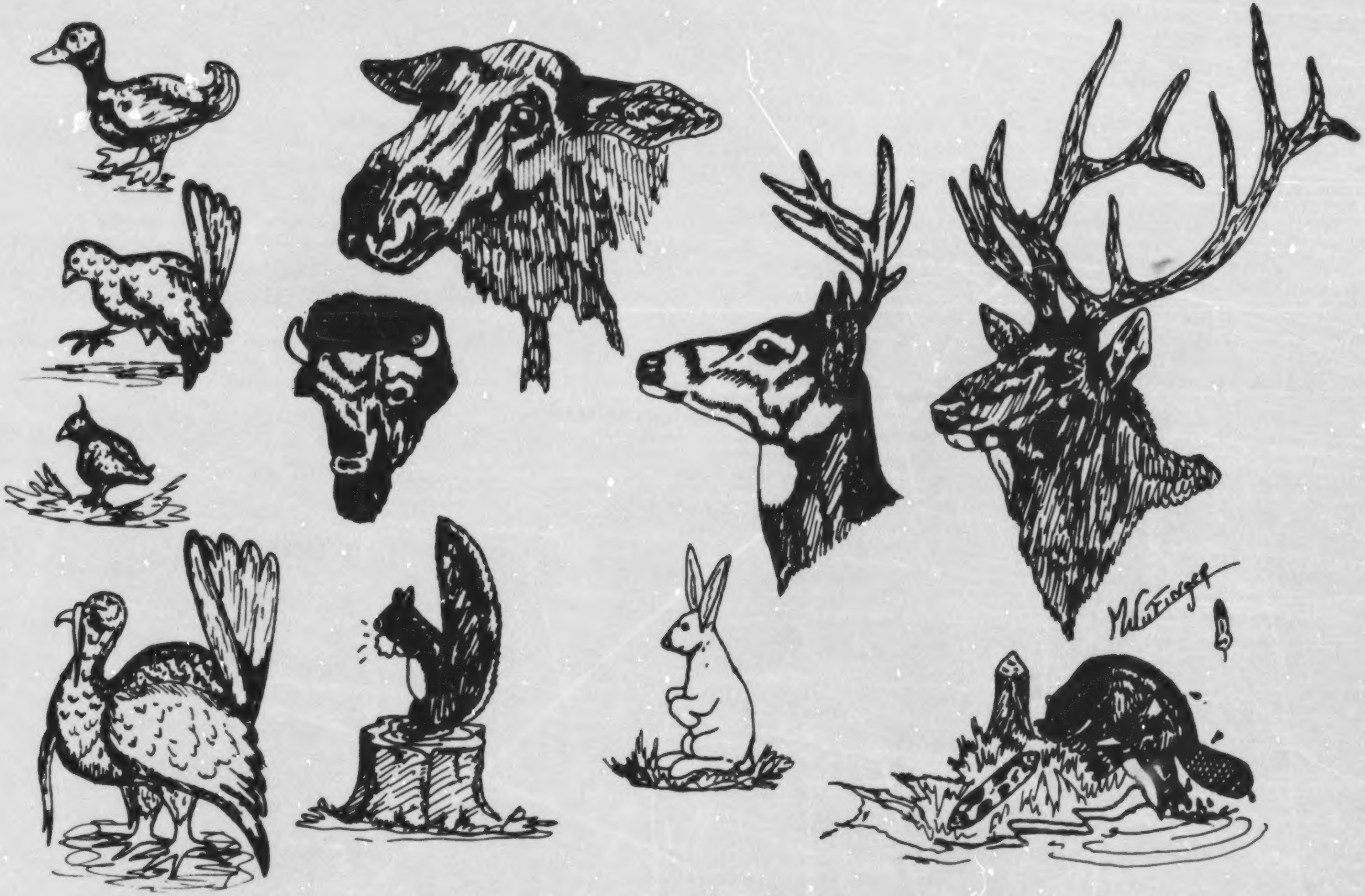
Old Man Napi made many birds.



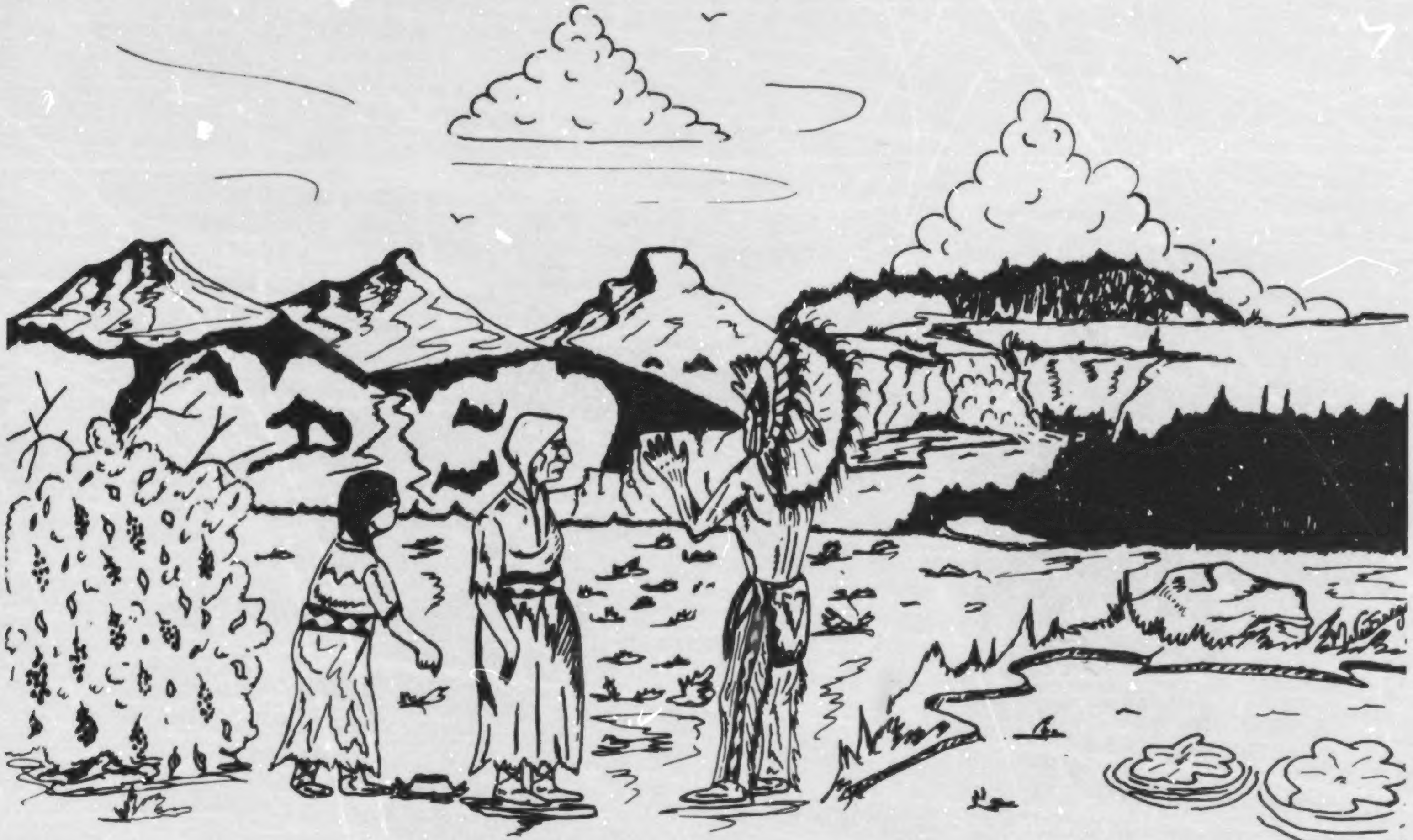
One day, Old Man Napi decided he would create
a woman and a child.

The woman and child walked down to the river
with Old Man Napi.
The woman and child did not know how to do anything.
Old Man Napi pointed to the river.
He told them there would be fish for them to eat.

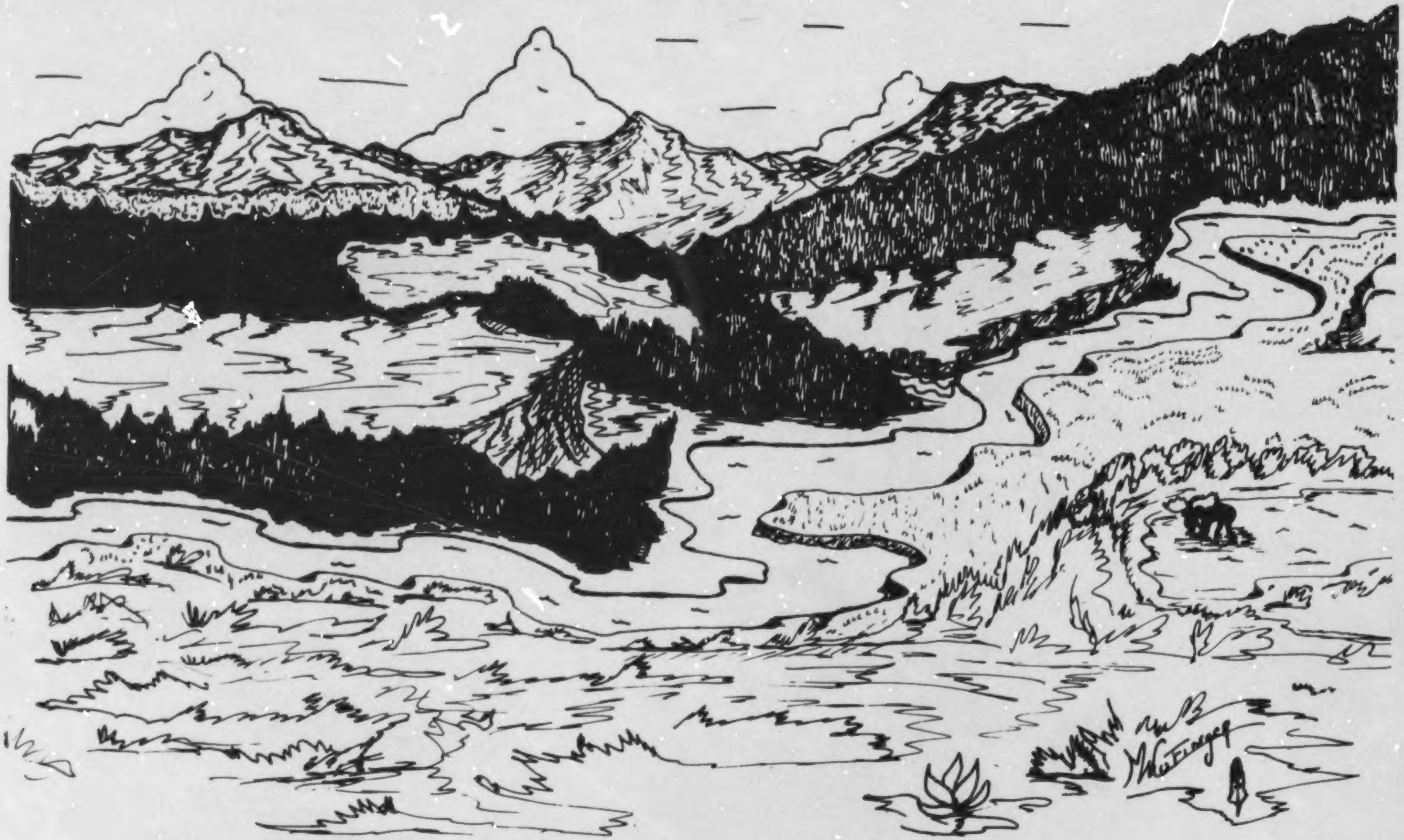




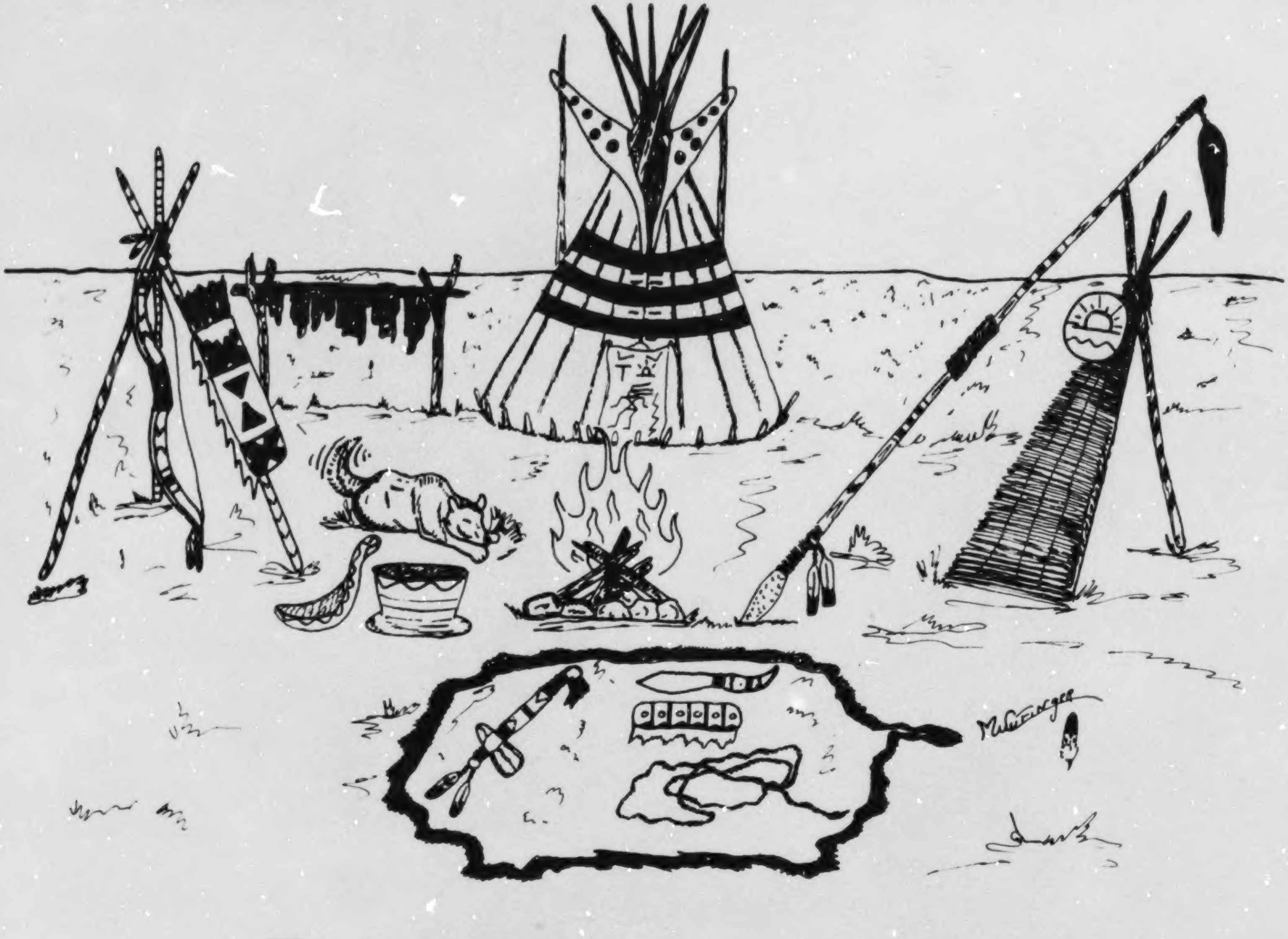
The animals would also be their food.
"You need not fear to eat their flesh," he said.
"The birds that fly have been made for you."



The woman and child learned about roots.
They learned about berries.
They learned about wild vegetables.
They learned they could eat these things.

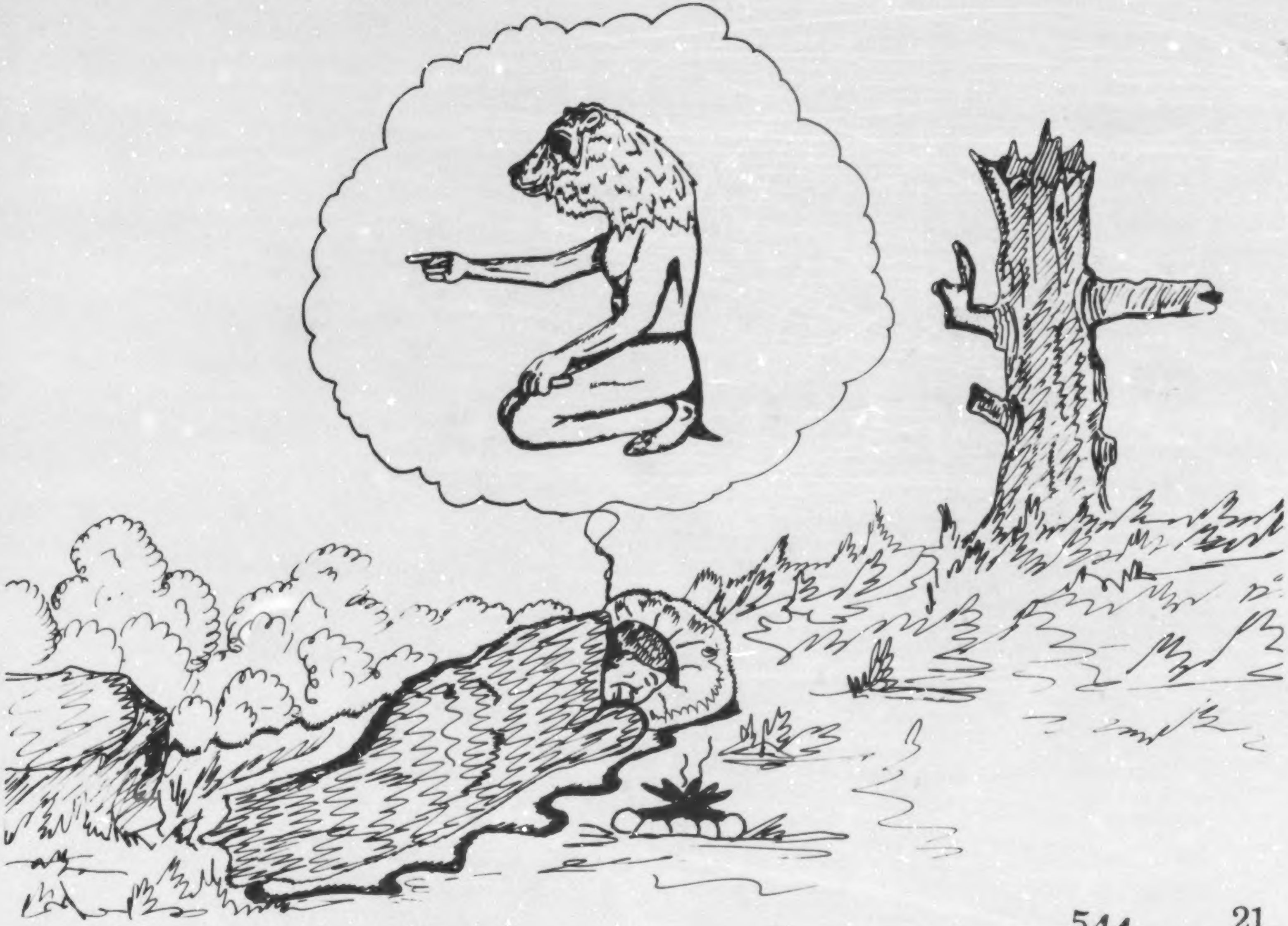


The woman and child walked over the prairies.
They walked through the forests.
They went across rivers and swamps.
They learned about different kinds of things on the earth.



They learned how to take care of themselves.

Old Man Napi told the people how to get spirit power.
"Go away by yourself and go to sleep.
Something will come to you in a dream that will help you.
It might be an animal.
It might be a bird.
It might be an object.
Whatever is told to you, you must do."
That is how the first Indian people got along in the world —
by the power given to them in their dreams.



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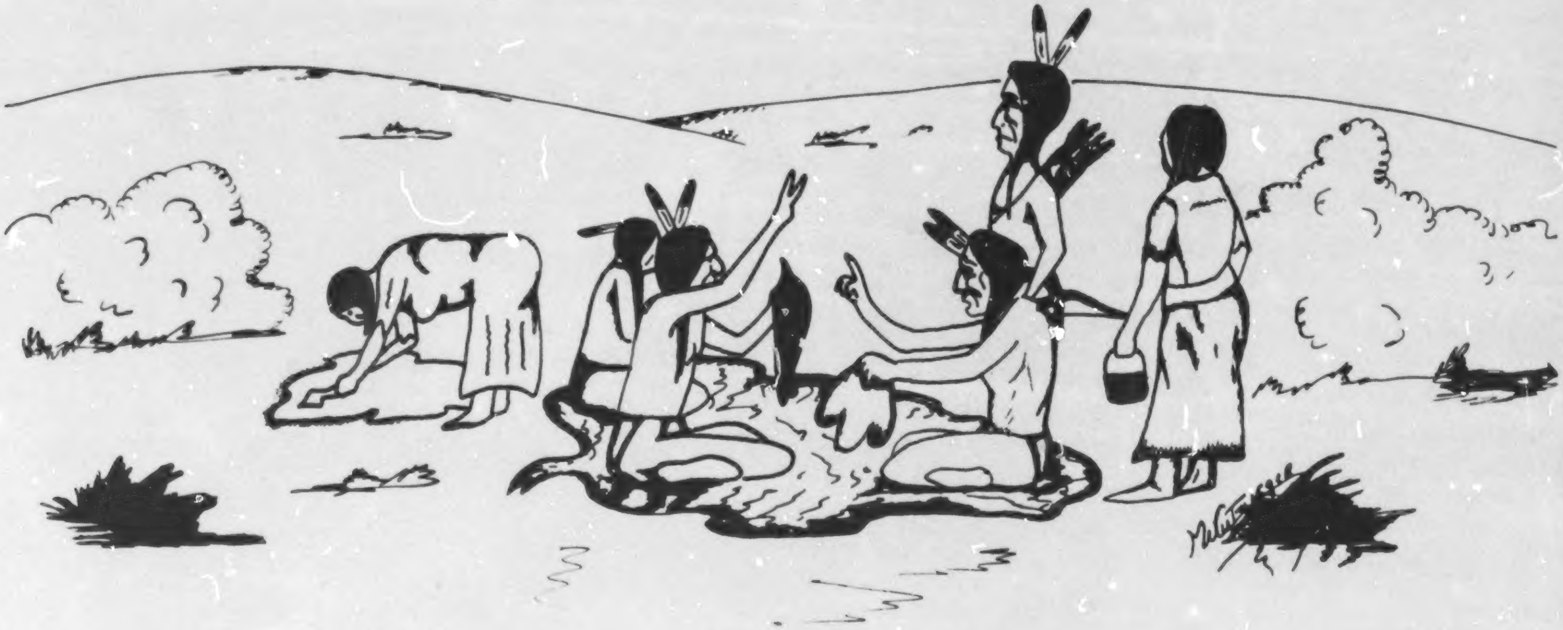
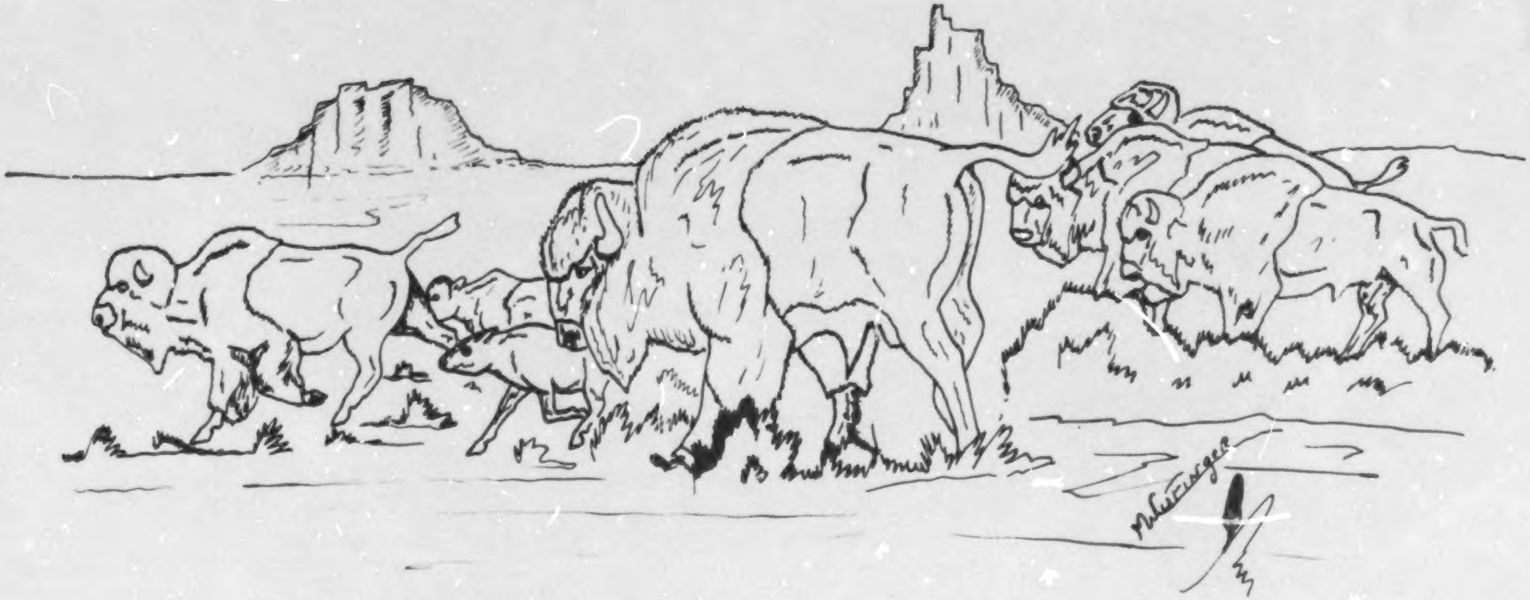
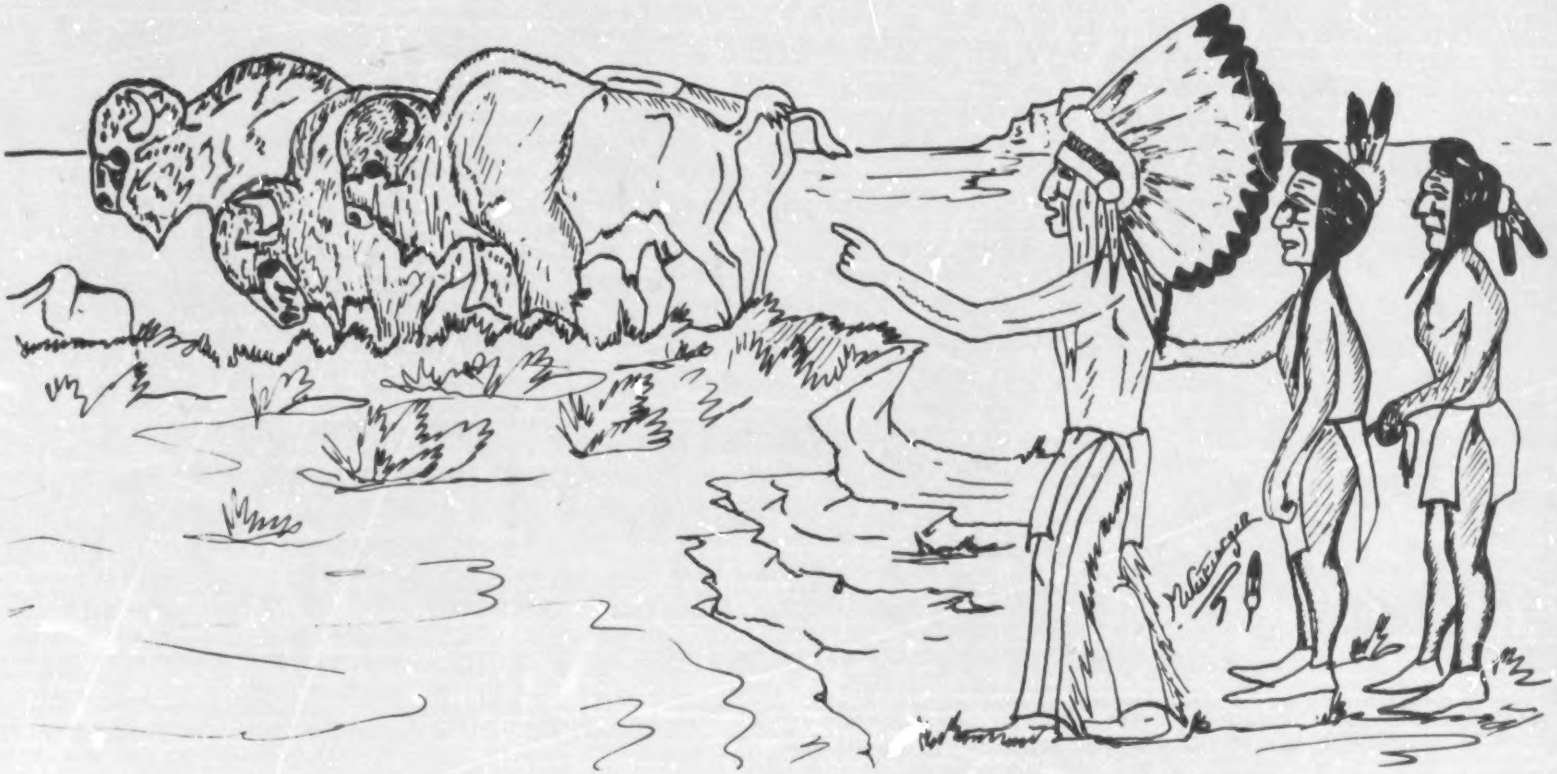


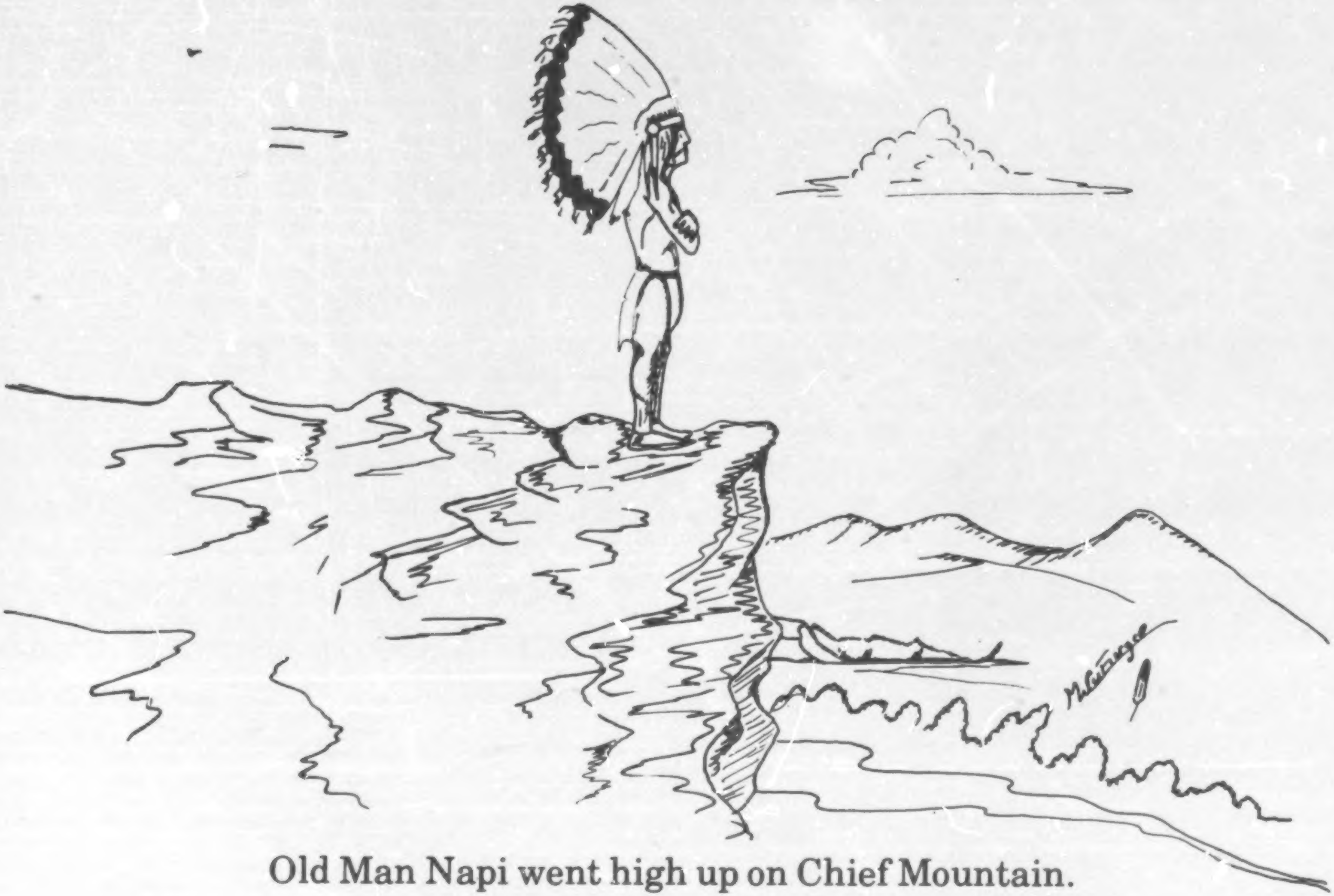
Old Man Napi created many men and women.



He made images of buffalo out of clay.
The buffalo images stood up.
Old Man Napi made signs to the buffalo,
and they started to run.

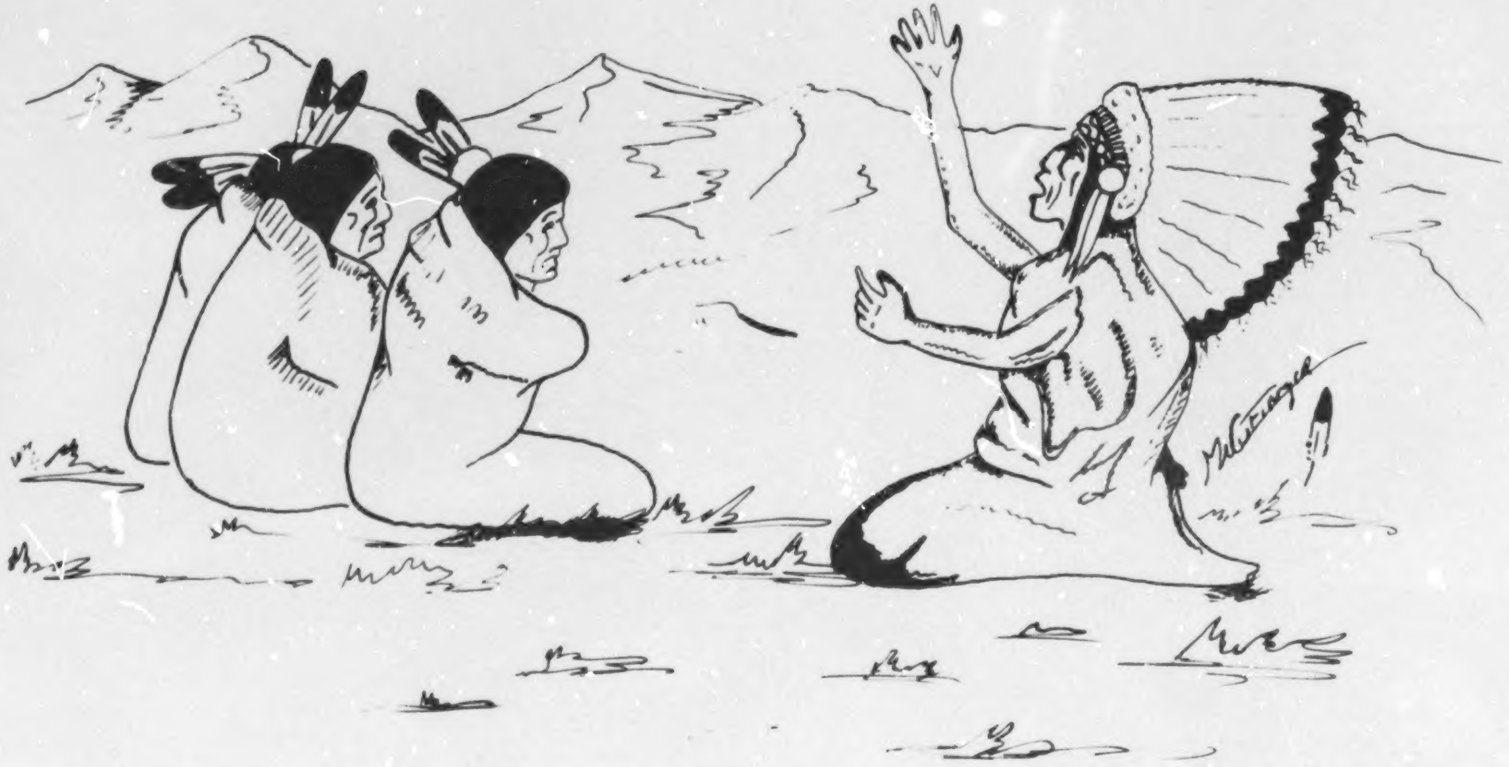


Old Man Napi said to the people,
"Those buffalo are your food.
Every part of them you will be able to use
in your life."



Old Man Napi went high up on Chief Mountain.
He gazed down at the earth.
He was very pleased.

Old Man Napi told his people,
"You have everything you now need.
Nature will provide shelter and food.
Many more Indian people will be born
to live on this land.
You must live as one large family.
Be good and take care of each other."



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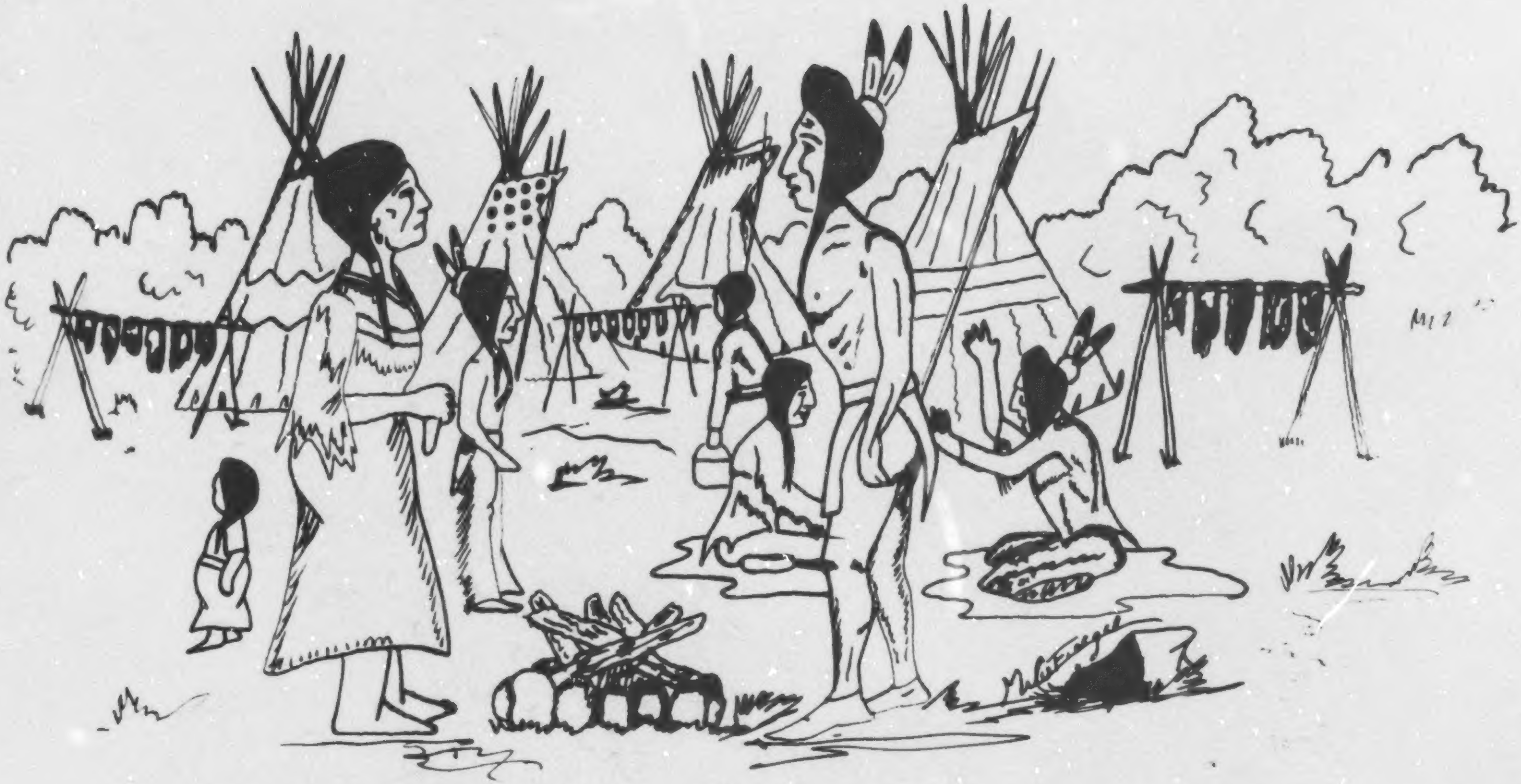
Old Man Napi said, "Our Great Maker has a plan
for all of you.
Respect what he has sent me to create for you.
Give many thanks to him for everything you have
and everything you will get."



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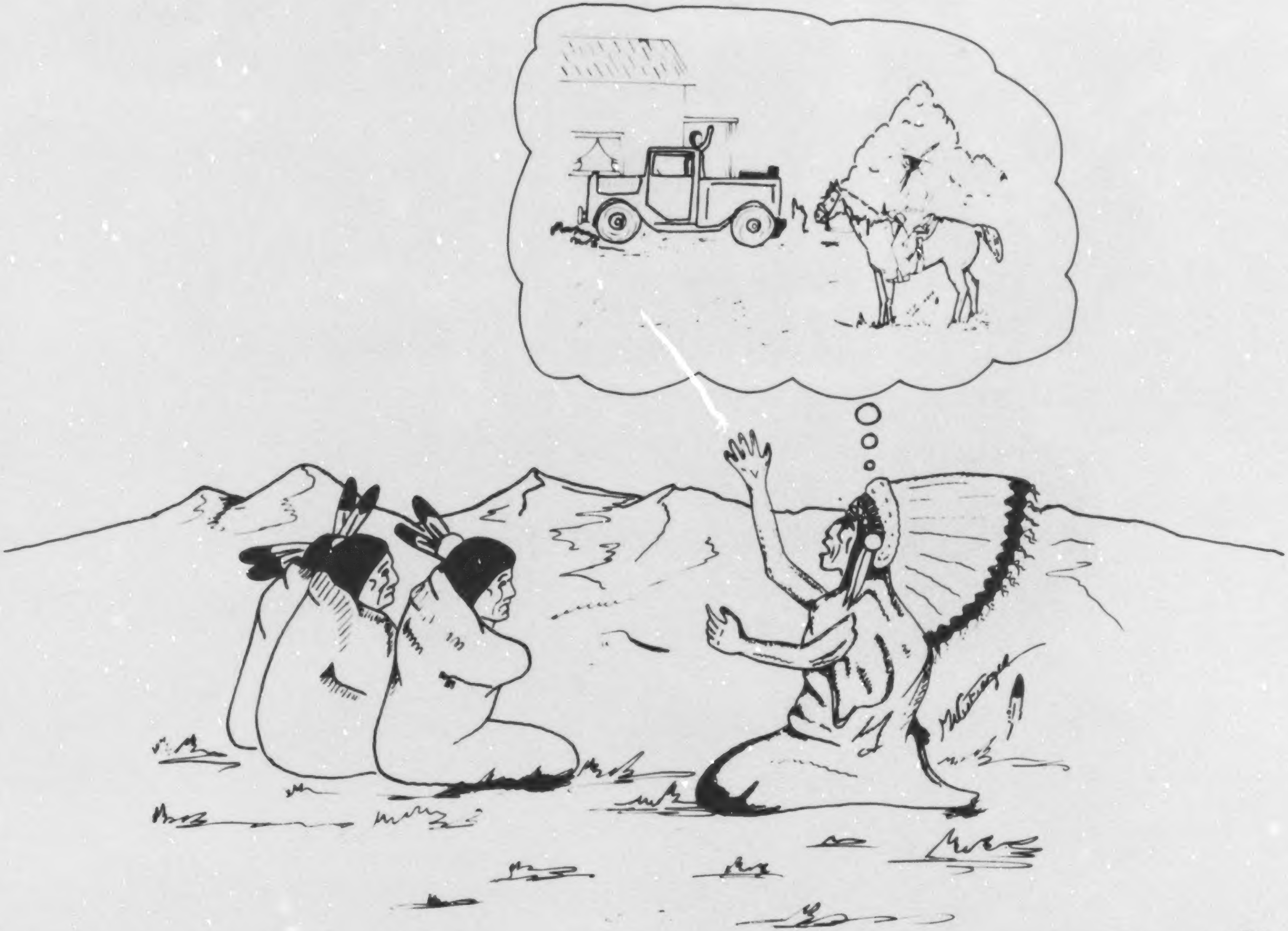
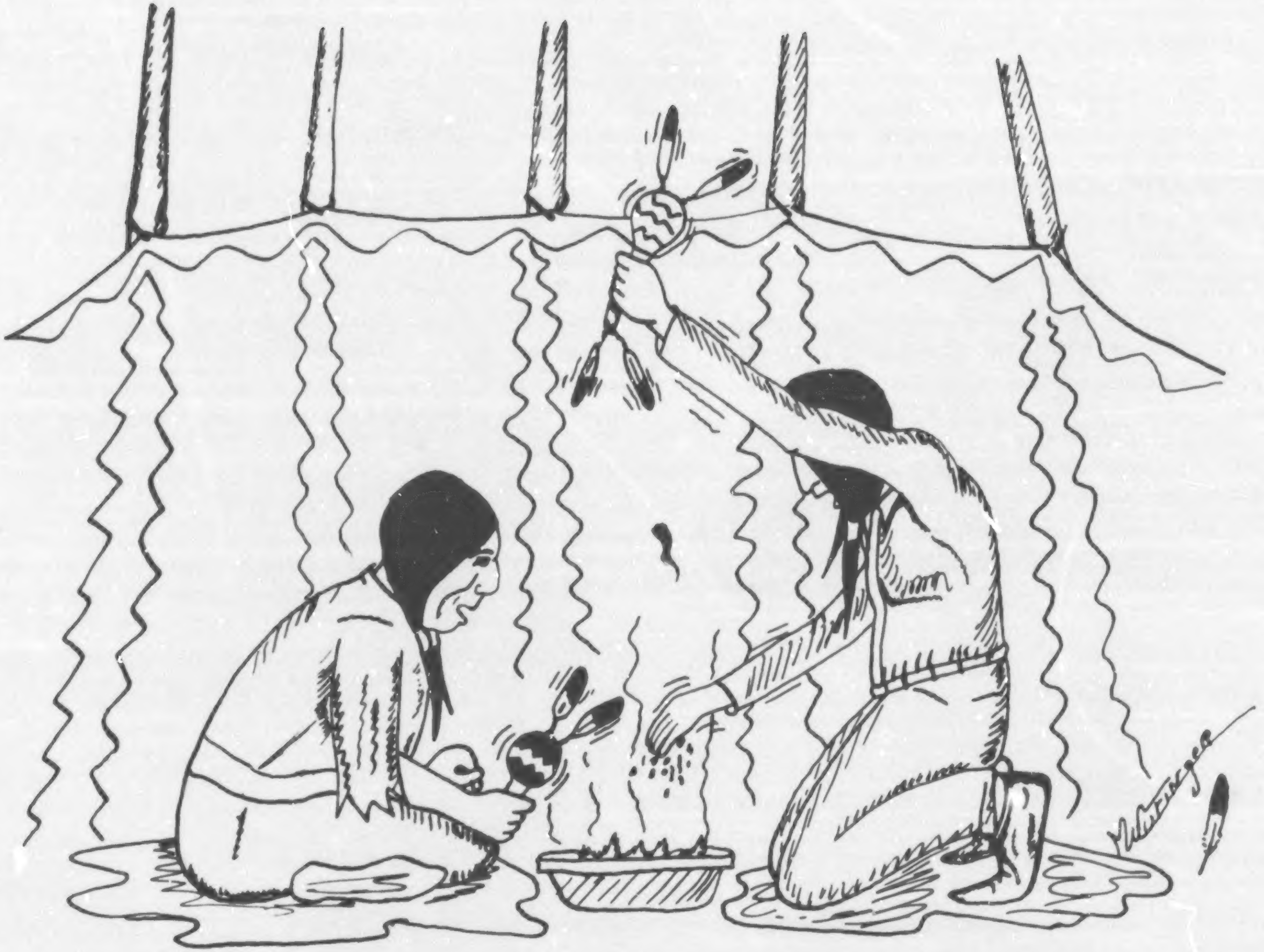
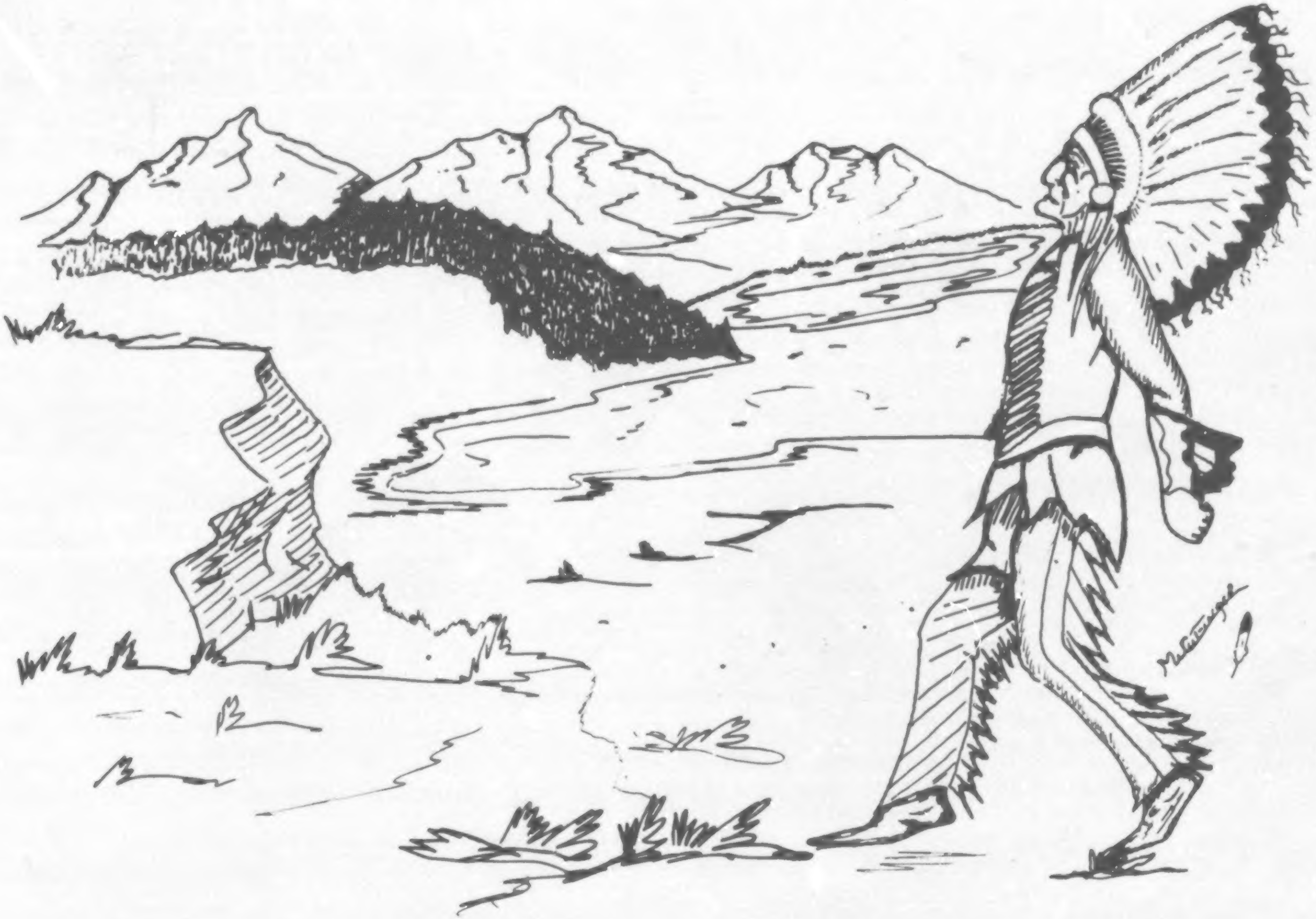
"Someday other people will come to your land.
You will not want to live as they do.
But in time, you will add many of the new ways
to the old ways of living."



Old Man Napi said, "I must go now, my Blackfeet people.
I will never die.
I will always take care of you.
Someday I will return.
Always give thanks to the Great Maker
in many, many ways."





Old Man Napi turned toward the West,
disappearing in the Rocky Mountains.

JOAN BULLSHOE KENNERLY

Mrs. Kennerly has twenty years of teaching experience in the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne public school systems and was the first runnerup for the 1972 Montana Teacher of the Year. She received her B.A. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She was responsible for establishing Native American Day for the State, and was appointed by the Governor of Montana to serve on the Commission on Post Secondary Education. She also was the Chairperson of House Joint Resolution 60, which established the Master Plan for Indian Education for the State of Montana. She has two children.

JUNE BULLSHOE TATSEY

Mrs. Tatsey is a Blackfeet Indian with sixteen years experience in teaching grades one through eight and pre-school in the public school system on the Blackfeet Reservation. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana. She was the reading supervisor and is now vice-principal at K.W. Bergen Elementary School in Browning, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

CARMEN BULLSHOE MARCEAU

Mrs. Marceau is a Blackfeet Indian with eighteen years teaching experience. She has had one year experience in guidance and counseling on the Blackfeet Reservation and is principal of Browning Elementary School. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana.

DORIS BULLSHOE OLD PERSON

Mrs. Old Person has eighteen years experience teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System. She has specialized in remedial reading and has been Head Start Director-Supervisor for ESEA Title I and Director of the Native Song and Dance Program. She received her B.A. from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She has five children.

Mrs. Kennerly, Mrs. Tatsey, Mrs Marceau, and Mrs. Old Person are the daughters of Lillian and Francis Bullshoe. They were raised on a ranch near Badger Creek in the Blackfeet Reservation countryside.

All four women had similar educational backgrounds. They attended Mad Plume School (a one room rural school), the Blackfeet Indian Boarding School, and all but Mrs. Tatsey attended Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. They all graduated from Browning High School. At the present time the four women are teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System in Browning, Montana.

MELVIN TAILFEATHERS

Mr. Tailfeathers is a self-taught artist who has lived on the Blackfeet Reservation all his life. His grandmother was a Blackfeet medicine woman. Mr. Tailfeathers prefers to do pen and ink sketches of Blackfeet life although he sometimes works with ceramic figurines.

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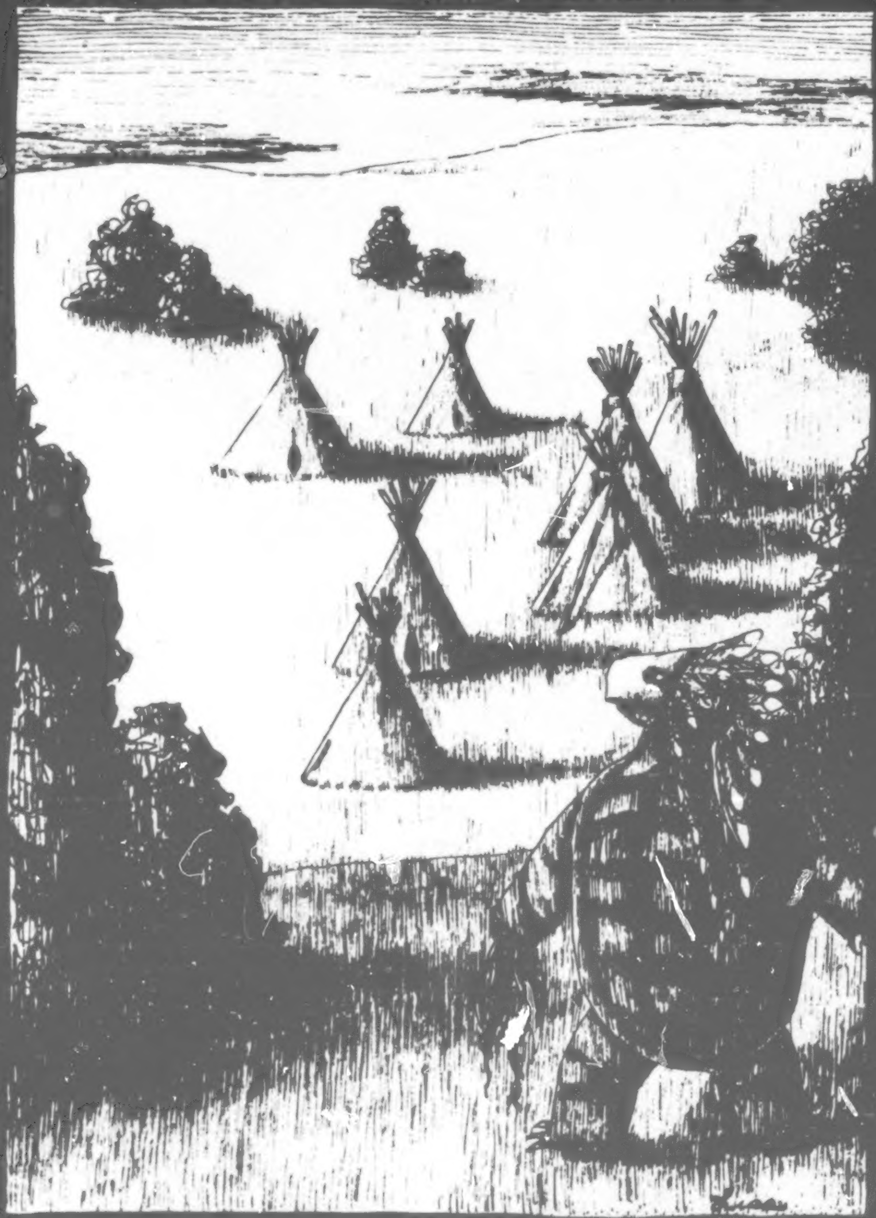

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Turtle Who Went to War

Level III Book 19

A Sioux Story

As told by Lavina Perry

Illustrated by Lisa Ventura

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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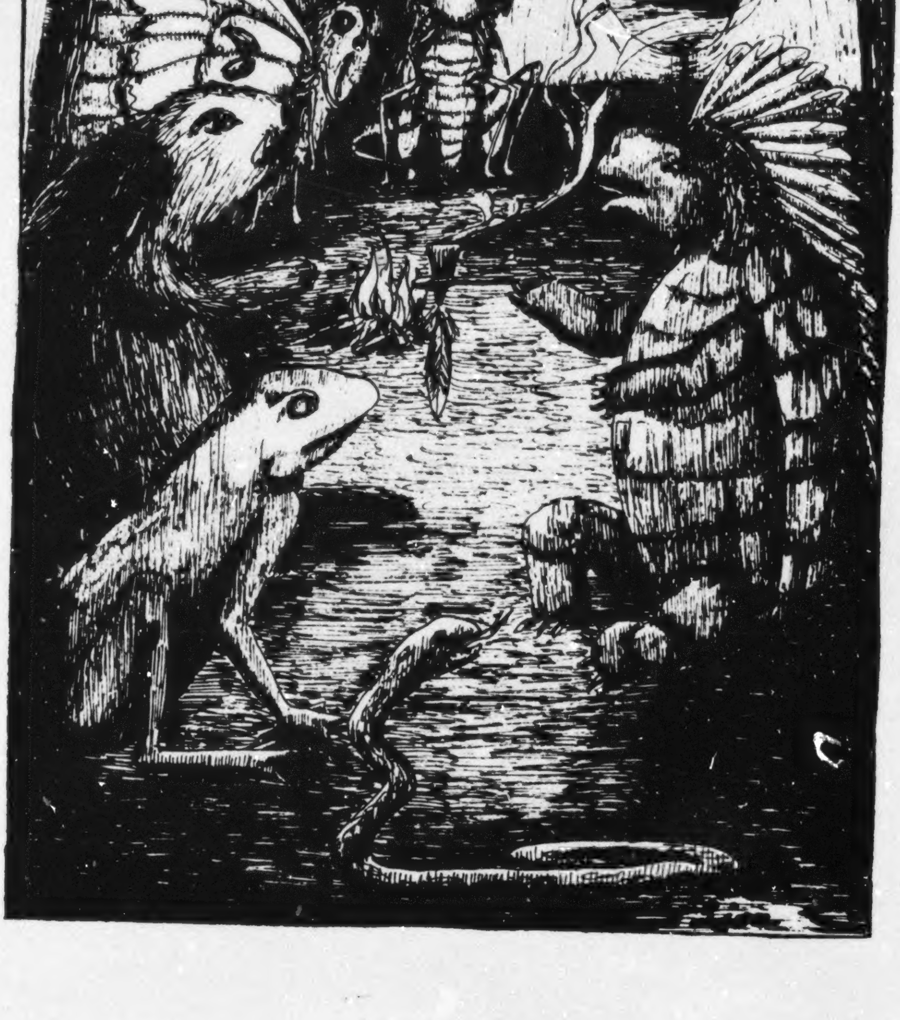
Printed and bound in the United States of America

This Sioux story tells how once, long ago, the Turtles decided to go on a warpath against the Indians. The Indians had been greedy and had killed too many Turtles to eat, which made the Turtle chief very angry. So, the Turtles went on a warpath and killed the Indian chief.

There once was a large camp of Water Turtles.
One day, the chief of the Turtles
    sent around the pipe
    to all the friendly tribes—
    the Grasshoppers, Butterflies, Frogs,
    Snakes and Rabbits.
The chiefs smoked the pipe.
Then they sent their young men
    to the Turtle chief, who spoke to them.
"There are many Indians camped nearby," he said.
"Let's go on the warpath and kill their chief."
They all said they would go on the warpath.



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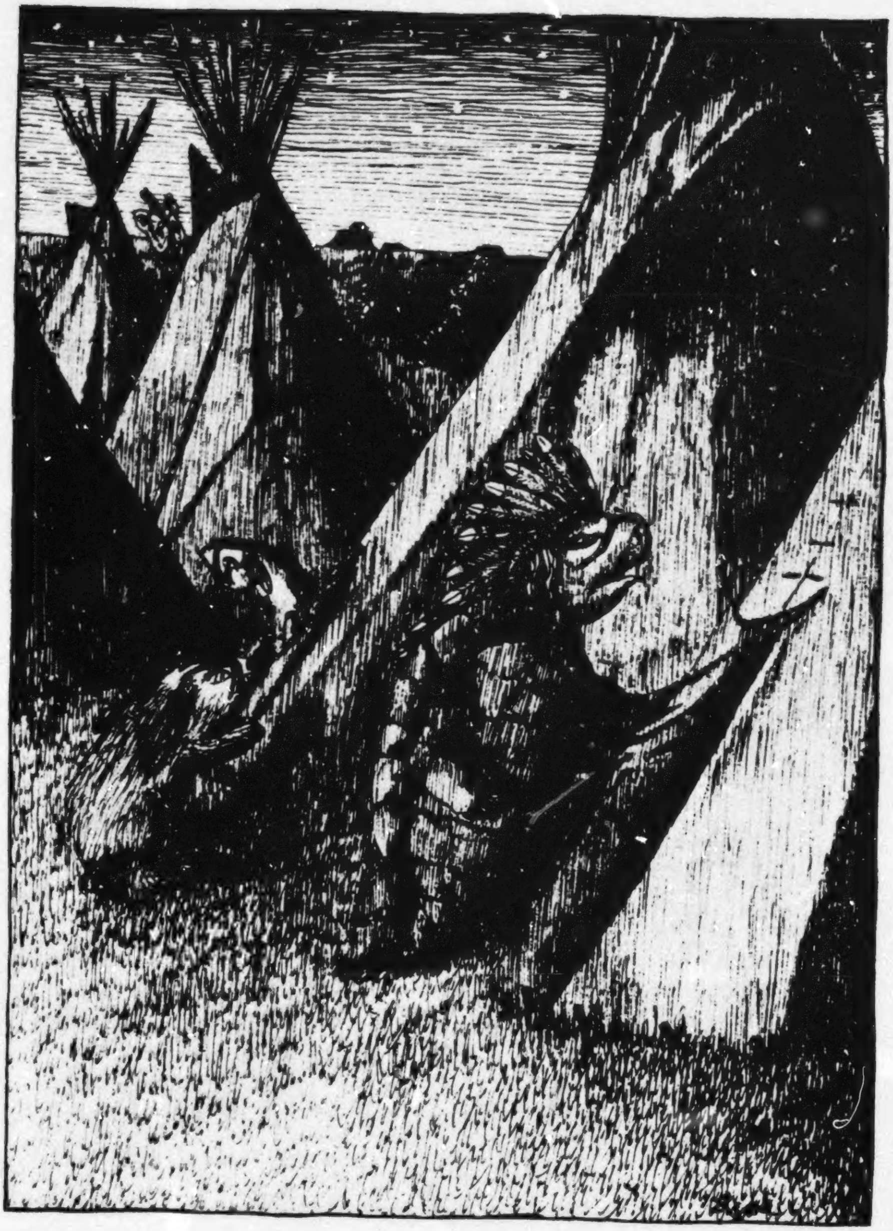
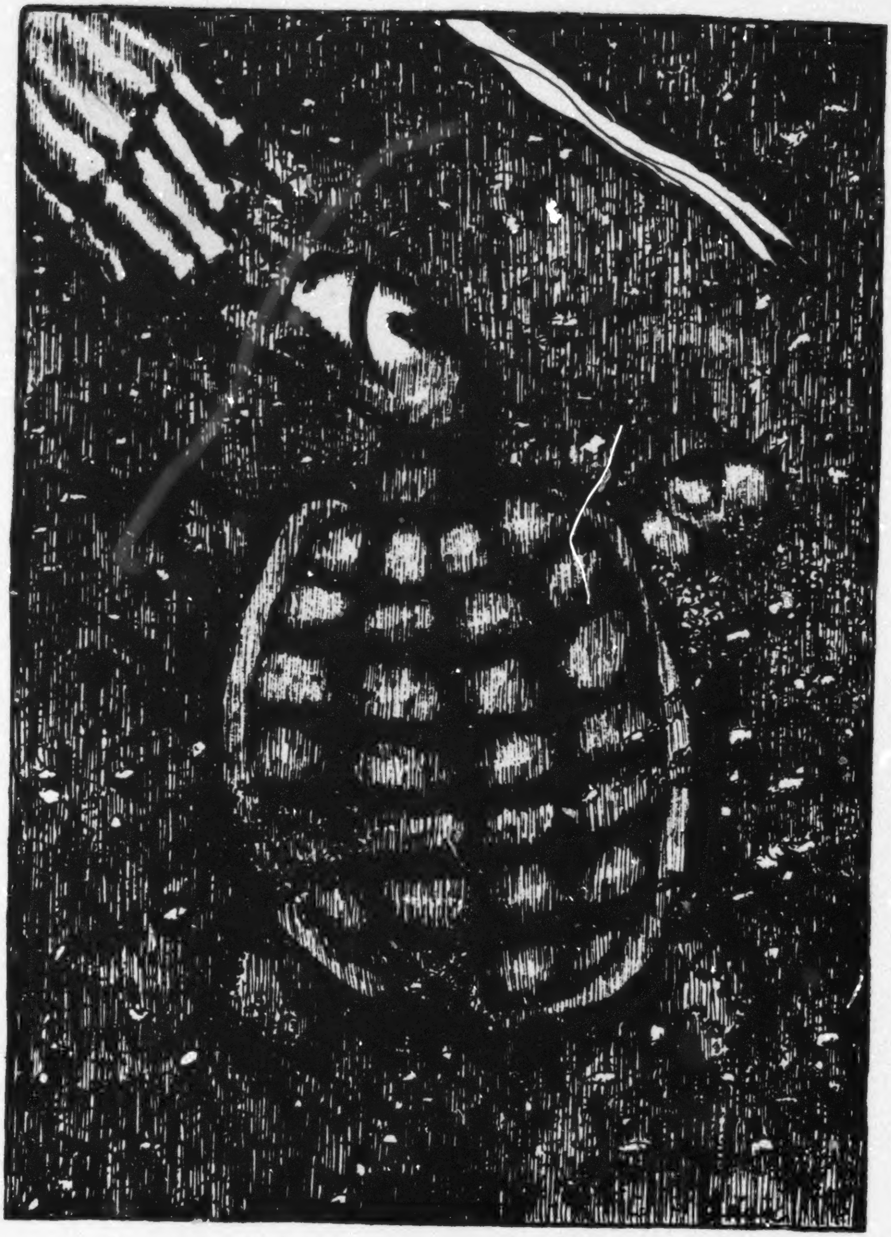
The warriors walked
around the inside of the camp circle
and went out the opening to the east.
Then they walked around the outside of the camp
and started off, carrying their war bonnets
and war clothes.
They walked all night.
Just before the sun came up,
they reached the Indian camp.
The warriors attacked.
The Turtle chief went
into the Indian chief's lodge.
The Turtle took the Indian by the throat
and choked him until he was dead.
He bit off the scalp
and slipped under the dead chief's bed.



Later that morning,
	the Indians found their dead chief.
A crier went through the camp,
	telling the people to watch out for enemies.
Later, someone moved the chief's bed
	and saw a spot of fresh earth under it.
Pushing a stick into the earth,
	he felt the Turtle.
Then the Indians knew that the Turtle
	had killed their chief.

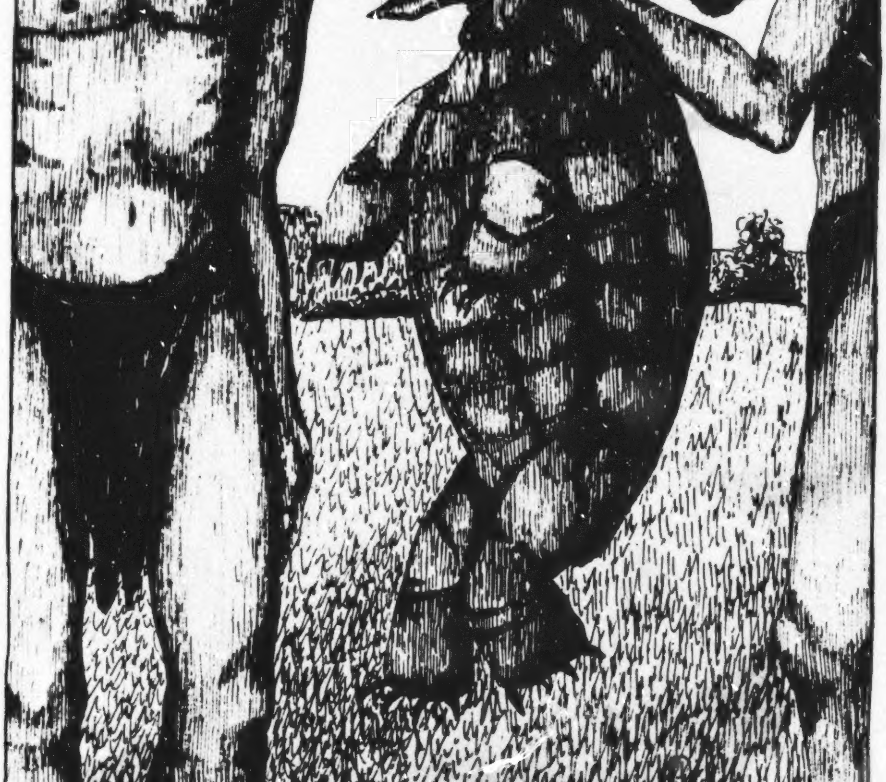


The people wondered what they should do
with the Turtle.
"Put him in the fire," said one man.

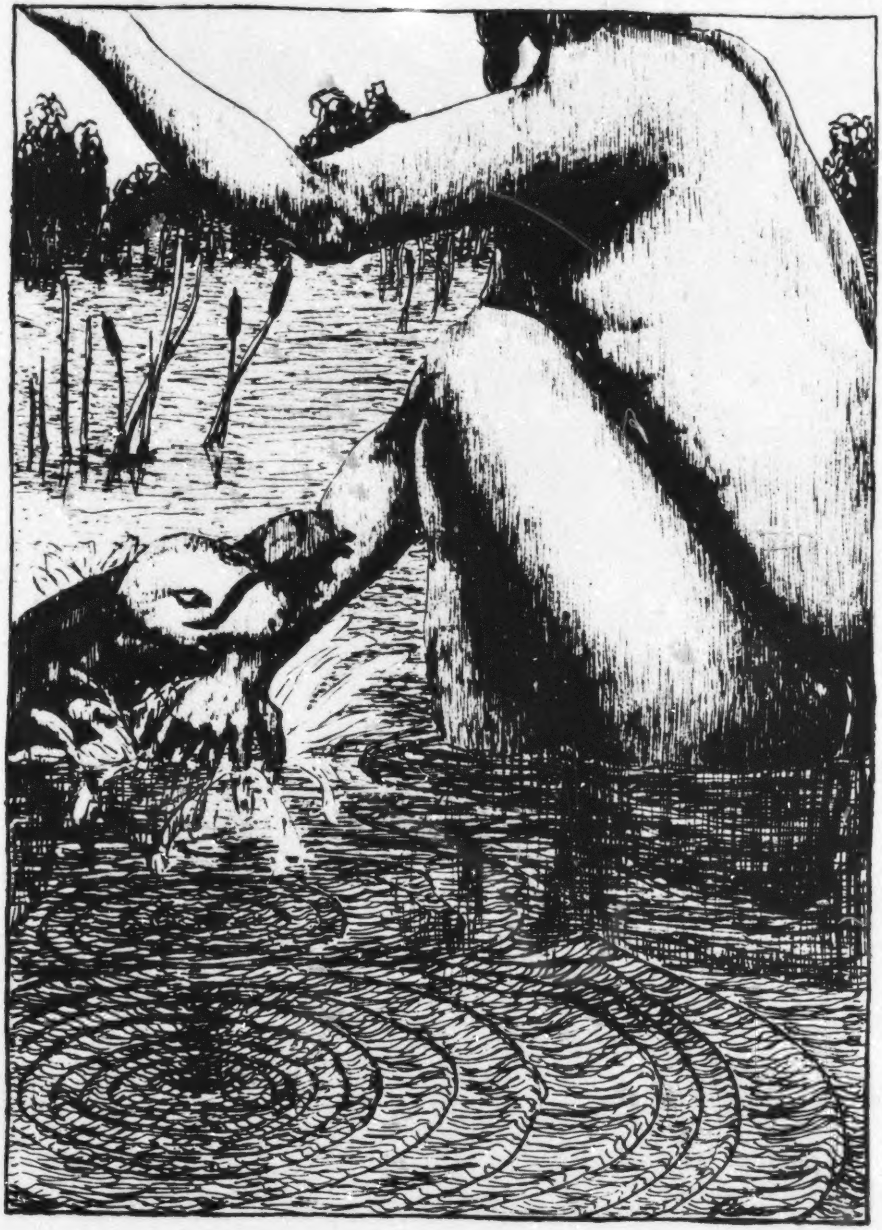
"No," said another, "we can't burn him.
His shell is too hard.
Let's hang him."

"No, let's cut off his head," said another.

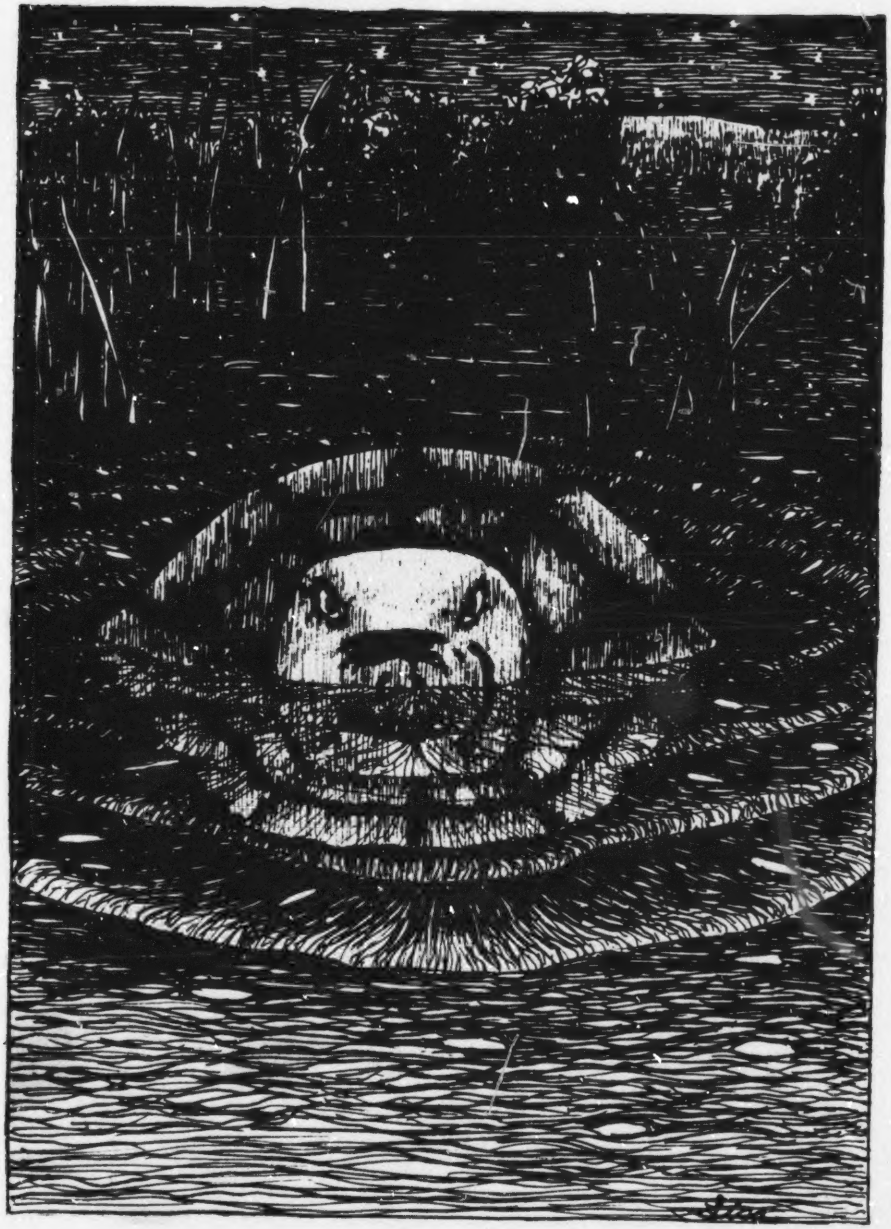
"No," said a fourth man, "let's drown him."
Everyone thought that was the best way.



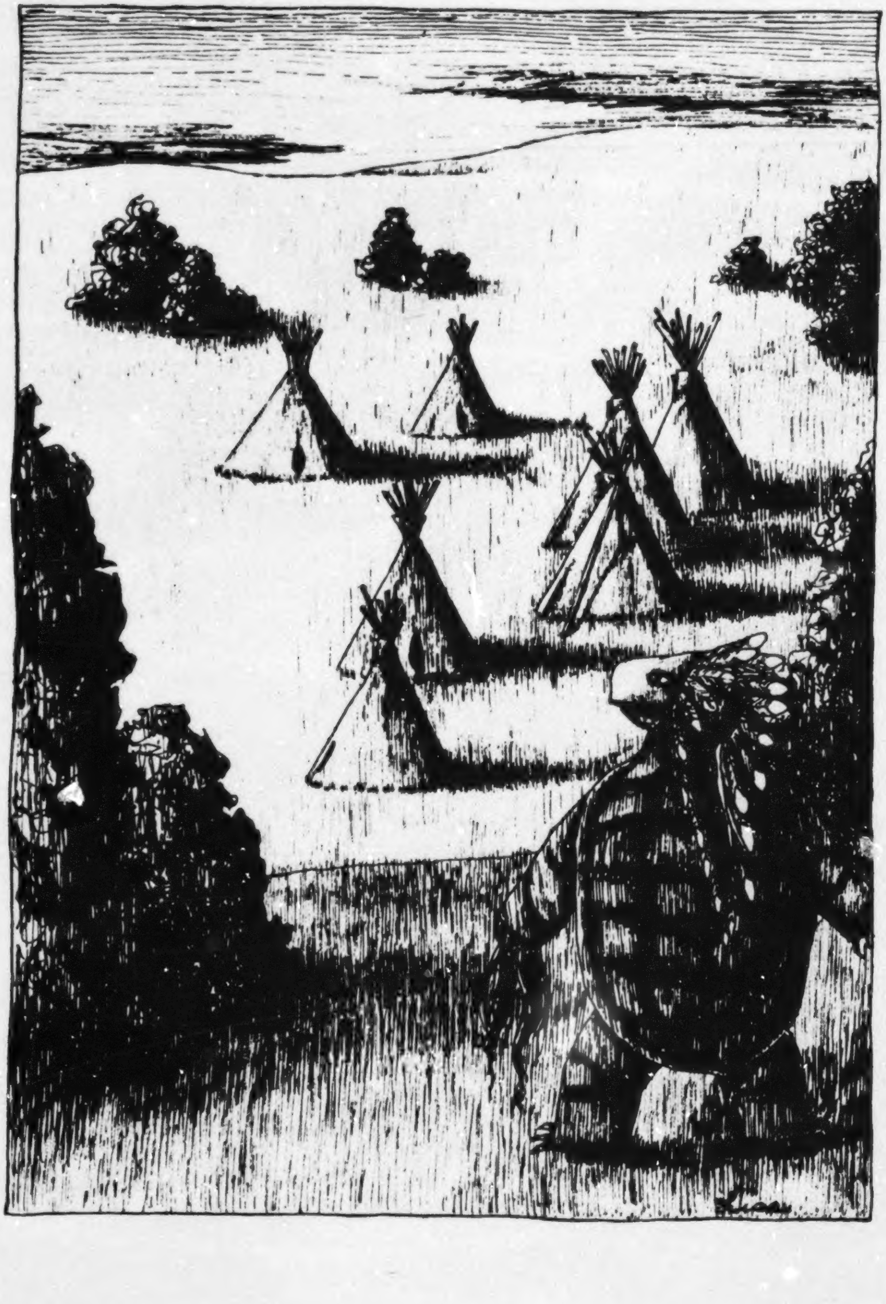
The next afternoon, the Indians took the Turtle
to a pond.
A crowd of people followed,
for they wanted to see him killed.
A man was chosen to drown the Turtle.
The man was painted with war paint.
Carrying the Turtle, he waded out to the center
of the pond.
The Turtle shook and acted
like he was very frightened.
But as the man started to put him into the water,
the Turtle turned his head and bit him!
The man jumped and fell into the water.
The Turtle drowned the Indian
and bit off his scalp.



When the man didn't come to the top of the water,
the people didn't know what to do.
They were afraid to go into the water,
so they left.
The Turtle stayed in the pond until night came.
Then he went back to the Indian camp
and hunted until he found the chief's scalp.



The Turtle was glad that he had taken
the two scalps by himself.
He started home.

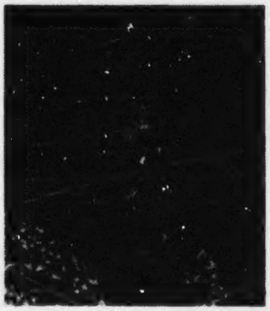


JEROME FOURSTAR

Jerome Fourstar is an Assiniboine Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. He attended elementary school in Frazer, Montana, and received his G.E.D. from Glasgow High School. He served in the Montana National Guard and for many years worked as a carpenter and supervisor of electrical, plumbing and construction work. After taking college coursework in bilingual education, he served as a bilingual teacher at Wolf Point (Montana) High School. For the past five years he has taught Indian culture and religion in the Wolf Point public schools. He has served as a cultural and spiritual leader for both on-reservation and urban Indian groups and for Morning Star, Inc., which trains rehabilitated alcoholics. He also taught youth and served as a spiritual and cultural leader at an ecumenical conference of medicine men in Morley, Alberta, and each summer he is director of a youth camp in Billings.

EUNICE BIRTHMARK

Eunice Birthmark is a Sioux Indian who was raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. She spends much of her time teaching Indian singing, dancing and culture, and serves on the Plains Area Curriculum Development Committee for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program. For three years she also worked as a bilingual teacher in Brockton Public School, in Poplar, Montana.



LAVINA PERRY

Lavina Perry, who told the story *The Turtle Who Went to War,* is a Sioux Indian. She has lived most of her life on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana and spends much of her time sewing and beading. She is married and lives in Poplar.

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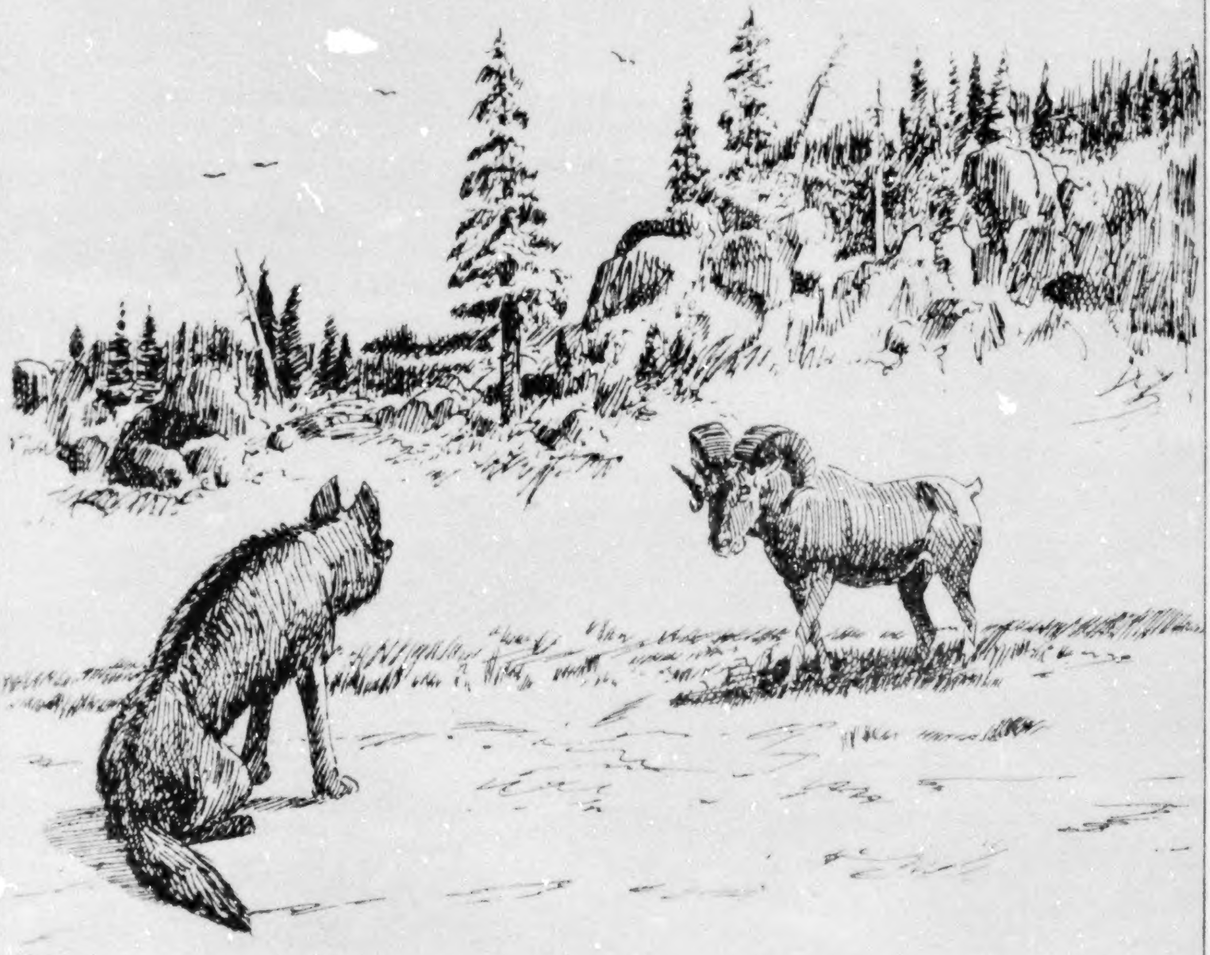
Coyote and the Mean Mountain Sheep

The Indian Reading Series


Tony M. Sandoval

Level III Book 20

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Coyote and the Mean Mountain Sheep
Level III Book 20

Developed by the Salish (Flathead) Cultural Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

Johnny Arlee, *Coordinator*
Mary Finley, *deceased*
Tony Incashola
Mary Linsebigler
Tony Sandoval, *Illustrator*
Clarence Woodcock

Told by Johnny Arlee

Illustrated by Tony Sandoval

Compiled by Shirley Torgerson

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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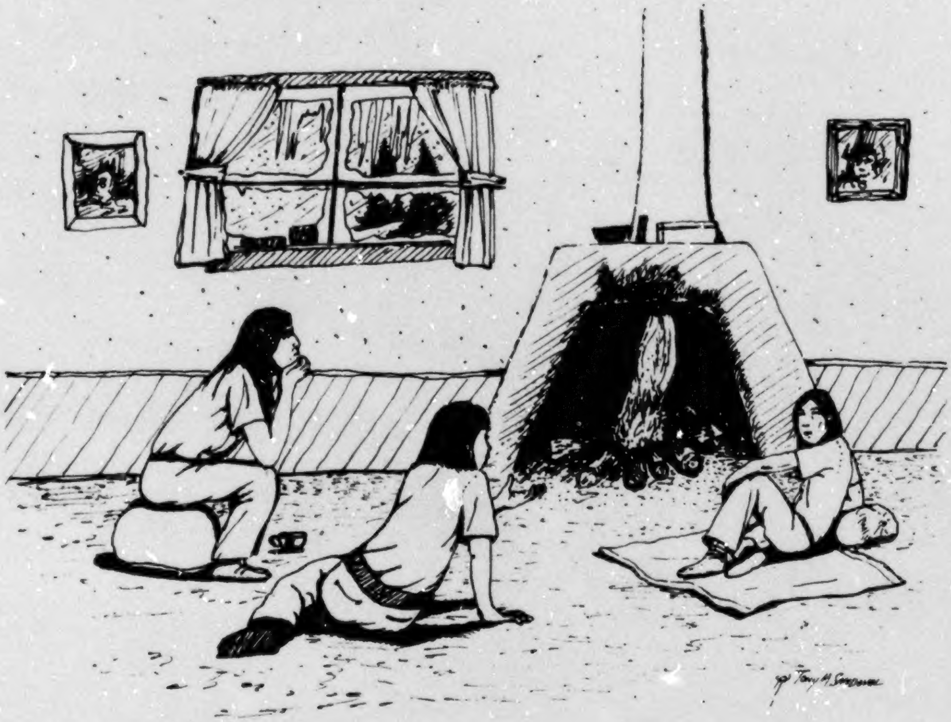
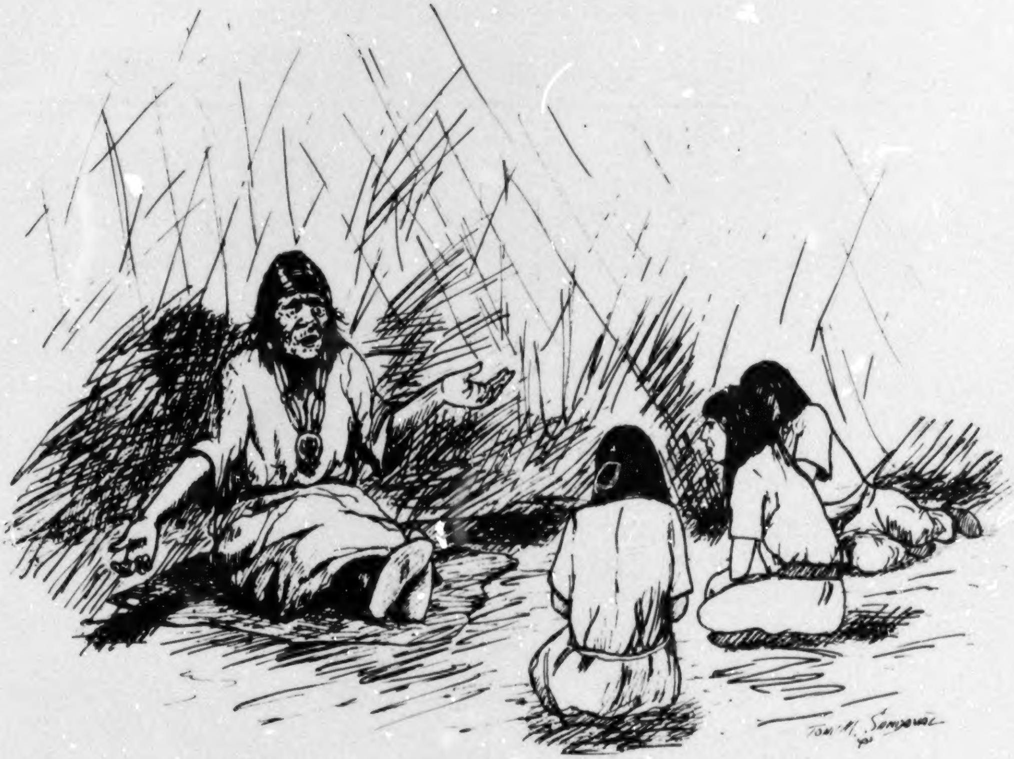
Printed and bound in the United States of America

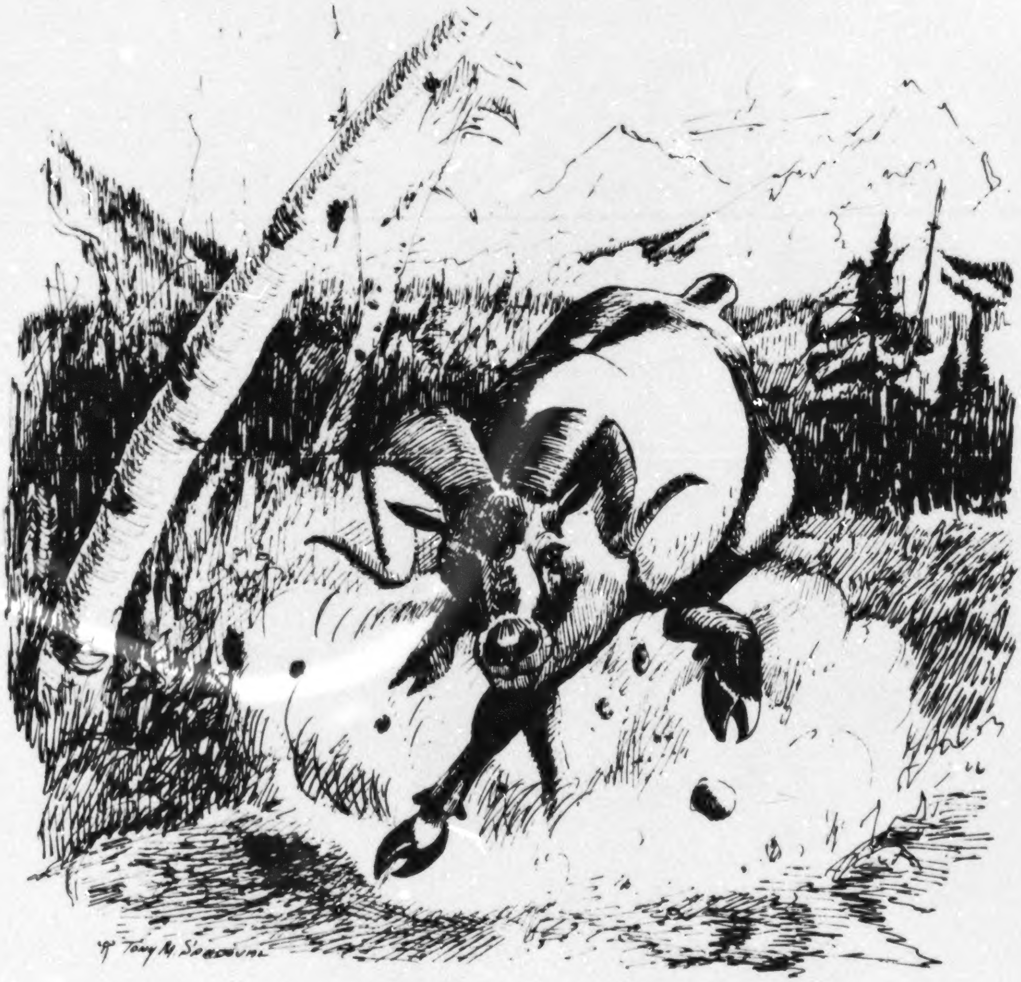
It was said by the elders of the Salish Tribe that the Coyote stories are to be told only in the winter months. The Snake would get you if you should tell these stories any other time of the year.



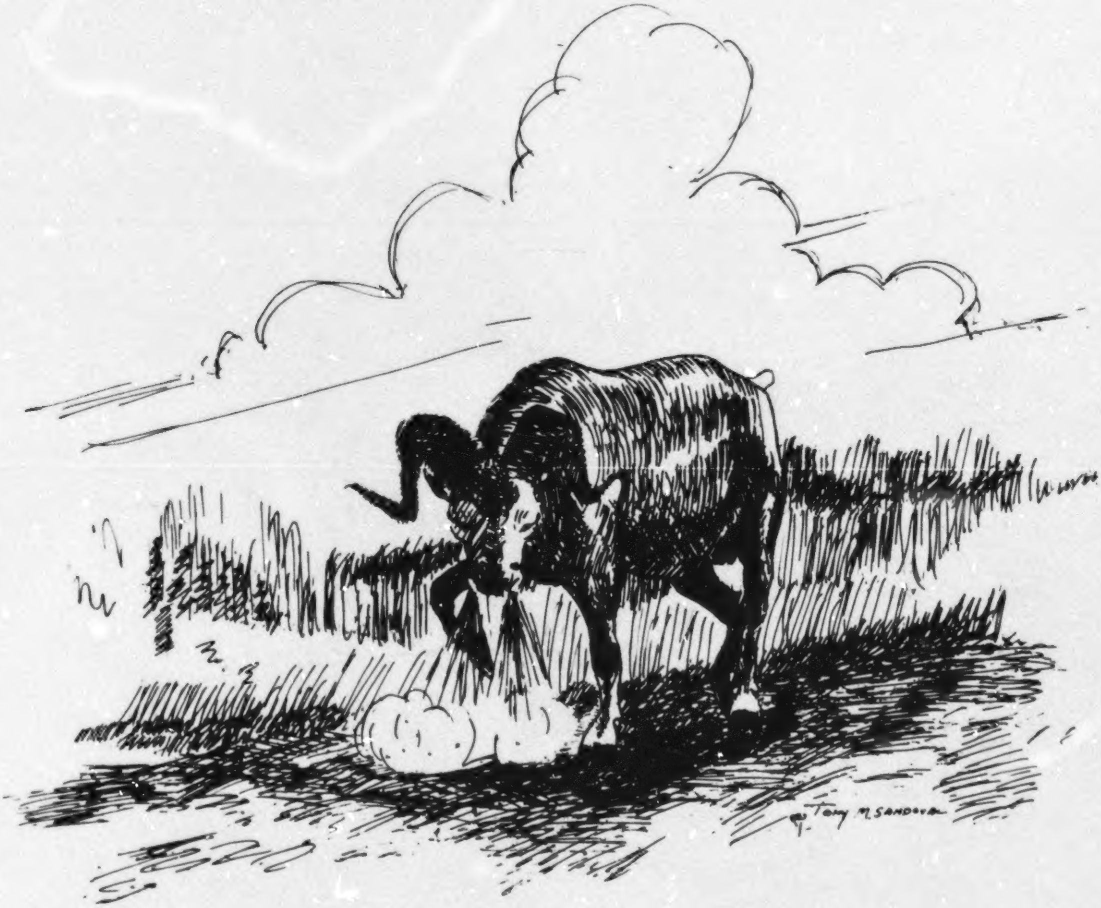
It's snowing.
The wind is blowing.
It's cold outside, but the fire makes us warm.



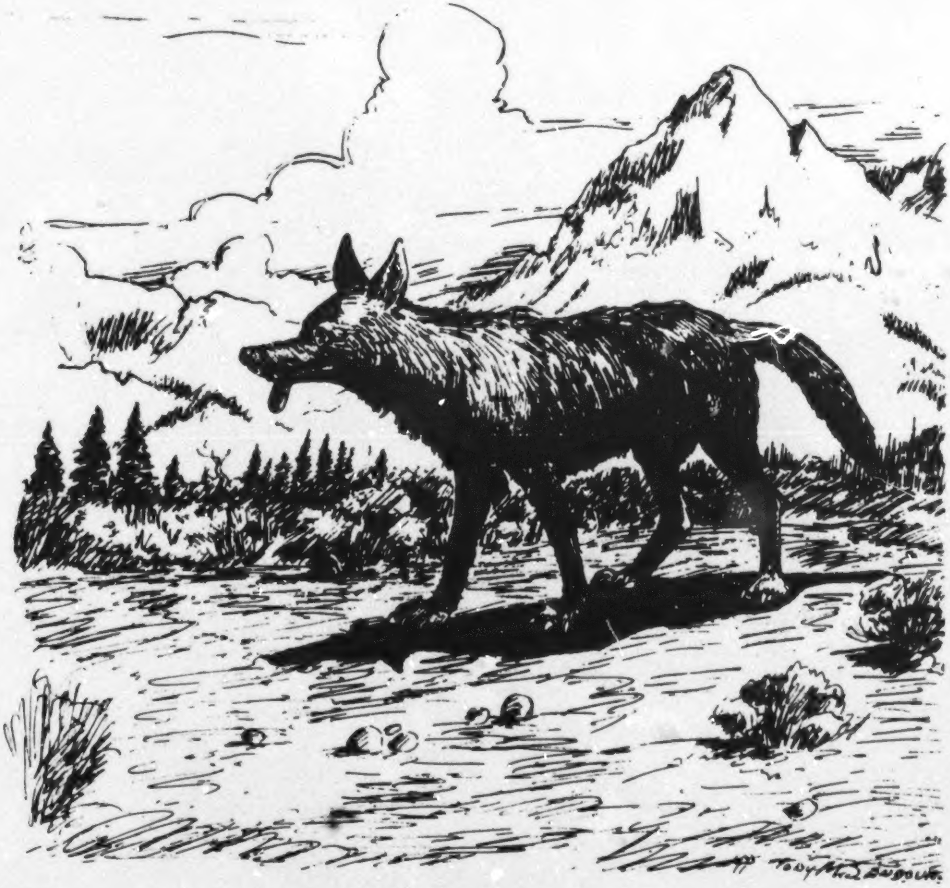
Our YaYa will tell us about Coyote.
YaYa will tell us about the old place
where she lived a long, long time ago.



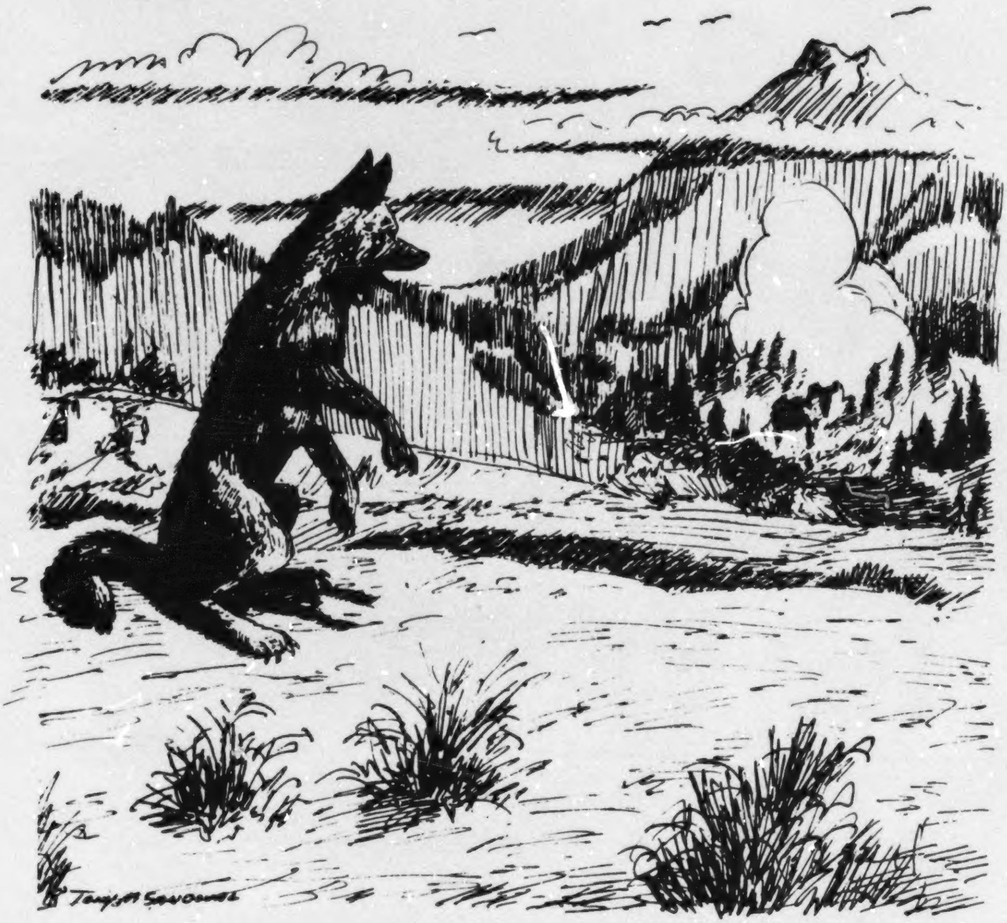
"There was a big mountain down by the old place,"
she said.
"Something terrible lived by this mountain.
It was an old, mean mountain sheep
with big, sharp horns and big, ugly eyes."



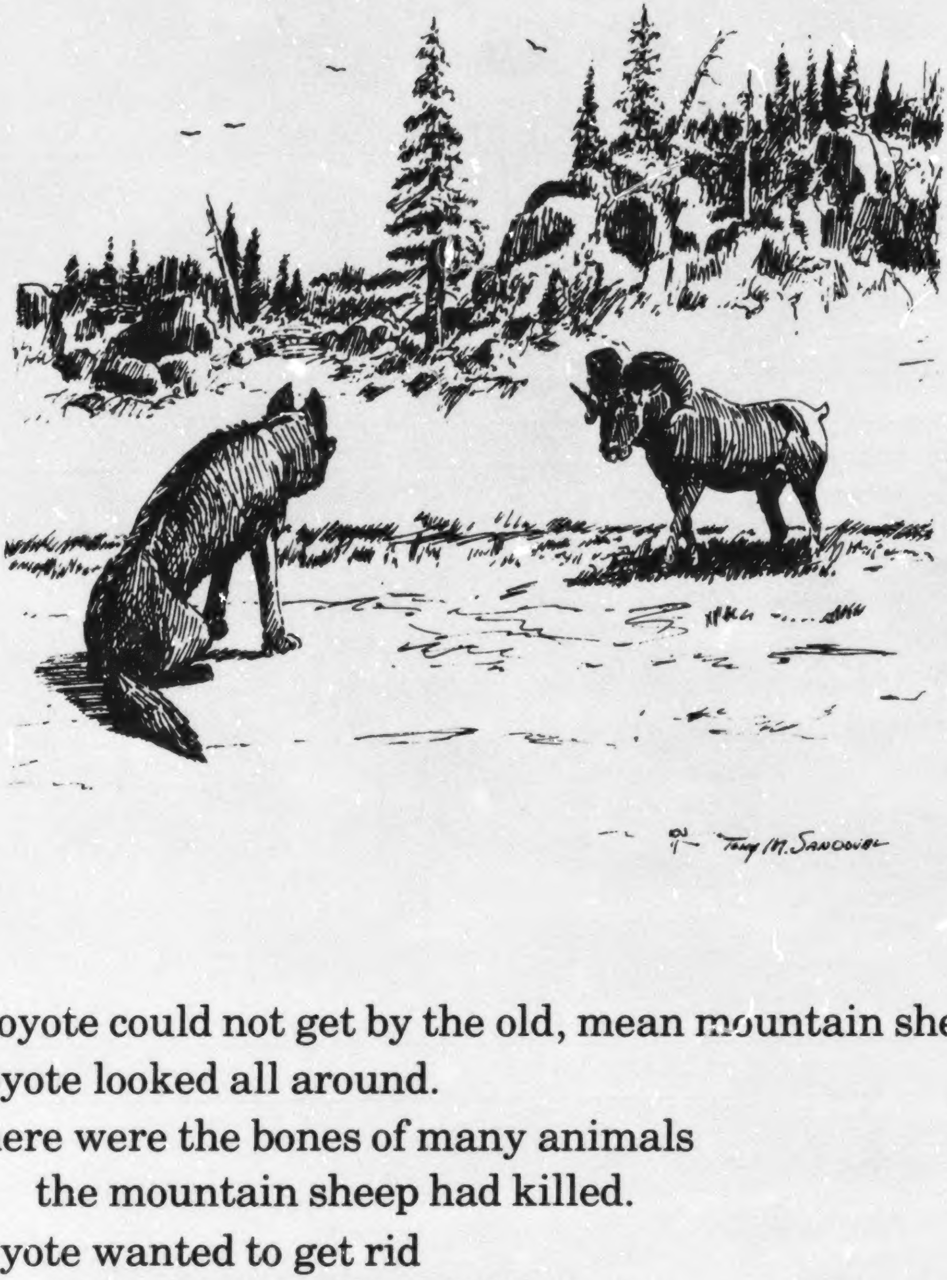
"This old mountain sheep was so mean
he wouldn't let anyone go by his mountain.
He would stomp the ground with his terrible hoofs.
He would puff and snort with his terrible nose.
He would fight and hit with his terrible horns."



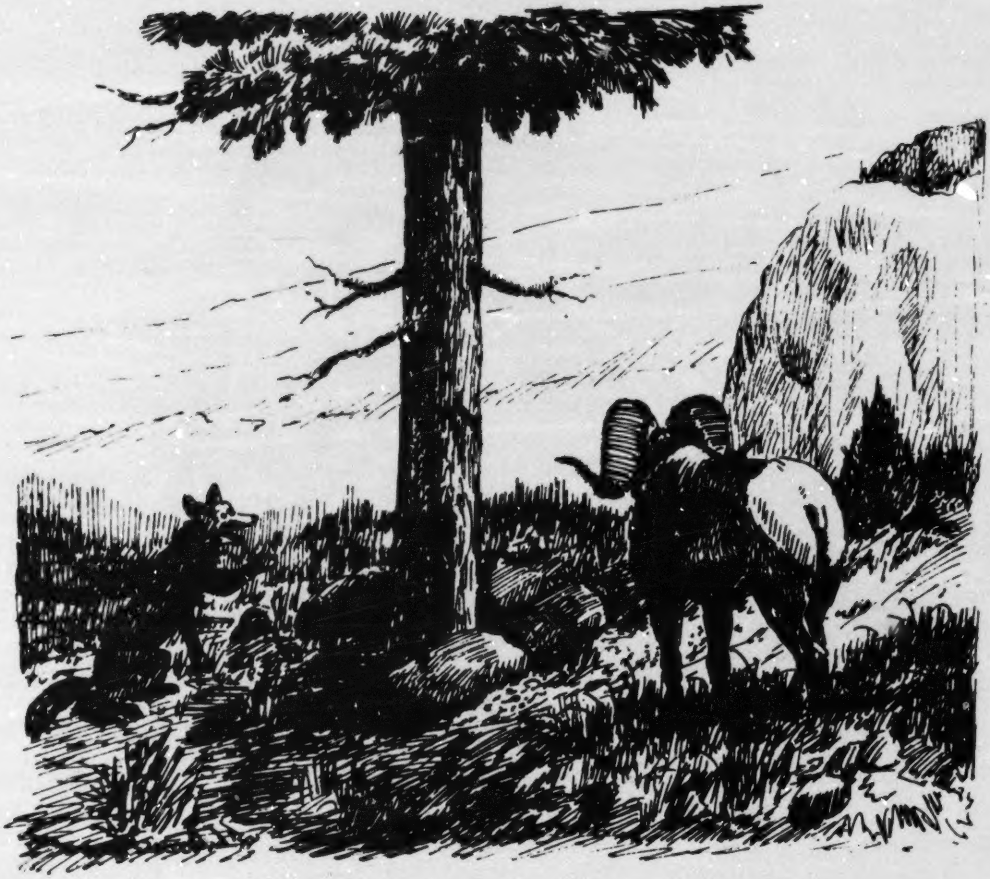
"One day Coyote was going by the mountain.
He had walked a long way.
He was tired and hungry.
The warm sun made him sleepy.
He wasn't watching carefully."



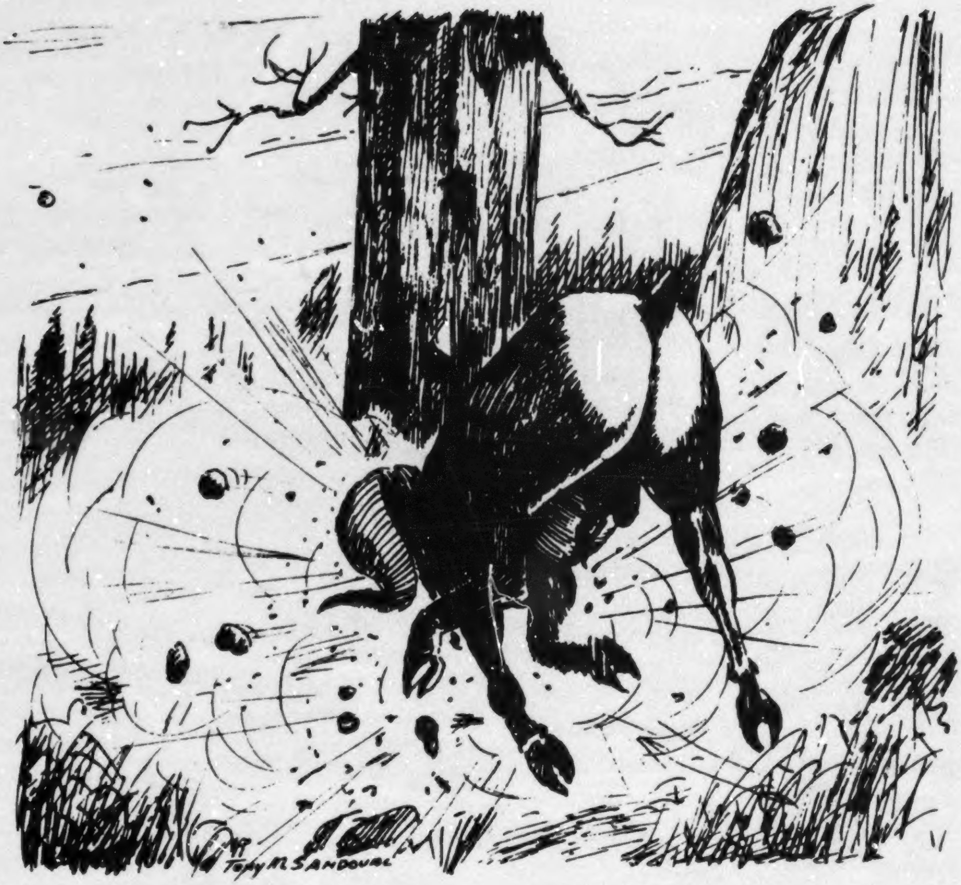
"Suddenly, Coyote heard a terrible snorting.
Big clouds of dust came from the terrible pawing.
The old, mean mountain sheep shouted to Coyote,
    'Now I'm going to fight you!
Now I'm going to kill you!
I'm going to kill you with my big, sharp horns!' "



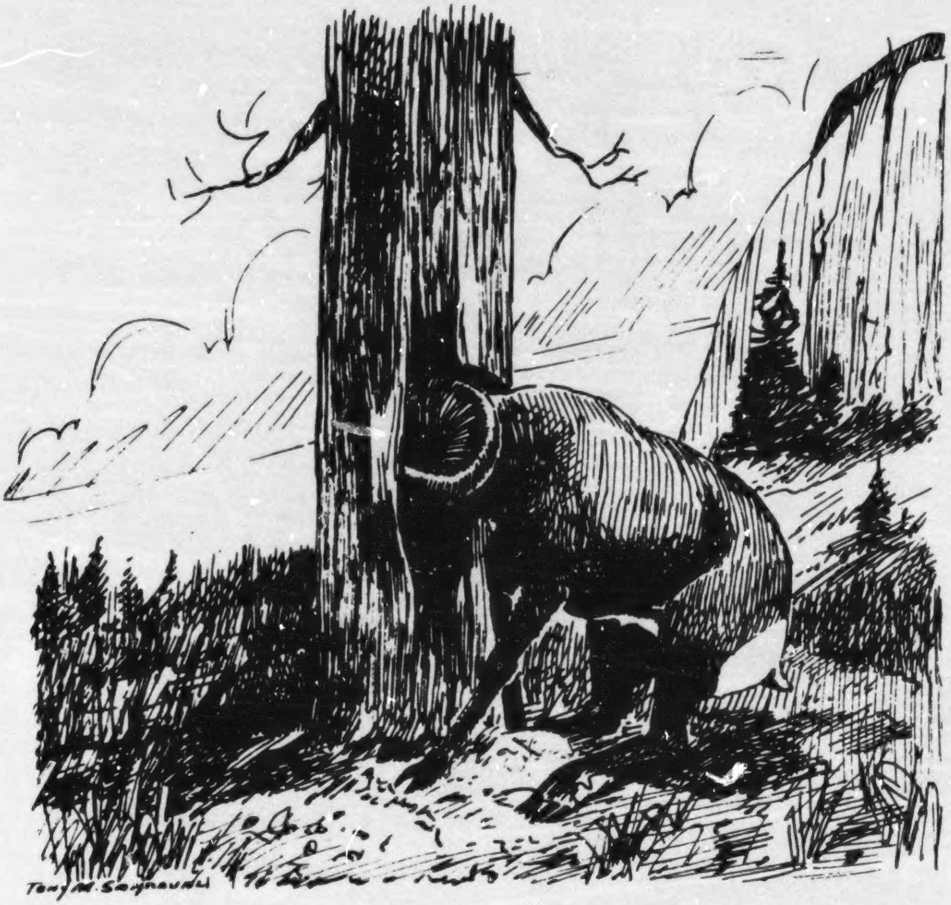
"Coyote could not get by the old, mean mountain sheep.
Coyote looked all around.
There were the bones of many animals
 the mountain sheep had killed.
Coyote wanted to get rid
 of the mean, old mountain sheep.
Then, all the animals and people could go by safely."



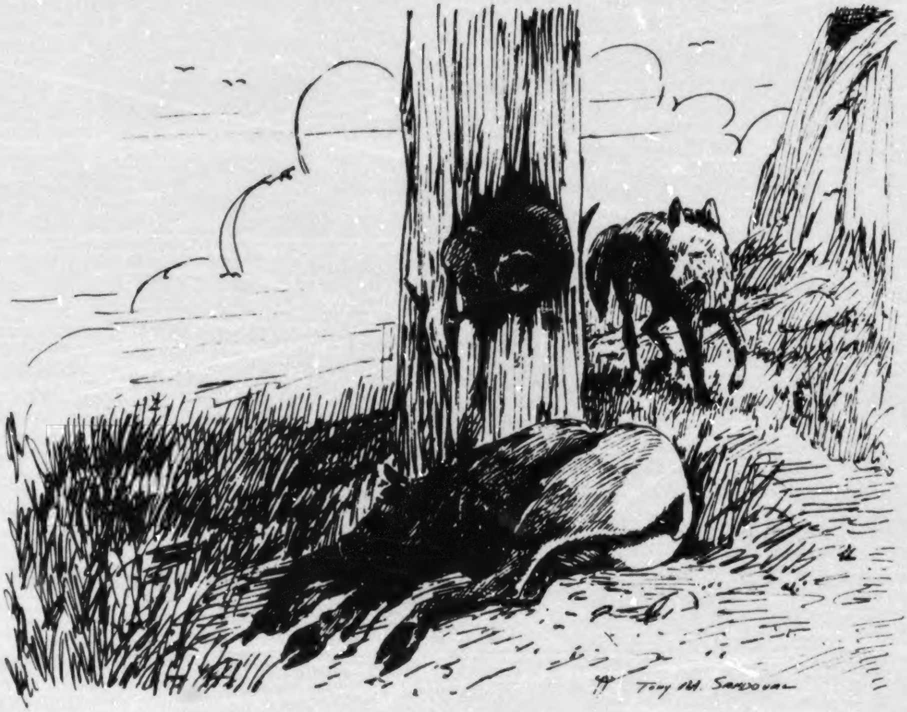
"'The mountain sheep was very strong.
But Coyote was full of tricks.
'Show me how strong you are,' Coyote said.
'Can you knock down this big pine tree?' "



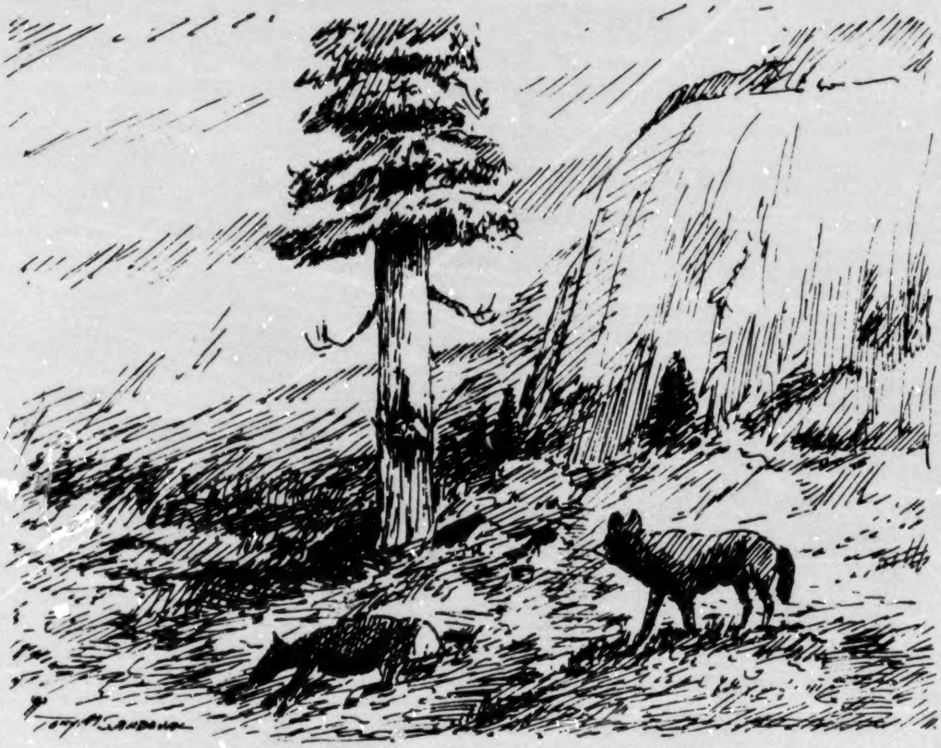
"The mountain sheep wanted to scare Coyote.
He wanted to show Coyote how strong he was.
He pawed the ground with his terrible hoofs.
He ran as fast as he could and hit the pine tree
with his terrible horns."



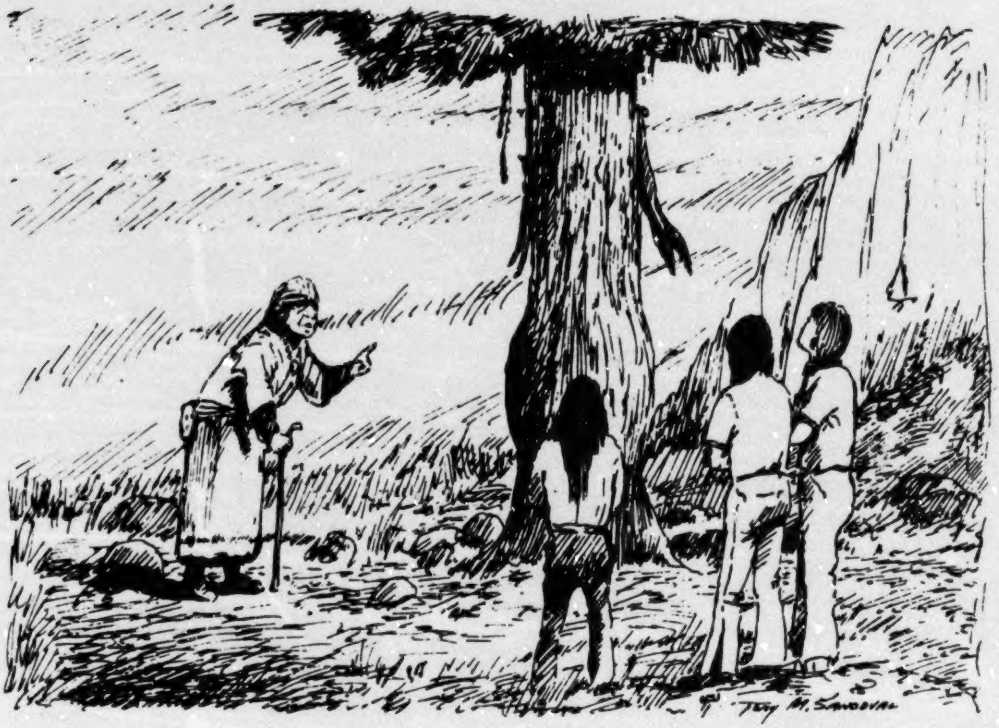
"That big pine tree did not fall down.
The big pine tree did not bend over.
The very sharp horns went right through
the big pine tree.
That old, mean mountain sheep
was stuck in the pine tree.
He snorted and pulled,
but he could not get loose."



"Coyote took out his flint knife
and killed that old, mean mountain sheep.
He cut away the head and left the sharp horns
in the tree.
From then on, all the animals and people
could go by safely.
Coyote left the horns in the tree
for people to see when they went by.
He said that after that day, the big pine tree
would be a Medicine Tree for the people."



YaYa also said that when she was a little girl,
the people would hang necklaces or beads
or little things on the tree.
Then they would pray for good things.
The Man Who Sits On Top would always hear.



Maybe when the snow is gone from the mountain,
YaYa will take us with her to the old place.
We will help her dig roots.
We will hang a scarf on the Medicine Tree.
We will pray for good things.
The Man Who Sits On Top will always hear.

JOHNNY ARLEE

Johnny Arlee was born in St. Ignatius, Montana, on the Flathead Indian Reservation, and was raised by his great-grandparents in Arlee. He attended the Villa Ursuline Academy and Chemawa Indian School and served in the U.S. Army for almost five years. In 1971 he was asked to serve as Flathead cultural advisor in the production of the movie *Jeremiah Johnson* and also played a small role in the film. In 1972 he began to teach young people drumming and singing and lectured on Indian culture in the public schools. He also began to take an active role as a prayer leader at wakes and funerals, and friends and neighbors began to ask him for social and spiritual advice. In 1974 the tribe hired him as a consultant to represent the Confederated Tribes and to continue working with young people and helping at wakes. In 1975 he was appointed to direct a tribally funded culture program which was designed to record and gather historical, cultural and linguistic information about the Salish and Pen d'Oreille tribes and to develop materials for education and informational uses. He is married and has four children.

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Booklets available in the Level III sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the planned sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual.* Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I and II sequences.

1 *Story of the Seasons*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

2 *The Beginning of the Earth*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

3 *The Blacktail Dance*
Blackfeet Tribe

4 *How Marten Got His Spots*
Kootenai Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

5 *Lost in the Fog*
Jamestown-Clallam Tribe

6 *How to Be a Friend*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

7 *How the Morning and Evening Stars Came to Be*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

8 *Raccoon's Black Eyes and Ringed Tail*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

9 *Coyote and Old Lady*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

10 *Coyote and Trout*
Kootenai Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

11 *How the Milky Way Got into the Sky*
The Confederated Tribes of the
Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

12 *Inkdomi and the Buffalo*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

13 *Medicine Horse*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the
Fort Hall Reservation

14 *The Good Hunter and Fisherman*
Jamestown-Clallam Tribe

15 *The Wild Buffalo Ride*
Blackfeet Tribe

16 *I Am a Rock*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural
Commission

17 *The Man Who Loved Shell Money*
Skokomish Tribe

18 *Old Man Napi*
Blackfeet Tribe

19 *The Turtle Who Went to War*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the
Fort Peck Reservation

20 *Coyote and the Mean Mountain Sheep*
Salish Cultural Committee of
The Confederated Salish and
Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation

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